MEMOIRS

(*VIEUX SOUVENIRS*)

of the

Prince de Joinville

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Translated from the French
By Lady Mary Loyd

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SOUVENIRS

OF THE

PRINCE DE JOINVILLE

CHAPTER I

1818—1830

I WAS born at Neuilly-sur-Seine, on the outskirts of Paris, on the 14th of August 1818. Immediately after my birth, and as soon as the Chancellor of France, M. Dambray, had declared me to be a boy, I was made over to the care of a wet nurse and another attendant. Three years later I passed out of female hands, earlier, somewhat, than is generally the case, for a little accident befell my nurse, in which my eldest brother's tutor, an unfrocked priest, as he was then discovered to be, was also concerned. My earliest memory, and a very hazy one it is, mixed up with some story or other about a parrot, is of having seen my grandmother, the Duchesse d'Orléans-Penthièvre, at Ivry. After that I recollect being at the château of Meudon with my great-aunt, the Duchesse de Bourbon, a tiny little woman; and being taken to see the Princesse Louise de Condé at the Temple, and then I remember seeing Talma act in *Charles the Bold*, and the great impression his gilt cuirass made upon me.

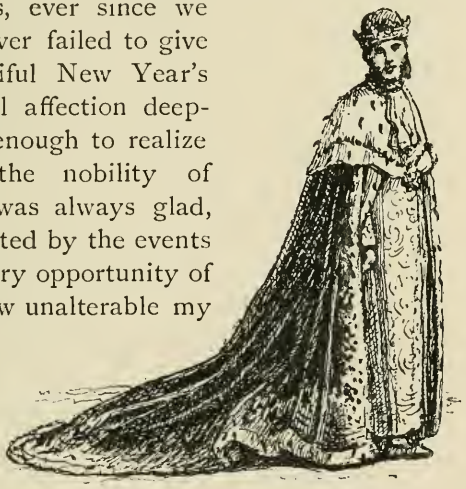
But the first event that really is exceedingly clear in my recollection is a family dinner given by Louis XVIII. at

the Tuileries on Twelfth Night, 1824. Even now, sixty-six years after, I can see every detail of that party, as if it had been yesterday. Our arrival in the courtyard of the Tuileries, under the salute of the Swiss Guard at the Pavillon Marsan and the King's Guard at the Pavillon de Flore. Our getting out of the carriage under the porch of the stone staircase to the deafening rattle of the drums of the Cent Suisses. Then my huge astonishment when we had to stand aside halfway up the stairs, to let "La viande du Roi," in other words, his Majesty's dinner, pass by, as it was being carried up from the kitchen to the first floor, escorted by his bodyguard.

At the head of the stairs we were received by a red-coated Steward of the Household, who, as I was told, bore the name of de Cossé, and, crossing the Salle des Gardes, we were ushered into the drawing-room, where the whole family soon assembled: to wit, Monsieur, who afterwards became Charles X., the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Duchesse de Berri, my father and mother, my aunt Adélaïde, my two elder brothers, Chartres and Nemours, my three sisters, Louise, Marie, and Clémentine, and last and youngest of all, myself. There was only one person present who did not belong to the Royal House of France, and that was the Prince de Carignan, afterwards known as Charles Albert, a tall, thin, severe-looking person. He had just served in the ranks of the French army, with all the proverbial valour of his race, through the Spanish campaign of 1823, and he wore on his uniform that evening the worsted epaulettes given him on the field of batttle by the men of the 4th Regiment of the Guard, with whom he had fought in the assault on the Trocadéro. Presently the door of the King's study opened, and Louis XVIII. appeared, in his wheeled chair, with that handsome white head and in the blue uniform with epaulettes which the pictures of him have rendered so familiar. He kissed each of us in our turn, without speaking to any of us except my brother Nemours, whom he questioned about his Latin lessons. Nemours began to stammer, and was only saved

from disgrace by the opportune entrance of the Prince de Carignan.

At dinner the Twelfth Night customs were duly observed, and when I broke my cake I found the bean within it. I must confess the fact had not been altogether unforeseen, and my mother had consequently primed me as to my behaviour. This did not prevent me from feeling heartily shy when I saw every eye fixed on me. I got up from the table, and carried the bean on a salver to the Duchesse d'Angoulême. I loved her dearly even then, that good kind Duchess! for she had always been so good to us, ever since we were babies, and never failed to give us the most beautiful New Year's gifts. My respectful affection deepened as I grew old enough to realize her sorrows and the nobility of her nature, and I was always glad, after we were separated by the events of 1830, to take every opportunity of letting her know how unalterable my feelings for her were. She broke the ice by being the first to raise her glass to her lips, when I had made her my queen, and Louis XVIII. was the first to exclaim, "The Queen drinks." A few months later the king was dead, and I watched his funeral procession from the windows of the Fire Brigade Station in the Rue de la Paix, as it passed on its way to Saint-Denis.

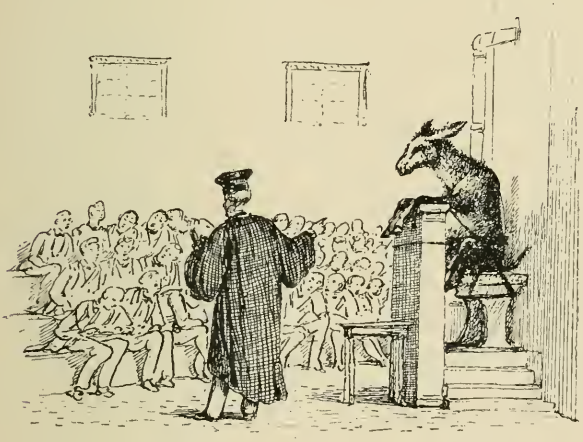


Then came the echo of the excitement caused by the coronation of Charles X., that great ceremonial of which the Cathedral of Rheims was the scene, and which, coming as it did after all the horrors of the Revolution, gave rise to the sanguine hope that the ancient monarchy would repair every disaster now, just as it had in the time of

Charles VII. But our childish ideas were not of so far-reaching a nature. It was the splendour displayed that interested us—the dresses, the carriages, and so on, of the princes and ambassadors who came from all parts of the world to greet the opening of the new monarch's reign. Numbers of artists solicited my father's permission to do his portrait, in the gold and ermine robes of a prince of the blood which he wore at the coronation, and our pet amusement at the time was to go and see papa "sitting as Pharamond." I said Pharamond, like my elders, although my own historical knowledge was of the most elementary description. To be frank, I was exceedingly backward, and have always remained so. My mother had taught me to read, but beyond that I had reached the age of six knowing nothing or hardly anything. But I was a very good rider and went out alone on a pony Lord Bristol had given my father, which I rode boldly, and I might even say recklessly. The pony's name was Polynice. He and I understood each other perfectly, and I was his friend to the last. I took care he should end his days in the park at St. Cloud, where he roamed in freedom, with a stable of his own to retire into if the fancy took him. Often and often I have been to see him, in that same stable, which he ended by never leaving except to come and greet us, and warm himself in the sunshine. He died, there, fortunately for himself, full of years, just before the pleasant revolutionary occurrences of 1848, in which he would certainly have had his share. But my father desired me to be something more than a mere horseman. He got me a tutor, and from that day out, for several years, my recollections are divided, to the exclusion of everything else, between my education and my life with my family. My tutor was called M. Trognon, and his name brought many a jest upon him, amongst others a line of Victor Hugo's in *Ruy Blas* about that

> Affreuse compagnonne,
> Dont la barbe fleurit et dont le nez trognonne.

"Fleurit" was an allusion to Cuvillier-Fleury, my brother Aumale's tutor, and Victor Hugo thought he owed both the gentlemen a grudge. M. Trognon, a distinguished pupil of the École Normale, had begun his teaching career as professor of rhetoric at the college at Langres, where, coming in one day to take his class, he found his desk occupied by a donkey, which his pupils had established in his seat. "Gentlemen," he said as he went out, "I leave you with a professor who is worthy of you." Soon after, he was recalled to Paris, as assistant to M. Guizot in his courses of historical lectures at the College of France.



He was not only an accomplished university man, but something else besides, as we learnt from a copy of the *Figaro*, which our eldest brother brought back from college. In this newspaper we read, in fact, a set of verses by Baour-Lormian, beginning thus :—

> Que me veut ce Trognon, pédagogue en bésicles,
> Dans la fosse du *Globe* enterrant ses articles !

There was no doubt about it. My tutor was a journalist, and these lines a revengeful answer to an article of his in the *Globe*, a newspaper which, as we soon learnt,

he had founded in concert with Pierre Leroux, Dubois, Jouffroy, Rémusat, and some others. We discovered too that our journalist was a freethinker as well, and author of a thick octavo book which had been condemned by the Index at Rome, a fact which did not prevent his dying in the most religious frame of mind possible, well nigh in the odour of sanctity. My tutor was, in truth, of too lofty an intelligence to persevere long in that religious nihilism, that denial of the existence of a future state, which, spreading from religion to family life, and from thence again to the affairs of the State, ends by leaving nothing standing but animal man and his animal passions and appetites. The long death-struggle of a passionately loved sister, who was supported by the constant ministrations of the Bishop of Beauvais, M. Feutrier, and her calm end, of which he was an eye-witness, began the change within him. When, in later years, the Abbé Dupanloup, then Vicar of the Church of the Assumption, was charged with the care of my religious education, he and Trognon became very intimate, and death alone interrupted the close communion then established between these two great minds.

The first years of my education were very happy. Anything dry about it was liberally compensated for by the constant intimacy of the family circle. We were three sisters and six brothers (this last number soon reduced to five by the death of my brother Penthièvre), all living together, eating together, often doing lessons together, together always in all games and pleasure parties and excursions. What a joyous band we were may easily be guessed. Each boy had his own tutor, and two governesses were in charge of my sisters. So long as tutors and governesses only had to deal with their own pupils, all went well, but when the brothers and sisters were all together, and influenced by the spirit of insubordination and love of playing pranks which the elder ones brought back from school, we made life hard and sour to the preceptorial body. But they got on, somehow. The *grands-*

parents, as we called our parents, taken up as they were by their social engagements, left all initiative to the tutors. Each of these was only expected to enter daily in a book his report and opinion of the pupil committed to his care. This book was seen by my father, and he added his own remarks and orders, and then returned it.

Our day generally began at five o'clock in the morning. The elder ones went to school to attend their classes, took their meals and played with the boarders, and came home after evening school. The boys who were not at school and the girls spent the day doing their lessons. In the evening, pupils and teachers of both sexes all dined together, and then went to the drawing-room, where there was always company, for my parents received every evening. Thursdays and Sundays, which were school holidays, were given up specially to lessons in what were known as accomplishments: drawing, music, physical exercises, riding, fencing, singlestick, dancing, &c. On Sundays, every one, great and small, dined at "*the great table*," and this life of ours was as regular as clockwork summer and winter alike.

In winter time we lived in the Palais-Royal, which then was not at all what it is nowadays. Where the Galerie d'Orléans is now to be seen, there were hideous wooden passages, with muddy floors, exclusively occupied by milliners' shops, and peopled, it was said, by thousands of rats. To get rid of this collection of shanties, they were sawn through below, and allowed to come down with a crash. Crowds of people came to witness the collapse, in the hope of seeing the expected multitude of rats rush out. There was not a single one! They had all cleared out in good time. Such is the wisdom of the brute creation!

When I first lived at the Palais-Royal, I had a room in the Rue de Valois, which overlooked the Bœuf à la Mode restaurant, and opposite there dwelt an old lady, always dressed in black, who regularly every day, at the very same hour, placed an indispensable article of domestic use upon her window-sill, so that it was as good as a clock

to us. Later on, I changed my room for one looking over the courtyard, facing the rooms occupied by an actor at the Comédie-Française named Dumilâtre, and his daughters ; Dumilâtre, whom I knew well, having seen him play those small tragedy parts which consist in making a dignified exit and saying, "Yes, my lord," had the same habits as my black lady, and the same object used to appear upon his window-sill with equal regularity. I had only changed my clock!

It was during the winter sojourn at the Palais-Royal, too, that our masters and their lessons multiplied. And several of these masters were oddities, amongst others our professor of German. Picture a little bland-mannered old man, dressed all in black, with satin breeches, woollen stockings, enormous shoes, and a broad-brimmed hat. He had been tutor to Prince Metternich in his youth. I know not what chance had later driven him into France—where, during the Terror, he became one of the secretaries of the much-dreaded Committee of Public Safety at Strasbourg. He lived alone with his daughter, whom he often sent to Germany, not by the ordinary means of communication, but concealed in the van which was sent periodically into Hungary to fetch supplies of leeches for the hospitals, which circumstance made us conclude that the simple name of "Herr Simon" by which he called himself probably concealed some deep mystery. Nothing, alas! remains to me of his German, nor of that of a valet of the same race, who had been put about me, so ill adapted has my mental constitution always proved to any foreign language.

Another oddity was our dancing master, an Opéra dancer, named Seuriot. What a fine presence that man had! His lesson, which we all took together, like a little *corps de ballet*, was a great amusement to us, especially because of the theatrical stories we used to make him tell us. One day he arrived in a great state of excitement, and addressing the governesses he said, "Ladies, you see before you a man who had a remarkable escape yesterday.

The ballet called *Les Filets de Vulcain* was being danced, I was playing Jupiter, and I was just going to ascend in my glory, with Mercury beside me, when I felt that same glory was out of order, and I had only just time to jump off, and to shout to Mercury, 'Jump, my friend, jump, don't lose an instant!' Well, well!" During the pauses in the lesson, when his fiddle ceased, and while he wiped the perspiration from his brow, we used to crowd round him and ask him questions. The elder ones always tried to get him on the subject of a *danseuse* named Mademoiselle Legallois, one on which he would descant unendingly. This was the lady who on one occasion appeared in a ballet as the allegorical representative of Religion, which fact caused it to be said of a certain Marshal of France "qu'il s'était éteint dans les bras de la religion" (that he had passed away peacefully in the arms of religion). But the moment we were seen crowding round and whispering with the old dancer, the governesses would charge down upon us with their "What is it? What is it?" and we began our *battements* and our steps again. Personally I owed one of the earliest successes in my life to old Seuriot. I had profited so much by his lessons, that I appear to have danced the minuet in a quite remarkable way, so much so that my parents had a complete crimson velvet dress in the style of the last century made for me, with the indispensable three-cornered hat and a sword with knots of ribbon. Thus accoutred, with powdered head and pigtail, I had to give several performances of my minuet, which I danced with my sister Clémentine, both of us displaying all the airs and graces of bygone times. My marquis's dress, of which I was excessively proud, served me also for a fancy

dress ball given by the Duchesse de Berri, at which, identifying myself too much with my character, I had a quarrel with a Cossack of my own age, young de B—— about a partner. In my fury I drew my sword, he did likewise, and we were just falling on each other, when the Duchesse rushed up crying, "Stop, you naughty children! Take their swords away, M. de Brissac!" As for my sister Clémentine, who was at the ball too, wearing her minuet gown, and looking utterly bewitching in her powder and her looped-up dress, she attracted the notice of Charles X., to whom she doubtless brought back memories of his own youth. He came to her and kissed her, and gazed at her for a long time, holding her hand. Then, turning to my father, he said, "Monsieur, if I were forty years younger, your daughter should be Queen of France," whereupon he kissed her over again.

Our dancing lessons, which were looked upon as recreation, alternated with walks about Paris. The girls went in one direction, and the boys in another. When we went out thus, one tutor alone took the extra duty of looking after us. When it was Trognon who came out, we always expected to be taken to Sautelet's, a bookseller in the Rue de Richelieu, whose establishment became, I recollect, in later days, the head office of the *National*. There Trognon would hold forth amongst the journalists, while the clerks talked to us. I remember their showing me the splendid manuscript of the *Memoirs of Saint-Simon*, which Sautelet was then publishing. When, on the other hand, it was Cuvillier-Fleury who marshalled us, the objects of our walks became more varied, and we soon began to discover that there was not unfrequently a petticoat somewhere about. Yet I owe to him the precious memory of a visit to the studio of Eugène Delacroix; and also of one to M. de Lavalette, Postmaster-General under the first Napoleon, a most interesting man, well known for his celebrated escape on the eve of the day appointed for his execution, after the Hundred Days, when his wife came and took his place, and brought him garments to escape in.

But oftenest of all we used to go to a bookseller's in the Rue Saint-André-des-Arts, who was a great friend of Fleury's, and we were always sure to find either him or his charming wife at home.

Fleury's friendship for this bookseller was indeed the cause of a comical adventure. In the confusion of the first few days of the Revolution of 1830, the gentleman in question appeared before us with white belt and a sword over his civilian's dress. "Look here, Fleury," said he, "what use can I be to you to-day?" Fleury considered for a minute, and then he said he really didn't quite see, but that after all he thought nobody had troubled their heads about the Prefecture of Police. "I'll be off there," said my bookseller, and off he went, appointed himself Prefect of Police, and performed all his functions for several days. I have never heard of him since.

Turn about with these walks, too, we had lessons in gymnastics, of which science a certain Colonel Amoros was the apostle. This worthy colonel gave prizes to everybody, so as to make his classes popular. These prizes took the form of collars, inscribed in large painted letters with the particular merit of the pupil rewarded, such as agility, courage, strength, &c. One pupil was given a prize for "hidden virtue." After the gymnastic lessons came riding lessons, for which we were taken to the Cirque Olympique, I and my two elder brothers being always put in the charge of a single tutor. But as he invariably found the riding school too cold, he used to go and shut himself up in the manager's room, and leave us to the tender care of Laurent Franconi and the rough riders, which amounted to leaving us to ourselves. This icy cold arena, in the Place du Château-d'Eau, consisted of one immense hall, where the place of the pit was taken up by a circus or riding school for all sorts of horsemanship, which circus was connected with the stage by inclined planes, whenever a military piece with battles in it was performed. In this circus Laurent Franconi made us practise "la haute école," and his assistants, Bassin and Lagoutte,

taught us to vault on horseback, astride and sitting, and standing upright—after every fashion, in fact. And to our great amusement, too, these lessons, falling as they did on Sunday afternoons, generally coincided with the rehearsals on the stage, in which we joyfully took our share during the intervals we were allowed for rest, scaling the practicable scenery, or taking part with the artists in certain interludes not mentioned on the programme. This was not indeed our only initiation into theatrical art, a career bearing so much analogy to that of every prince. Taking advantage of the close proximity of the Palais-Royal to the Comédie-Française, my father had added a regular course of dramatic literature to the educational plan he had laid out for us. So very often, when the old stock plays were being given at the Français, he would take us by a door leading from his drawing-room into the passage which separates the side scenes from the artists' green-room, and leave us in his box—the three centre ones on the grand tier thrown together—returning to fetch us at the end of the performance. Those evenings at the Comédie-Française were our greatest joy, and taught us many a useful lesson, filling our heads with classic literature far more efficiently than all the reading and courses of lectures in the world. But those unlucky classics were very much neglected. They were not a bit the fashion. There would hardly be two hundred people in the theatre, and all the boxes were empty. A wretched orchestra, conducted by a stout man of the name of Chodron, squeaked a tune that set everybody's teeth on edge. Up would go the curtain, without any warning, in the very middle of some phrase in the music which would break off with a sigh from the clarionet, and drearily the play would begin. We were all eyes and ears in spite of that, and nothing in the play of the tragic actresses—Madame Duchesnois, Madame Paradol, and Madame Bourgoin—ever escaped us. I can see and hear yet all Corneille's plays, and Racine's too, and *Zaïre*, and *Mahomet*, and *L'Orphelin de la Chine*, and many more. But what we longed for most impatiently were

Molière's plays. They were our prime favourites, and what actors too! Monrose, Cartigny, Samson, Firmin, Menjaud, and Faure, whose appearances as Fleurant in *Le Malade* and Truffaldin in *L'Etourdi* we always greeted with delight, on account of the properties he carried in his hand. This same Faure, an old soldier of 1782, never failed to say to my father, as he escorted him to the door, taper in hand, "Ha, Sir! this is not the camp at la Lune!" referring to a bivouac just before the battle of Valmy. It was always a great amusement to us to go along the passages behind the scenes, especially when the classic Roman processions were being formed up there for the tragedies, for among the lictors and the other Romans we recognised many of the clerks and workmen employed about the Palais-Royal, and we used to bid them good day, and call them by their names, and be very proud indeed of speaking to artists, and we went home to our own fold, imitating the call in the theatre: "On va-a-commencer! On co-mmence!" (Going to begin, just beginning). Sometimes too we were taken to see modern plays, but that did not happen often. Yet even now I seem to hear the actor Armand, just before 1830, talking thick behind his Directoire cravat, in *Tom Jones*:—

Point d'amis, point de grâce,
A la session prochaine il faudra qu'on y passe!

and the whole house rose at him! I remember also being taken to the first night of *Henri III.*, and being very much amused by the cups and balls and the pea-shooters. I was much affected too by the death of Arthur, a charming page in a violet dress, played by Mlle. Despréaux, who after-

wards became Madame Allan. I had no eyes for anybody else. As we were going away, my father leading me by the hand, we found the Duchesse de Guise, Mademoiselle Mars, panting, and wrapped in a rose-coloured satin cloak lined with swansdown, waiting for the compliments which my father showered on her. She had not impressed me nearly so much as the page in violet.

Talking of *Henri III.*, a play we took great interest in, because its author, quite unknown at the time, belonged to our household, I will recall here a recollection connected with the name of Alexandre Dumas. Everybody knows he began life as a clerk in my father's library at the Palais-Royal. The chief librarian was Vatout, whose works, and perhaps too some well-known songs, have gained him a seat in the Academy. But Vatout was never *in* the library by any chance. The real librarian, and a very worthy fellow he was, was a man of the name of Tallencourt. He was an old soldier, and this caused him to be elected captain of a grenadier company in the Citizen Guard—a position to which, in the first blush of his enthusiasm, he attached an exaggerated importance. Well, some time after Dumas had resigned his position in the library, in the midst of the riots which occurred so frequently about that period, we saw Tallencourt come home one day in full warlike attire, with his bearskin cap and his cloak, and a very gloomy countenance. "What do you think has just happened to me? I was in command of a patrol in my ward—as we had heard several shots, we were advancing with the greatest caution, in double file, keeping close to the walls, with our eyes and ears open. All at once I heard a shout—'Here's for you, de Tallencourt!' and then a shot. Well, the shout—that voice—it was Alexandre Dumas' voice!" "Oh, nonsense!" we all cried. But he stuck to it—and we resisted the violent inclination to laugh that assailed us, convinced as we were that if the worthy man really had recognized the voice, he had been the victim of a prank of Alexandre Dumas, who had doubtless enjoyed the fun

of seeing the rout of his former chief and his brave "guernadiers"!

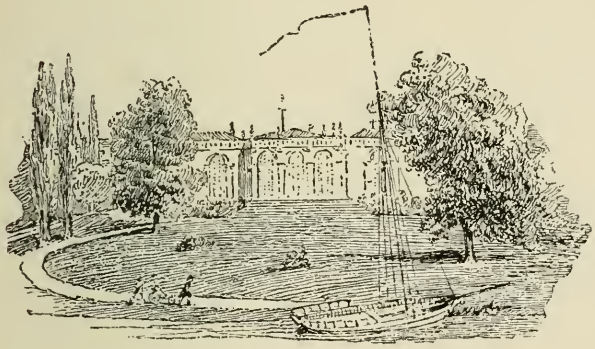
When our father did not take us to the Théâtre Français, we spent our evenings in those beautiful rooms in the Palais-Royal where he had gathered together so many admirable pictures and works of art, plundered and dispersed since by the revolutionists and their tribe, together with the splendid furniture which was used to burn a detachment of the 14th Regiment of the Line alive, on the 24th of February, on which day it was on guard at the Palais-Royal. And to think that a French Chamber actually voted national rewards to people who had made an *auto da fé* of French soldiers who were guilty of defending till death the post which duty and honour at once made sacred to them! But let that pass; worse things happen nowadays, but at the happy time I speak of nobody thought of the possibility of such shameful doings. This is what men call progress! As far as we ourselves were concerned, we spent our evenings in all the carelessness of our youth, playing together merrily and noisily in the family drawing-room, a large gallery running from the courtyard to the Rue de Valois. The games were liveliest on Sundays and Thursdays, because, those days being school holidays, our merry band was reinforced by my brothers' class-mates, MM. de Laborderie, Guillermy, d'Eckmül, Albert, &c., &c., and by Alfred de Musset as well, whom I still seem to see, with his blue coat and gilt buttons, his fair curly hair, and his melancholy and somewhat affected ways. We generally played "prisoners' base"—a game to which the great gallery was very well suited. Sometimes there was dancing, and then my mother's eye was always on de Musset, who seemed to scorn our games and to be inclined to pay assiduous court to my big sisters.

Our games never interfered with the coming and going of visitors and habitual guests and old friends of my father's, who had been his friends before the Revolution. There was the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, "the good Duke,"

as he was called, very much dreaded by us children because he was always kissing us, and smelt so strongly of tobacco ; and M. de Lally-Tollendal ; and then friends of more recent date, General Gérard, Raoul de Montmorency, Madame de Boigne, the Princesse de Poix, the Princesse de Vaudémont, besides many others, soldiers, artists, diplomats, and ladies—every one, in fact, who was distinguished either by their personal charm, by mental qualities, or by the brilliancy of their career. Some amongst the number were more congenial to me than others ; such as François Arago, the astronomer, inexhaustible in wit and humour, whether he was recounting his adventures when he was in captivity in the Barbary States, or the way he plagued his colleague Ampère, a soldier like himself in the regiment of the "Parrots in mourning," as he dubbed the Institute, in his southern accent, because of its green and black uniform. And then Macdonald, Marmont, Molitor, and Mortier, the four Marshals whose name began with M, the heroes of a hundred fights, the living embodiment of the renown our arms had won. We used all of us to try and hear whatever they said, whatever stories they told, and to gather up any information or anecdote touching the military glory of our country.

The diplomats interested us less—I will not speak of M. de Talleyrand, whose face and figure were striking enough, though they made but little impression on our uninformed imaginations. Yet I remember the fits of laughter we went into one day, when my father, in a fit of absence, aped the great man's limp as he crossed the drawing-room to receive him. We delighted in Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Ambassador, because as soon as his burly presence appeared his jokes and witty sallies and his stories provoked loud and inexhaustible shouts of laughter. All children love cheery people. There was another diplomat whose arrival we always looked forward to, the Bailli de Ferrette, Minister of the Grand Duke of Baden—and this for two reasons. First of all because of that title of "Bailli," which seemed to belong to

another world, or at all events to a harlequinade, and then on account of the extraordinary appearance of the man—he looked like a skeleton in powder. We were quite ignorant in those days, it is needless to remark, of the fact that this cool, proper-looking Bailli was a great musician, a first-class performer of the *Stabat Mater*, whose inspiration however depended on his having the shoulders, very *décolletée* ones too, of a charming nightingale, over whom the Opéra and Opéra-Comique fought for many a day, as the desk he laid his music on. Sometimes when the evening was half over a bell was heard like the one in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*. "There's the big bell," we



would cry. It was the signal that Madame la Dauphine or Madame la Duchesse de Berri was coming to pay us a visit, and my father would tear off, with all of us after him, to receive the visitor on the staircase. But our season at the Palais-Royal closed with the winter, and the first fine days saw us migrate to Neuilly, to the general delight.

Neuilly! I can never write the word without feeling moved, for it is bound up with all the happiest memories of my childhood, and I salute that name with respect akin to that which I would show a dead man! Those who never knew the Neuilly of which I would speak must imagine to themselves a very large country

house, of no architectural pretension, consisting almost exclusively of sets of ground-floor rooms, tacked one on to the other on much the same level, with delightful gardens, and standing in the middle of a very large park which stretched from the fortifications to the Seine, just where the Avenue Bineau now runs. Within the park walls there were fields and woods and orchards, and even islands, the chief of which was called the "Ile de la Grande Jatte," and the whole of one reach of the Seine, the whole within a quarter of an hour's journey from Paris.

This beautiful demesne, the favourite residence of my father and mother, who had made it, and were always adding new beauties to it, and who lived there in those days, far from political cares, and surrounded by their many children, who were all devoted to them, was also the place that we loved best. We were so near town that our education, our masters, our lessons at home or in school, went on just as if we were in Paris, while we had the advantage of fresh air and country life, with all its liberty and its natural and spontaneous exercise. At five o'clock in the morning, before lessons or school began, we were galloping about in the big park. In play hours, and on the Thursday and Sunday holidays, the whole troop of children roamed the fields, almost unaccompanied, the older ones looking after the youngest. We used to make hay, and get on the hay-cocks, and dig potatoes, and climb the fruit-trees, and beat the walnut-trees. There were flowers everywhere, fields of roses, where we gathered splendid bouquets every day, without their ever being missed even. Then we used to go boating and swimming. Boys and girls, equally good swimmers all, would plunge in turn into the little arm of the Seine enclosed within the park, and nothing more delicious can be imagined than to cast oneself into deep water near the bridge at Neuilly, and to let oneself drift down almost as far as Asnières, under the great willows, returning afterwards on foot by the "Ile de la Grande Jatte."

This island, laid waste now and turned into a slum, was

covered then with venerable trees, and intersected by those "shady paths" sung by Gounod, in which we loved to lose ourselves in all the carelessness of our childhood, and perhaps too in the first awakening instincts of our youth. Nothing but a memory remains of that enchanting spot. It was confiscated by Napoleon III. on some flimsy pretext or other, and forthwith cut to pieces, so as to destroy every trace of those who had owned and lived in it. It is as much as I can do, as I drive along the Avenue Bineau, to find, among the villas which have been built all over it, some well-known tree or other, behind which I used to lie in wait to shoot the hares, which a big dog I had trained to the work used to put up for me. As for the house itself, after being the scene of a terrible orgie, it was sacked and burnt down by the conquerors in the glorious fight of February 1848. Not a stone of it remains. All the works of art within it were destroyed. But I know of one stray bit saved from the wreck. The traveller who goes to see the museum at Neufchâtel, in Switzerland, may observe, alongside of the picture which represents M. de Montmolin, an officer of the Swiss Guard, allowing himself to be murdered on the 10th of August, sooner than give up the flag which was intrusted to his loyal care, a very small canvas, carefully mended up. That fragment is the principal figure in Léopold Robert's first picture, and his masterpiece, *L'Improvisateur*, which used to hang in the billiard-room at Neuilly. Either a salvage man, or a looter of enlightened taste, cut it out with a penknife, in the midst of the conflagration, and it is the only thing that was saved.

But let me come back to my story.

In my father's sitting-room at Neuilly, and the billiard-room more especially, with the doors on the terrace open, the evenings used to be spent, in a circle of neighbours, friends, and habitual visitors.

These evenings had such a decisive influence on my future destiny that I cannot do otherwise than speak of them.

That billiard-room is before me now, with the pictures that adorned it, all of them masterpieces—*L'Improvisateur*, by Léopold Robert; *La Femme du Brigand*, by Schnetz; *Faust* and *Marguerite*, by Ary Scheffer; *Venice*, by Ziegler—hanging round.

I see the most frequent guests too. First two abbés, whose names—the Abbé de Saint-Phar and the Abbé de Saint-Albin—were a significant inheritance due to the frailty of their great-grandparents many years before the Revolution. And yet another abbé, with powdered side curls, L'Abbé de Labordère, a former Grand Vicar of Fréjus, who somehow or other, I know not how, had become mayor of Neuilly. Then there was the Maréchal de Gouvion de Saint-Cyr, our near neighbour, who always had a circle round him; and admirals too, the Comte de Sercey, with his pigtail—an Indian veteran, Admiral Villaumetz; and generals and officers besides, whose stories of their campaigns used to fill us with enthusiasm. Amongst the generals who were friends of the family there was General Drouot, who was very fond of me, and would take me on his knee and tell me stories. I had seen Horace Vernet's picture, *La Bataille de Hanau*, which represents Drouot on foot amongst his guns, just as the Bavarian Cuirassiers are charging through them. That had been quite enough to fire my ardour, and I wanted to be an artilleryman too. Just about the same time, my father was presented with a twelve-pounder howitzer by the Vincennes artillery, and Colonel de Caraman came to try it with us. We fired shots in the park, at the rising ground near Villiers, and my military enthusiasm was wrought up to the highest pitch. I tormented my mother till she had an artillery uniform made for me, and when I had it on my back I thought my fortune was made. After having been taken to the fair at Neuilly, and seeing the non-commissioned officers of the Regiment of [the Guard quartered at Courbevoie dancing with the pretty laundresses belonging to the village, I tried hard to force my sisters to join me in imitating the particular style of dance I had seen them

perform. I have heard it said that my choregraphic performance was fairly successful, but there my fancy for the military career ended. General Drouot went back to Nancy; I did not see him again, and I soon fell under other and more lasting influences.

Among my father's aides-de-camp there was a young cavalry lieutenant-colonel, the Comte d'Houdetot, who had begun life as a midshipman. He was a very clever man, and one of the most delightful story-tellers imaginable. By birth a creole, from the Mauritius, he and his family had happened to come back to Europe on board the corvette *La Régénérée*, commanded by that same Admiral Villaumetz, our neighbour and constant visitor in the billiard-room. At the time of the voyage D'Houdetot was a baby in arms, and in an action between the *Régénérée* and the English, at the Loos Islands, his wet nurse was cut in two by a round shot, which gave rise to a saying of his, "I have more right to promotion than anybody. Lots of people have had horses killed under them, but I'm the only man in the French army that ever had a woman killed under him."

Mutually attracted by this common memory, the former middy and the old admiral used to spend their evenings relating their adventures to each other, and their stories, which had begun by interesting, ended by fascinating me. It was worth while to hear D'Houdetot tell about the battle of Trafalgar, at which he had been present as a midshipman on board the *Algésiras*, commanded by his uncle Admiral Magon, how, as he lay on the poop, with both his legs broken by the bursting of a shell, he saw his uncle the admiral receive his death-blow, at the very moment when, wounded already, and his hat and wig carried away by a shot, he had thrown himself on to the nettings, shouting to his crew, "The first man who boards that ship with me shall have the Cross;" and how too, the boarding party having been driven back, the mizzen-mast of the *Algésiras*, cut through by a round shot, fell across the British ship, throwing a comrade of D'Houdetot's,

the midshipman of the maintop, beyond it, into the sea, and how that middy swam back to the *Algésiras*. And then came the story of the tempest after the battle, in which victors and vanquished alike struggled together to escape shipwreck, under the command of Lieutenant de la Bretonnière, in later days my own commanding officer, who succeeded in bringing the ship into Cadiz. There D'Houdetot was lying upon the mole, under a burning sun, feverish and exhausted with pain, when the hand of a woman, whom his youth had touched, spread a fan over "the poor little fellow's" head, to protect him from the blaze. He drew the ministering hand to him, and kissed it, and to that simple act he owed his escape from the horrors of an overcrowded hospital, teeming with typhus. He recovered, re-embarked on board the frigate *Hermione*, and was wrecked with her. "Trafalgar and a shipwreck in the space of two years," he used to say, "gave me enough of a seafaring life." He got leave to be transferred to the cavalry, and covered himself with glory in the heroic charges at the battle of the Moskowa ; but his heart always remained with his old sailor comrades, and he never tired of talking about them.

As for old Villaumetz, his whole life had been spent on board ship. He had gone with M. d'Entrecasteaux to search for La Peyrouse ; he had commanded the squadron from which Prince Jérôme Bonaparte deserted with his ship the *Vétéran*, and his stories of sea fights and adventures were endless. Listening to them first inspired me with that longing to enter the naval career which never left me again.

My first attempts at seafaring were made at Tréport, during the short holiday trips we used to take to the Château d'Eu. I was dreadfully sea-sick every time, but that did not dismay me ; and then the honest sailors, with their simple, open, resolute faces, attracted me irresistibly. I used to envy them their risky life, as I watched their boats from the jetty at Tréport, running in before the gale. That settled the matter ; I was regularly fascinated, in short. And

that love of my life will last as long as I do. Besides the sailoring charm which Tréport had for me, many a pleasant memory of my life is bound up with Eu and Randan. My parents were accustomed in holiday times to take us for a little trip either to Eu or to Randan, a large property in the Auvergne belonging to my aunt. During these journeys, lessons and school hours and study of every kind were intermitted, and this alone sufficed to give them a sovereign charm. It should be added that in those days travelling was not what it is now, and that these trips gave rise to many little adventures, for which we were always on the look out. My father had had a big carriage built with room for twelve people in it, which held the whole family, and which, with all due deference, was very like a travelling menagerie-van. A courier used to ride on ahead to order post horses ; another rode just in front of the carriage. When each stage was finished, the six horses that were to draw us for the next were led up: wicked, cross-grained stallions they were, that squealed and bit and kicked. They got harnessed somehow or other ; and then out came the dapper postilions, with their hats trimmed with gay ribbons, cocked on one side, some of them still wearing powder and with their hair tied in a club. They had waistcoats trimmed with dozens of silver buttons, and close-fitting pantaloons covered their legs. Margot would bring out the great iron-bound boots, into which they shoved those same legs ; they were hoisted laboriously on to their horses ; the postmaster shouted, " Now then, in with your spurs, and let them go ! " and off we went full tear, bells jingling and whips cracking, to the admiration of the women and children of the village gathered round to see the show. Once we were off, things calmed down ; but the postboys had no control whatever

over their horses, who knew the road, and did the stage, from force of habit, at their own pace. If we came across other carriages or wagons on the road, it was just a question as to whether our team would take us too much out of their way, or not enough. Such meetings were proclaimed by yells from the postilions. If the horses did not go far enough to one side, there would be a terrible collision, and a volley of oaths, together with a clashing of lanterns and a clatter of broken windows. If the horses got too far out of the way, the carriage would first of all tilt towards the sideway, slope more and more, and frequently end by turning over gently into the ditch. Then a clamour would rise from the menagerie, everybody first feeling themselves all over, and then laughing, while the great machine was being lifted up, preparatory to a fresh start. A little farther on, it might be, another accident would occur. We would be passing through a village, and, to create a sensation, the postboys would begin cracking their whips in concert. The horses would get excited, and the pace would increase. It was all very well if the village street was a straight one, but if there was an angle in it the horses would take it too short, and there would be a violent collision with the kerbstone at the corner. Then all the wheelwrights and all the innkeepers, ever on the watch for such mishaps, would hurry up. The repairs would take four hours perhaps, whereat the *grands-parents* would storm, but we children were jubilant. Confusion reigned supreme, and we could write to our little friends, "We were upset at such and such a place; we broke down at such another." We got lots of copy out of it.

There was no great interest about our visits to Randan. We used to leave the high-road at Aigueperse. Six or eight pairs of oxen were harnessed to the carriage, and Auvergnats in their costumes and broad-brimmed hats (there were still costumes there, in those days), with goads in their hands, drove the team, the carriage swinging backwards and forwards on the muddy roads, up hill and down

dale; it was hard work getting there, but we did get there at last. The great entertainment of the visit was to go and see Madame la Dauphine, who went through a cure at Vichy every year.

It was far pleasanter to stay at Eu. The old castle of the Guises was a mere tumbledown barrack at the time I speak of. The passages had waves in them like the sea. When there was a storm the whole house shook, and the smaller children used to feel quite frightened, when, after listening to Anatole de Montesquiou's ghost stories, of an evening, they had to go through the Guise Gallery, with all its dreadful portraits which seemed to step out of their frames to the dreary whistle of the sea-wind. But all the same we loved the old place. It was quite out of the common run. Just as we used to go and see Madame la Dauphine at Vichy from Randan, we used to go from Eu to see Madame la Duchesse de Berri, at Dieppe, which she had made her summer residence. We accompanied her once to the lighthouse at Ailly under the escort of her guard of honour, a squadron of Cauchoise women on horseback. *In illo tempore*—in those days, all Norman women, and those of the Caux district especially, did their errands and their marketing on horseback. There were very few vehicles to be seen. The prettiest of the peasant girls had been selected; and it was really a pleasure to see them prancing, to the number of forty, round the Duchess's carriage, with their captain and lieutenant riding at each door, all dressed alike, in white, in the full Cauchoise costume, chignon and cap with lace lappets, each on her pacing hack, which she managed to perfection. When a halt was made, the squadron dismounted, each girl holding her horse—a most charming effect it made in the Norman landscape. I never heard where the guard was quartered, but I am quite convinced there never can have been any difficulty about finding the necessary billets! M. de Murat, Prefect of the Lower Seine, was the originator of this idea. He was a charming fellow, but so absent, that one morning, when the Duchesse de

Berri sent for him, he hastily put on his sword and his smartest uniform, and hurried in his three-cornered hat to wait on Madame, without discovering, till he got there, that he had forgotten his breeches!

A great change came into my life in 1828. I was ten years old; my turn had come; I was sent to school, and

entered the Collège Henri IV. *Ay di me!* as the Spanish lament has it. When I pass by Saint-Etienne du Mont, and look at the Tower of Clovis, and the great walls of that learned prison in which I spent three years, the memories that come back to me are not pleasant—far from it. My life there was mortally tedious, and I did no good whatsoever. My whole education has been gained by reading

(I was and I have always remained passionately fond of reading), by observation, and by listening to those people who know how to hold my attention. I listened with all my ears and all my heart to the Abbé Dupanloup, when he gave me religious instruction; to Pouillet, when he taught us physical science; to the great Arago, when he put a sextant into my hands for the first time in my life. Later on, to Michelet, when I attended the course of historical lectures he gave to my sister Clémentine; and, later yet, to the lessons on law which were given us by M. Rossi, the minister of Pius IX. But Greek and Latin, and hours spent over an exercise or a translation with a fat dictionary to keep me company! Oh, mercy on me! From the scholastic point of view I was simply a *dunce*, nothing but a dunce. Yet I managed to scramble one prize—the shabbiest of them all—the second for Latin versions in the seventh class! I was presented with my reward at the prize distribution, to the tune of "Vive Henri IV.! Vive ce roi vaillant, ce diable à quatre . . .!" At the same moment I received, from a stout red-faced gentleman, a wet kiss—much too wet a kiss—which gave me no pleasure whatsoever. I recollect the porter at the college was nicknamed "Boit-sans-soif"; that my greatest joy was to go out by his door, after evening school, and go down the Rue de la Montagne or the Rue des Sept-Voies, playing a thousand pranks as I went, and that my grief used to be keen indeed when I had to go back the next morning. Yet some good comrades I had whom I dearly loved, and amongst whom I improved in playing various games, and learned the art of both giving and receiving kicks and cuffs. But, take it all in all, my schooldays are, as they say in mathematics, "a minus quantity" to me.

CHAPTER II

1830—1833

THE Revolution of 1830 broke out during my school-days. I was twelve years old—too young therefore, by far, to estimate its character, political or social, correctly. I only remember that it filled me with the deepest astonish-

ment. Never having witnessed any kind of disturbance, I had not the faintest notion what a revolution might be like. I had always seen the King and the Royal Family treated with a respect which, indeed, they have never forfeited, and I was a hundred miles from the thought that they could possibly be banished. It is a fact, nevertheless,

that the beginning of 1830 differed from other years, and that something seemed to be brewing. Strange remarks were made at school, over and over again, even among us little ones ; our tutors, all of them connected with the press, were what was called in those days "dans le mouvement" —abreast of the times, and they never stopped talking politics. Where were they not talked, indeed ? It was a downright disease. The speech of M. de Salvandy, on the occasion of the *fête* given by my father at the Palais-Royal in May, that year, in honour of the King of Naples, my uncle and godfather, may be called to mind. "A real Neapolitan *fête* indeed, Sire !—for we are dancing on a volcano."

And a truly Neapolitan *fête* it was, not only on account of the presence of the sovereigns of the two Sicilies, and of the ideal beauty of the night, but also by reason of the tarantella, a sort of ballet, which was danced in the middle of the evening, by Madame la Duchesse de Berri and thirty of the most beautiful young ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, in Neapolitan costume, among whom I think I still see, compact of grace and elegance, the lovely Denise du Roure, soon to become Comtesse d'Hulst. The tarantella was followed by a polonaise, led by Comte Rodolphe Appony and the Duchesse de Rauzan, resplendent in blue and gold. A more sedate dance, this, performed by noble lords and ladies, all in Hungarian costume, and escorted by pages, bearing their respective banners. It would have been hard to say which of the ladies taking part in these two dances bore off the palm for aristocratic beauty. They were worthy representatives of their race.

The Royal Family, headed by Charles X., was present at this *fête*, whereat pre-eminence of every kind was gathered together and every class represented, and where cordiality seemed universal. After the entrance of the two sets of dancers in costume, the King went out to walk on the terrace which runs along the top of the Galerie d'Orléans. The night was so warm and lovely that the ladies were walking about in their low gowns, and the dazzling illumi-

nations made it as bright as day. The courtyard of the Palais-Royal was closed, but an immense crowd filled the gardens, trying to see as much as possible of the gay doings. I was running in front of Charles X. as he walked along, and I saw his tall form advance to the parapet of the terrace on the garden side, with that truly royal air he had about him. He waved his hand several times in greeting to the crowd, which at that short distance, and under that brilliant light, must have recognized him perfectly, not by his features only, but by his full uniform of Colonel-General of the Guard, and also by the retinue that followed him. But there was no shout of "Vive le Roi!" nor any hostile one either. The surging crowd only seemed to be rather more stirred, and the same uproar rose from it as one may hear on a firework night, when some fine set-piece is set alight. One last wave of the hand, with a "Bonjour, mon peuple!" which the King spoke half in jest and half in earnest, and Charles X. departed. I was never to see him again. Immediately afterwards, or nearly so, the crowd laid hands on the chairs in the garden, piled them up on the grass plots where the midday gun stood, and set them on fire. The troops had to be called out to clear the garden, and that first scene of public riot, so new to me filled me with astonishment and rage as well.

Shortly after this *fête* came the taking of Algiers—a proof of the national strength, of political courage and foresight—a brilliant military exploit, performed under the "drapeau blanc," which might well have roused the enthusiasm of the nation, tightened the bond between France and her king, and reconciled the people to their ancient flag. It did nothing of the kind. The taking of Algiers was received like an ordinary piece of news, and the tricolour flag was regretted as deeply as ever. For the platform and the press—but especially the press, the mightiest instrument of destruction of modern times—had done their work. The days of the Government of the Restoration were numbered. Not that it had been blameworthy. Both at home and abroad it had certainly been the best of all the

administrations that had succeeded each other since 1789. But it had endeavoured to govern like a patriarch, for the present good and the future greatness of France, and to withstand the assaults of those unprincipled individuals who looked on their country simply as a farm to make money out of. So bit by bit it had been demolished, just as everything has been demolished these past hundred years, in the name of laws and principles which dissolve every kind of government, and which will soon make it absolutely impossible for society to exist. The hour when the words, "Get out of that, and let me take your place," the real and only object of our successive revolutions, should resound, was on the very stroke.

On the 25th of July we had all been dining at Saint-Leu with M. le Duc de Bourbon, an old cousin of ours, who never meddled with politics, and led a leisured and delightful life between Chantilly and Saint-Leu, never coming to Paris except to pass through it, although the beautiful palace there which bears his name, the Palais Bourbon, belonged to him. His great passion was for sport, in which he excelled ; and my father had made a friend of him by giving him the hunting in all his forests. There was another reason too, and perhaps after all it was the chief one, for this cordiality, that my parents had consented to receive the Baronne de Feuchères, who held great sway over the Duke, but who had never been admitted to Court. I can see the handsome old man yet, laconic in speech, his profile of the most strongly marked Bourbon type, his hair and pigtail white, with his tightly buttoned blue coat, from which a lace frill escaped, and his trousers, which were always much too short, showing his white stockings underneath. On the evening I speak of there had been a great gathering at Saint-Leu—a big dinner, then a drawing-room play, acted by Madame de Feuchères and the Duke's gentlemen. In the audience were many officers of the Royal Guard, and numerous other persons, whose names were known to me from having heard them quoted as being amongst those ardent Conservatives called at that time the

"Ultras." One of them, a M. de Vitrolles, attracted my attention by holding a long conversation with my father in one of the intervals between the acts. He has since related this conversation in his *Memoirs*, and also the conviction it gave him of the horror with which the idea of a fresh revolution filled my father. Their only disagreement was as to the means to avert it. Which of the two was in the right?

That evening we went back to Neuilly, and the next morning, 26th of July, as we were just getting ready, Nemours and I, to start for school, somebody opened the door and launched the remark to our tutors: "The coup d'Etat is in the *Moniteur*!" "What!" "Yes! The Decrees." Whereupon the tutors rushed to the family drawing-room, whither we followed them. There sat my father, thunderstruck, the *Moniteur* in his hand. When he saw the tutors come in, he threw up his arms in despair, and let them fall again. After a silence on his part, during which my mother rapidly acquainted the gentlemen with the state of affairs, my father said: "They are mad!" That was all, and after another silence, a long one—"They will get themselves banished again. Oh! for my part, I have been exiled twice already. I will not bear it again: I stay in France!"

I heard no more, for it was schooltime, and we had to get into the carriage; but those words and that first impression remain graven on my memory.

That day at school was just like any other, but the next, the 27th, as we came back from the Collège Henri IV., it was easy to see that there was a great stir in Paris. Deligny's swimming school, at the corner of the Quai d'Orsay, where we went after school, according to custom, to take our bath, was full of young men discussing and holding forth, and relating incidents, true or not, which had occurred during the day. The Place Louis XV., now the Place de la Concorde, was occupied by the troops. There was a regiment of Foot Guards, a battalion of the Swiss Guard, the Lancers of the Guard, the Artillery

of the Military School—magnificent troops all of them, the finest I have seen in any country, and of which the English Foot Guards alone in these days give any idea. Officers inspired in the highest possible degree with *esprit de corps* and chivalrous devotion, old non-commissioned officers, many of whom had seen the wars of the Empire, commanding seasoned soldiers, young in years but old in discipline and instruction, and all proud of the splendid uniform they wore—such was the Royal Guard. And what shall I say of the superb Swiss battalions, acknowledged by ancient tradition to be the finest infantry in the world? These splendid troops, which might have rendered such great service to France on the battlefield, were to disappear within two days. Upon them too I had looked my last. Close to the Porte Maillot we met the Duchesse de Berri, riding amongst a numerous group of equerries. We exchanged friendly greetings. No doubt her instinct as a woman and a mother led her to try to keep in touch with passing events.

The next morning, the 28th, we knew Paris to be in open revolt. Cannon boomed, the great bell of Notre-Dame sounded the tocsin, and naturally we did not go to school. But the masters who gave my sisters lessons came out to Neuilly, and from them, in turn, we learnt what was going on within the capital—barricades in all the streets—the troops on the defensive—the tricolour hoisted everywhere.

On the 29th, the struggle drew closer to us. A bullet fell whistling in the park. According to the fugitives from Paris, the insurrection had triumphed, the troops of the line were fraternizing with the rebels, and the Guard was retiring on Saint-Cloud to gather round the King. I pass over all the rumours and false reports accompanying this news, which was all too true. And what were we doing during these anxious hours? We obeyed various impulses. The first, a fervent sympathy with our soldiers, who were engaged in the struggle—*ces pauvres soldats*, the real France, the real *people*, obeying the noblest motives—honour—duty—and opposing the *populace*, whose envy and evil instincts

had been let loose by a handful of ambitious men. And we knew no rest till the whole staff of the household had repaired to the various gates of the park, to open them to the soldiers, separated, dispersed, threatened with massacre as they were. They were brought in and fed, and given caps and blouses instead of their uniforms, and put across to the other side of the Seine in boats. And with all that, so full is the heart of man, and yet more that of the child, of contradiction, that we followed the current and made tricolour cockades, my sisters and I, and all of us! There is no doubt the fascination of the tricolour flag had a good deal to do with the rapidity with which the Revolutionary powder-train took fire.

As there must always be a laughable side, even to the grimmest events, the comic element was supplied in this case by our professors of languages, drawing, and so forth, who had not dared to go back into Paris after leaving it on the 28th, on account of the fighting. When they had made up their minds to return on the 29th, we persuaded those of them who wore moustaches that they would run very great risks, and even be taken for soldiers in disguise. Whereupon the schoolroom was at once turned into a barber's shop, where a general shaving was performed, with the inevitable change of appearance resulting therefrom, which increased the alarm of the individuals operated upon tenfold.

While our professors were shaving off their moustaches, our father was disappearing from Neuilly. His movements were rigorously concealed from us, and I never learnt what they really were even in later days. So I will not attempt to speak of them. We were soon aware of the bare fact that he was in Paris, exercising public functions which were somewhat ill-defined as yet; and on the evening of the 31st my mother informed us that we were going to join him at the Palais-Royal.[1]

We started about eight o'clock at night, my mother, my

[1] It is not for me to pass judgment on my father's conduct in accepting the crown in 1830. There is no doubt the July

aunt Adélaïde, and we children, in an omnibus, so as not to attract notice. We began to come to barricades at the Barrière de l'Étoile, but openings had been made in them already, large enough for carriages to pass through, all which openings were watched by guards of armed people —I beg their pardons, I was mistaken—armed *citizens,* playing at soldiers and police, who stopped and cross-questioned everybody in the most childish fashion. The omnibus could not get beyond the Place Louis XV., so many obstacles did we find in the way. We got out, and my mother divided us into twos, and told us to scatter and meet again at the Palais-Royal.

Paris was a curious sight that night, lighted up everywhere with lamps, and tricolour flags at every window. How people found time to make up so many emblems in those two days is a mystery! The streets were all torn up, and the paving-stones piled into the barricades, mixed up with overturned carriages, casks, and rubbish of all kinds. Behind these barriers were extemporized guardians, passers-by, people walking about with guns and firing them off every minute, and everybody, man, woman, and child, wore huge tricolour cockades in hats and caps or bonnets, or in their hair.

Revolution was a great misfortune. It gave a fresh blow to the monarchical principle, and it unfortunately encouraged those who speculate in insurrection. But I know as a fact that my father never desired it, and indeed watched its approach with the deepest sorrow. When the throne of Charles X. collapsed without his being able to defend it in any way, he certainly felt the most passionate desire to escape the common exile and to continue living a life which was to him the happiest of lives in France. The struggle once over, and the country in revolt from end to end, he realized that the only way in which he could escape exile was to associate himself with the movement, and at the outset he certainly did it solely in the hope of bringing back Henri V. to the throne. When this hope failed him, he yielded to the entreaties of those persons who implored him, as the only person in a position to do it, to check France on that fateful descent which must bring her from the Republic to a Dictatorship, and so on to invasion, and to mutilation. He delayed that disastrous succession of events for eighteen years, at the risk of his own life, which was incessantly threatened, and history will do him honour for it in spite of the injustice of human nature.

In the centre of a great crowd on the Place du Palais-Royal there was one of the *Laffitte et Caillard* diligences, which had been used as a barricade, and set up again. It was full of people inside, and they clustered on the roof like bees, all of them singing in chorus. Between the choruses, sharp volleys of musketry rang out, and the vehicle, drawn by three or four hundred people holding on to ropes, tore round the square, amid a concert of varied yells. Though it was very late when we reached the palace, it was all lighted up, and every door stood open. Anybody who chose could go in, and when we went up the stairs we found many people already settled on the steps, prepared to spend the night there. We saw my father in his study, and then we were sent to bed, or rather to camp out in the rooms we usually slept in. The next day the firing slackened, but the general idleness continued; everybody was walking about. Soon the question of food began to press, for all supplies and trade were stopped by the universal barricades. Everybody asked everybody else what was going on, a subject upon which every one except the leaders was profoundly ignorant. The multitude was just like an immense flock of sheep, whose shepherds had been driven away, and who seemed to wonder why the new dogs who were to herd them did not make their appearance. There was no bad feeling; now and then there would be a panic, everybody taking to their heels, nobody knew why, and then stopping again and bursting out laughing. Sometimes a noise arose, and swelled as it drew nearer. It was some popular leader going to the Hôtel de Ville or the Palais-Royal, with two or three *claqueurs* before him, to stir up an enthusiasm in which everybody shared, without having a notion of the name of the hero they were acclaiming, yet glad to be able thus to show off their civic rights. Then there would be a fit of general tenderness. Everybody kissed everybody else vehemently. In some cases a transport of patriotism thus calmed itself; in others perhaps it was the effect of the extreme heat, and the consequent thirst, which had not

gone unquenched, and in others, again, it was merely the relaxation of morals an era of universal brotherhood brought with it. The hero of this general and infectious kissing match was Lafayette. Everybody wanted to kiss him. A great rattle of drums having announced his arrival at the Palais-Royal one day, he had to take his stand in one of the drawing-rooms, in front of me, and be kissed by thousands of persons of all ages. I did it, like all the others, but I saw people I knew come up again many times over to be kissed by the illustrious veteran, and each time their agitation seemed to increase.

Every one went in and out of the Palais-Royal as they chose. It was a strange march past, of people of all sorts, who came to take notes, see how the wind blew, and give in an adhesion which might be more or less disinterested. Some of them, inspired by real devotion, came to try if they might even yet serve a cause that was so dear to them. Thus I saw M. de Chateaubriand led into my mother's drawing-room by Anatole de Montesquiou. And, on the other hand, I saw Savary, Duc de Rovigo, notorious in connection with the Duc d'Enghien, in full uniform, booted and spurred, leave the study, whither he had gone to offer my father his services.

One evening, as we were all gathered together, we heard a great noise coming from the staircase. We hurried towards it. A crowd of armed men, with lighted torches, were coming up, shouting loudly and waving flags. At their head came five or six pupils of the Ecole Polytechnique, with their three-cornered hats cocked and swords drawn. Behind them a woman in man's attire, red belt and close-fitting pantaloons, was being borne in triumph. She was a heroine of the barricades, whom the yelling crowd desired to introduce to my father, and he had to receive her. This scene filled me with disgust, and it was soon followed by another, no less painful. The leaders of the Revolution had sent an army of volunteers to dislodge the old King and his Guard from Rambouillet. They did not turn him out, first of all because the King himself had decided to disband his guard and retire to Cherbourg with no escort but four companies of his bodyguard; and, secondly, because these same volunteers, numerous as they were on leaving Paris, melted away rapidly on the road, and above all things took good care not to venture within range of the Guard's fire. Nevertheless, they returned in triumph from Rambouillet, bringing back the royal horses and carriages, which they had seized without striking a blow. I was horrified to see the great carriages, with six or eight horses, still driven by the wretched coachmen and postilions, in their state liveries, enter the Place du Palais-Royal—believing as I did that they were bringing back the King and his family as prisoners, into the very jaws of the Revolution. But, happily, this was not the case. The only people in the carriages were some young blackguards, dressed up in extraordinary garments, dressing-gowns and cotton caps, and I know not what other masquerading

trash, intended to call forth the ribald jokes of the multitude. It was a disgusting scene. The days passed on, and by degrees Paris returned to its ordinary life. The streets were repaired, vehicles began to circulate again. Soldiers, gendarmes, policemen, were to be seen once more, and a certain sense of security revived. At all events the eternal struggle of order against disorder began afresh. Those who formed the most turbulent element of the Revolutionary party were induced, by degrees, to engage in the army, and were drafted off to Algiers, under the title of "Régiments de la Charte." It was less easy to get rid of a Guard of Honour, numbering some two or three hundred men, which had formed itself on its own responsibility, nominally for the protection of my father and of the Palais-Royal. This guard was always in the vestibule and on the staircase, night and day alike. It was an *omnium gatherum* of vagabonds, prowling ruffians of the vilest kind, ragged scamps, all carrying arms, stolen from every sort of place, among others from the Musée d'Artillerie, whence some had gone so far as to borrow cuirasses and helmets that had belonged to the warriors of the League. Of course they all had to be fed and paid. The chief of the band was a midshipman in the navy, on leave in Paris at the time the Revolution broke out, of the name of Damiguet de Vernon, who died afterwards with the rank of general in the army. Whenever my father went out, to go to the Chamber of Deputies or elsewhere, this rabble turned out and saluted after a fashion of its own, with drums beating and trumpets blowing. It was a scene quite worthy of Callot's pencil. To get rid of this worthy set, the midshipman was at once given a lieutenant's commission in the mounted Municipal Guard, under pretext of

a reward from the nation, and clothes were bestowed on his band, wherewith they hastened to decamp on the first sign of the introduction of anything like discipline into their ranks.

Our regular routine began again too. After over a week's holiday, I was put back to school, where we immediately made a revolution of our own, by insisting that the bell which rang for class and mealtimes should be replaced by a drum. If, as I went into school with my folding desk under my arm, I came across the column of big boys coming down from their class-rooms, I used to get many a cuff to the tune of "Take that, your young Majesty!" or the slang saying of the day, "Have you seen Léontine?"—this last from the name of Léontine Fay, a favourite actress with young people. But, apart from that, my life was as monotonous as ever it had been. The riots and attempts at insurrection which succeeded each other with something very like regularity seemed to diversify it but very little. Yet I did feel a certain excitement the first time I witnessed one of these attempts at sedition. Our evening was just over at the Palais-Royal, and I had gone up to my room, when loud shouts, and an ejaculation of "Oh, good gracious!" from my valet, made me run to the window. The Court of the Palais-Royal was closed, but all the galleries were filled with a surging, yelling crowd, the more violent of whom were battering at the staircase door facing Chevet's shop. "They are going to break it in and come upstairs: they'll be here in another moment," we said to ourselves. "What is to be done?"

Amidst the general shouting, yells of "Death to Louis Philippe!" were to be heard. Then, all at once, in the gaslight, I saw the policemen's swords twinkle, pinking people in all directions. Soon the troops came hurrying up with fixed bayonets, and the rabble took to their heels at the sight of them. This crowd had just come back from Vincennes, whither it had gone to demand the heads of Charles X.'s ministers, who were shut up in the fortress, from General Daumesnil, "the man with the wooden leg,"

and having failed in that attempt it wanted to have my father's instead.

So that affair ended; but fresh opportunities for creating disturbances soon occurred, and were as eagerly seized upon. One was during a great diplomatic dinner given by my father in the dining-room of the Palais-Royal, which looks out on the Cour des Fontaines. I was sitting by Lord Granville's daughter, and doing my best to make myself pleasant, when the uproar of the riot burst upon us suddenly and interrupted all the talk. Everybody looked at everybody else, and then down at their own plate, and everybody looked very sorry to be where he was at that moment. Then the noise of a great trampling of hoofs on the pavement revealed the fact that the cavalry was charging, whereupon the sky cleared, and conversation began again, though not without some appearance of effort.

Another time, again, matters became more serious. The riot—I don't remember which it was now, there were so many of them!—became very threatening at one moment. I see my father still, taking Casimir Perier by the arm, and shouting in his ear, "Tell them to serve out ball cartridge, ball cartridge, do you hear?" Casimir Perier, as excited as himself, was rushing away, when he was stopped by an officer, who said, "There are three students of the Ecole Polytechnique, sent to parley, waiting below."

"Parley for whom? For the rioters? For the insurrection? Lay hands on them! Lock them up in prison."

"But, sir," said the officer, himself a former student at the Ecole Polytechnique, "I can't: I've given them my word!" But Casimir Perier was not there to listen even. Just then I observed a man of wobegone appearance, sitting in a corner of the drawing-room in which the foregoing scene had taken place. One of my eldest brother's aides-de-camp, General Marbot, was walking up and down in front of him, never taking his eyes off him. "What are you doing there?" I asked the general.

"I'm keeping my eye on that gentleman you see there."

"Who is he?"

"The Prefect of Police."

"Really?"

"They say he is playing us false."

And there you see a specimen of the plight you find yourself in on the morrow of a revolution, when order needs restoring not only in the open streets but in the highest quarters in the State.

For my own part, I was always delighted to hear the drums call the National Guard—and consequently all our masters, tutors, and professors, who served in it—to arms, at each fresh outbreak of disturbance.

It meant interrupted studies, and, above all, interrupted attendance at school, where, however, luckily for me, I was not to stay much longer. Seeing that I did no good there whatever, my father decided, in the spring of 1831, to remove me altogether, and as my taste for a naval career was growing stronger and stronger, he resolved to make a sailor of me. But before I seriously entered the profession he wished me to make a sea-voyage. So I was sent to Toulon, to be shipped as volunteer pilot's apprentice, on board the *Arthémise* frigate, commander Latreyte. I was barely thirteen. I could not have begun at a better age.

After bidding the tenderest farewell to my father and mother, my aunt, and my brothers and sisters, from whom I had never been parted before, I was packed into a post-chaise with Monsieur Trognon, and off we started.

As far as Lyons our journey was uneventful, but when we got there M. Paulze d'Ivoy, the préfet, and M. Vitet, author of *Barricades des Etats de Blois*, took possession of me, nominally to show me the town—in reality to make me the pretext for certain demonstrations in favour of the new order of things. I was driven about, to Fourvières, to La Croix-Rousse, and so forth, and had the best of receptions from their sturdy inhabitants. Thirteen-year-old lad as I was, I had to receive the officers of the National

Guard—very military indeed they were, with their uniform with its white facings, copied from that of the Imperial Guard. And these receptions and official entertainments, which were not at all to my personal taste, were repeated all along the road till we got to Toulon, marked by increasing animation and fervour as we got farther south, and as the population through which we passed became more and more divided by political passions. At Valence I found an enormous crowd of people, and the garrison and National Guard both under arms, while a tall lieutenant-colonel, of the 49th Regiment of the Line, insisted on my inspecting the troops in person.

He took my hand with one of his, with the other he waved his sword, and led the plaudits. His name was Magnan, and he was a Marshal of France before he died. At Mornas, the native place of the famous Baron des Adrets, the reception took a very original shape. As we drove up to the posting-house, I saw a great crowd, and the National Guard drawn up in two ranks, on the right and left of the postilions who were to take us on. The carriage pulled up between the ranks, and I fancied I saw a sort of suppressed smile on the countenances of the National Guard. It did not last long, for the commandant in the wildest excitement rapidly gave the words of command: "Present arms—Fire!" And they were followed by the most abominable noise, every man having presented arms with his finger on the trigger of his musket. The crowd cheered tremendously, the horses plunged and reared, and there was a terrible disturbance, which seemed to afford the keenest joy to the officer in command. There was nothing very striking at Orange, nor at Avignon. Speeches by the authorities, visits to the public buildings, very much the same routine as that which official receptions have nowadays made so familiar to everybody. But at Orgon, between Avignon and Aix, it was a very different matter. An immense and excited crowd awaited our arrival, shouting all manner of things. Then the carriage was

seized upon by people who looked drunk, but who were drunk with political passion alone. It seems the town of Orgon was not reckoned to favour the *régime* of 1830. So from every side I was greeted with shouts of "We are Cavaillon's men! . . . We've come down from the mountains so that you may tell your papa there are no Carlists in Provence." And then they sang the *Marseillaise*. The horses were taken out of the carriage, the crowd surrounded it, climbing on the steps, the wheels, the fore-carriage, the roof. I was like a prisoner in a cage; all I could see out of the window was the boots of the people

who were sitting on the top. They sang all the verses of the *Marseillaise*, and bawled between them. A gentleman contrived to slip up to the carriage door, gave himself out to be the mayor, and tried to rescue us, calling out: "Gentlemen, this really is not decent behaviour." All he got for his pains was a shout of "What the devil do we care about a mayor like you?" I don't know how long it would have gone on, if a detachment of the battalion of Government workmen quartered at Orgon, which had been sent for, had not come to our rescue.

Between Orgon and Marseilles we met the "Régiment de la Charte" marching from Paris on their way to

Algiers, and their passage through the country did not a little to excite the inhabitants. At Marseilles the National Guard lined the Allées de Meillan, each man with a bouquet stuck into the muzzle of his rifle, which he took out and threw into the barouche in which I sat with General Gazan, so that I was soon fairly buried, with nothing but my head sticking out, while the crowd shouted at the top of its voice: "Vivé lé Prinnche!—Long live the Prince!" and I heard women's voices adding, "Qué sis poulid! Qui est si joli!"

I had hardly reached Toulon, ere the frigate I had joined put to sea, my apprenticeship began, and I soon made myself at home among our sailors, who all of them, officers, petty officers, and seamen alike, not only showed me an affection which won my heart from the very outset, but took every pains to make my stay amongst them a pleasant one, while each in his own special sphere initiated me into all the details of my duty.

The *Arthémise* was a fine sailing frigate, of fifty-two guns, with huge spars—one of the most elegant types of the old-fashioned ships, but an old-fashioned ship she was indeed. We even had hempen cables instead of chain ones! The crew, drawn almost exclusively from the lists of registered seamen, was active and bold on the rigging, but somewhat insubordinate. The words of command were given amidst volleys of oaths, and carried out under a hail of blows dealt by the petty officers. The superior officers, who had all belonged to the old Imperial Navy, clung to that detestable habit, which has cost us so many reverses, of completely neglecting the military side of the ship's drill. The only thing they looked to was navigation. There was indeed a routine of regulation practice carried out, but it was utterly ridiculous. The *nec plus ultra* of perfection in artillery drill, for instance, was supposed to be when at the word "Ram" all the thirteen rammers of the ship's battery struck the bore of the guns with irreproachable simultaneity! Now and then there was a rehearsal of the drill book, but it was always

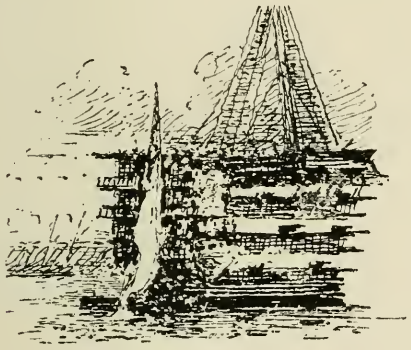
done amidst universal sleepiness and inattention. There never was one day's practice, nor even one shot fired, during the whole cruise.

The commander gave me boatswains and sailors to teach me the various details of my duty, and I soon learnt to give things their right names, to tie knots, and to climb about the rigging too, though I did not manage that, the first time, without being horribly frightened. I remember, when I got as far as the topgallant crosstrees, clinging on, and not daring to come down till I was driven to it by the jeers of the on-lookers. But I learnt most of all by observation, and from the outset I had that indescribable thing that nobody can teach another, the seafaring instinct. Our cruise was a pleasant one, and our stays in port were interesting. At Ajaccio I came upon more public functions, and was the hero of a Bonapartist demonstration. I was borne as though in triumph to the house where Napoleon was born, where I was received by a very old Signor Ramolino, brother to Madame Letitia. In common with my sisters, who drew pictures of Napoleon all over the place, I professed the greatest admiration for the great warrior. So I asked his uncle for some souvenir of him, and he presented me with a red armchair, out of the room in which he was born.

After a visit to the Dey of Algiers, the last representative of those Barbary Moors who were the "Terror of the Seas," as the *Muette de Portici* has it, I received at Leghorn an invitation from the Grand Duke of Tuscany to come to Florence, and was taken thither by the French Minister, M. de Ganay, a charming man. There was nothing that excellent good Grand Duke and his family did not do for me while I stayed at the Pitti Palace, and the only acknowledgment I could make of it all was to turn my schoolboy talents to constructing a jointed jumping jack, that turned head over heels, for one of the young princesses whom we used to call the Archduchess Mimi, and who afterwards married Prince Luitpold of Bavaria. I returned on board the *Arthémise* full of gratitude for my reception,

and of admiration for the monuments and artistic marvels I had seen at Florence and Pisa and Pistoja, and in which, in spite of my youth, I had taken the deepest interest.

At Naples I found fresh delights in the midst of my mother's family and my young cousins, of both sexes, one of whom, Antonietta, an admirably beautiful girl, later became Grand Duchess of Tuscany in her turn. Nothing indeed could have been more charming than the Naples of those days. I do not speak of that wondrous setting which will last to all eternity, but of the Naples of the Neapolitans, gay, noisy, and teeming with wit, as it was before the plague of politics fell on it, bringing divisions and gloom, and



despoiling it of all its charm of originality; Naples, with its lazzaroni and its macaroni, and its "corricoli" tearing along with tinkling bells, crammed with monks and women in their costumes—the Naples, in fine, of *Pulcinella* and of Léopold Robert.

After Naples came Palermo, and then Malta, where we found the magnificent British squadron, and received the most hospitable of welcomes from General and Lady Emily Ponsonby, the governor and his charming wife.

Our stay at Malta ended with a disagreeable incident, hardly conceivable in these days, when naval discipline may be held up as a model to every one. On the evening of the day before that on which we were to weigh anchor, our

whole crew deserted in a body. In spite of the efforts of the officer of the watch, and some others of inferior rank, who were present, over 300 men seized the boats and dories that lay alongside of us, and took "French leave" on shore. The next day we could not start, for we had no crew. We had to apply to the police and the English garrison, who sent out pickets, collected our rovers, and brought almost all of them back in the course of the evening, and we started somewhat humiliated at having given the English such a sad specimen of the insubordination which always follows on revolutions. The English have had their revolution too, but they have taken good care to have no more than the one, and above all not to make laws which render a periodical recurrence of revolution inevitable. As we had over 300 delinquents, it was impossible to punish them. The men felt this, and, with the evident intention of setting their officers at defiance, they spent the next few evenings singing revolutionary songs, some verses of which they came and yelled on their knees on the quarterdeck. The firmness of the commanding officers got the better of these saturnalia, by degrees.

Storms delayed us in the Maltese waters, and we only just missed being on the spot on the very day when an eruption threw up an island and a volcano from the depths of the sea, to which they have now returned. After a long passage, the frigate anchored at Algiers, which in 1831 was still the city of the Deys. Not a street had been widened, nor a European house built. It was still inhabited by a numerous native population. The Rue de la Marine, which was like a narrow winding staircase, was crowded with negro women street sellers, the cafés filled with Moors wearing huge turbans. To increase the picturesqueness of the situation, there was fighting going on at the city gates. Berthezène, the Governor-General, had just been forced to beat a retreat from Médéah. I could see the firing on the slopes of Kouba from the frigate, and a column had to be sent out to revictual the Maison-Carrée! Under these circumstances, the Governor

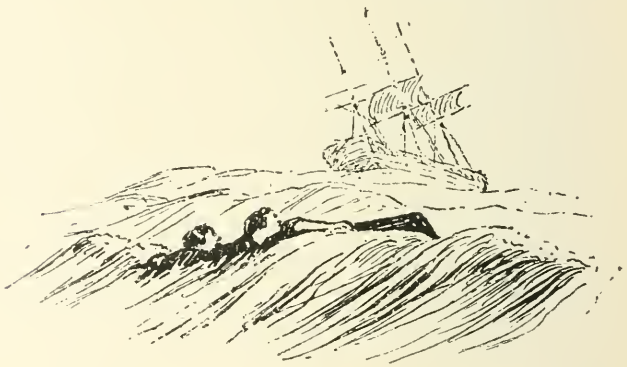
bethought himself that it would be a good thing to show "the King's son" to the troops, and settled to hold a review the next day. The troops were to be withdrawn for the moment from the line of defence, and the review was to be held at Mustapha. I had ventured to suggest that I might go and see the soldiers in their own lines, hoping thus to get near the firing, a natural desire enough, seeing I wore a volunteer uniform in spite of my thirteen years, but nobody listened to me, and to Mustapha I was taken, mounted on the ex-Dey's white mule, which an artilleryman persisted in leading by the bridle, in spite of all my indignant protests.

A real downright review that was! The men had been fighting all the morning, and Zouaves and linesmen alike looked fierce indeed, with tanned faces, eyes reddened by the smoke, and a black mark at the corner of every mouth, from biting off the ends of the cartridges. The Zouaves had only just been raised, and were not a bit like the Zouaves of the present day. The ranks consisted mostly of Arabs, who wore almost the same uniform as the present one, only with bare legs and slippers on their feet, mingled with Parisian roughs, drafted out of the "Régiments de la Charte," most of them wearing blouses and caps. Many of the non-commissioned officers had come from the Royal Guard, and still wore their blue cloaks. The excessively whimsical get-up of the officers put the finishing touch to this motley show. Most of them had adopted the Mameluke dress—white turbans, huge trousers, yellow boots, a sun embroidered on their backs, and a scimitar. After the Zouaves I saw the squadron of "Chasseurs Algériens," the nucleus of the future "Chasseurs d'Afrique," march past. They wore Turkish dress and turbans too, all but their commanding officer, a big bearded artillery captain, who wore a *burnous* and Arab pistols over his uniform. His name was Marey-Monge, and he was a general of division when he died.

After the review I was taken back to my ship. The frigate sailed for Port Mahon, where we underwent a long

quarantine, and thence to Toulon, where we arrived just as the squadron which had forced the mouth of the Tagus, under the orders of Admiral Roussin, returned. I went over those fine ships, and especially the *Algésiras*, with many a regret that the *Arthémise* had had no share in the fray. The commander of the *Algésiras*, M. Moulac, a tall, strongly built, grey-headed man, the bravest of the brave, who had fought boldly in all our naval struggles with England, told me a story which impressed me deeply, and which I here transcribe just as it remains fixed in my memory :—

"It has been blowing great guns, as you know, all the last few days. The ship was running under easy sail when



I heard a shout of 'Man overboard!' The lifebuoy was thrown, and, looking astern, I saw the man had caught it. But it was a raging sea—I saw and felt that to try and lower a boat to save the poor wretch must expose the men who manned it to the greatest danger. The crew read in my face the fearful struggle going on within me, and twenty, thirty, perhaps forty volunteers, headed by officers and midshipmen, crowded round me, beseeching me almost on their knees : 'Let us save our comrade, sir! we can't desert him!' I was weak enough to yield. By unexpected good luck, we managed to lower a boat without accident, and she started manned by a dozen men. We

saw her, by still greater good fortune, get to the poor fellow and save him, and I was steering about so as to make it easier for her to get back, when a huge wave broke over her. A shout of horror went up from her, and then silence. In another minute I saw my boat capsized, on the crest of a wave, with two or three men, one of them a midshipman, clinging to the keel. To shorten their agony, I made as though I was going ahead. The middy understood that I was forced to abandon them, for he waved a farewell and let himself go. I had been weak, but I was cruelly punished. Thirteen men drowned instead of one, and by my fault!"

I shall never forget the severe expression that came over the commander's face as he added, laying his hand on my shoulder, "Some day, boy, you may be in command. May the thought of me remind you always that duty is inexorable!"

After this final episode in my first cruise I went ashore, but I went ashore a sailor to the core, and my one idea, when I got back to Paris, was to acquire the technical information needed for my profession. To this the years 1832 and 1833 were devoted. M. Guérard, a charming fellow, universally liked and an incomparable instructor, was my mathematical teacher. A lieutenant in the navy, M. Hernoux, put me through the course of study of the Naval School. At the same time I set assiduously to work to learn drawing. My first master in this line was M. Barbier, the father of Jules Barbier, the poet and librettist, who, with Emile Augier, was a class-mate of my young brothers. I did watercolours too, under an Englishman, William Callow, and oils in Gudin's studio. But my real master, who taught me to draw, and led and guided me, and gave me my taste for things artistic, was Ary Scheffer, with whom I remained on terms of the closest intimacy until his death.

It was somewhere about this time that a French army entered Belgium, and besieged and took the citadel of Antwerp, and during this campaign my elder brothers

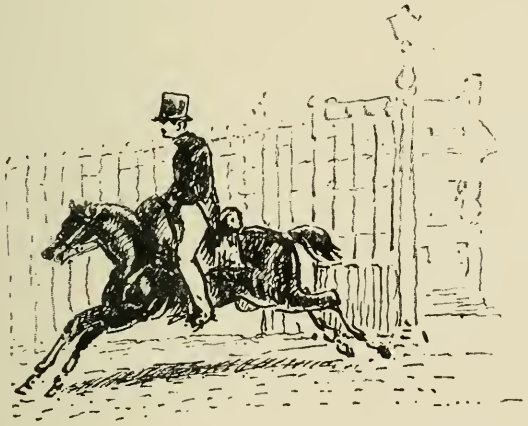
first had the honour of leading our soldiers under fire. Antwerp once taken, the French Government, content with having given a proof of activity to Europe, and shown everybody what our legions could do, at once recalled the army, and my father went to review it in the cantonments on the frontier where it lay. I made this journey with him. The troops were splendid, full of zeal and confidence. I was shown one infantry brigade, which at the time of mobilization had done marches of sixty to seventy kilometres, so as to reach the given point at the hour fixed upon. It was an interesting journey, though a very trying one. Every day there was an entry into some town, and a partial review, in Siberian cold. And every evening there was a banquet, and every night a ball. The chief review was held at Valenciennes. The troops looked magnificent, drawn up on the snow, and, though it was so terribly cold, a brilliant sun lighted up the splendid military scene. It was enlivened by a little incident. The commandant of the fortress of Valenciennes was an old colonel, who had re-engaged in 1830, after having dabbled somewhat in conspiracy, under the Restoration. His name was M. de la Huberdière, and he had had himself a hat made exactly like Napoleon's, and wore it just after the same fashion.

During the march past, either from sheer keenness or because he wanted to attract attention to himself, he edged himself gradually in front of the staff, on the side where the troops advanced, till at last he was abreast of the King, so that the troops appeared to be marching past him. This provoked one of my father's aides-de-camp, Heymès, who went up to him, and said, saluting, "It seems to me, Colonel, you would be better placed still if you were on the King's horse!" The shriek of laughter which greeted this remark may be imagined.

This same Heymès, one of the few survivors of General Leclerc's expedition to St. Domingo, had, on leaving that charnel-house, become aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney. He it was who, during the famous retreat from Russia,

was sent to ask the general who was blowing up the Beresina bridges to suspend the work of destruction, so as to allow of the passage of the column with the wounded, who must otherwise be doomed to death. It was worth seeing the expression of his face, severe enough already, when he repeated the answer the general in question gave him, with the most southern of accents, "What, my dear fellow! The wounded! The Emperor has decided to sacrifice them!"

The worthy Heymès did my father a great service a short time after the review which has led me to mention



him. It was at the moment of the insurrection in June 1832. We were at St. Cloud. It was well known that the agitators of every description intended to make a demonstration on the occasion of General Lamarque's funeral, but the demonstration was not expected to be of any importance. However, at about five in the evening, we beheld Heymès, in plain clothes, gallop into the court-yard, on a dragoon's charger, covered with foam. He had just come from the demonstration, and had witnessed that ordinary prologue to revolutions, pillage and massacre—pillage of gunsmiths' shops, and massacre of the officers of

the 6th Dragoons, shot down with pistols, without any provocation whatever, at the head of their squadrons in line.

"You must come to Paris, Sire," he said, as he dismounted. My father did not wait for him to say it twice, and an hour later he was at the Tuileries, thence giving the impulse which nipped the revolutionary attempt in the bud. The next morning he was on horseback amidst the troops and the National Guard, which hemmed the rioters into the ward of St. Merri. An incident occurred there which was highly characteristic of that Parisian population, in whom a generous chord will always thrill, even in its maddest moments. The King, with my brother Nemours and his staff, had gone down the Rue des Arcis, at the end of which lively firing was heard. The troops who were massed in the street greeted the sovereign with cheers, and he, going forward, reached a square in which the fighting was actually going on. The cheering ran from one to another, the soldiers who were engaged ceasing their fire to join in. This change in the music struck the insurgents also at last. They stopped firing too, and were to be seen appearing at the windows, rifle in hand, taking off their caps to the plucky King, whom they would not have hesitated to shoot at a minute before.

I need not say that as soon as the King and his escort disappeared down a side street the fight began again, merrier than ever, and the 42nd Regiment of the line carried the monastery of St. Merri. An historic regiment that 42nd! After having fought against the "White" insurrection in the Vendée and the republican insurrection at the St. Merri monastery, caused the breakdown of Prince Napoleon's Boulogne adventure, occupied the Chamber of Deputies on the 2nd of December, and heroically lost its whole strength twice over in the siege of Paris, it has had the good fortune of being almost the only one of our regiments to keep its arms and its colours amidst all our mishaps.

There was no further interruption to the course of my

studies, except a journey of the King's to Normandy, on which I accompanied him. The official object of this journey was to hold a review, at Cherbourg, of the squadron which had operated, in concert with an English one, in the North Sea, during the arrangement of the Belgian question. But its chief end was to go through the Departments in Normandy and enter into relations with the honest folk who populated them.

The trip was fruitful in incident. The first happened at Bernay, the native town of the virtuous Dupont de l'Eure, one of those virtuous individuals who would virtuously have your head cut off sooner than drop the smallest iota of their vulgar and utopian ideas. The prefect, M. Passy, had warned the King that amongst the addresses that would be read to him on his arrival there would be one which would give him a lecture. Thus warned, we arrived, and having mounted a platform in the open air, with a verdant dome above it, the reception and the addresses began. There was nothing very particular at first; at last a "Président de Tribunal" advanced, and the way he made his bow with his prim look, and the curiosity which stretched every neck, told me at once that the King was going to get the promised lecture. It came, indeed, very studied, and very impertinent too. Everybody listened in silence. It was all about courtiers, the danger of listening to flatterers, and so forth. As it ended, the heads of the president and his friends all came up with a "Take that, my fine fellow" look.

Then the King replied with the utmost politeness, thanking M. le Président for the advice he had been good enough to give him. "Flatterers and courtiers," he said, "have indeed done much mischief, and, sad to say, the race is not yet extinct, for nowadays there are courtiers who are far more dangerous than the flatterers of princes and of kings —those courtiers and flatterers of the people, who to buy a vain and contemptible popularity suggest to them dreams which are unrealizable and which bring them to misfortune," &c. On this head my father bestowed a well-directed

hiding on the president, which was constantly interrupted by a running fire of applause, so that the worthy gentleman ended by not knowing which way to look. Amongst other eminently French qualities, my father possessed the gift of repartee to the highest degree. He always knew how to use it, though with a politeness and good nature which softened whatever might be too sharp about its sting. This time the blow went home. Our journey, thus begun, was continued amid constantly increasing cordiality and success. It was a somewhat tiring manner of life. We went by short stages, from one reception to another. Everywhere the National Guard and the troops were under arms. When they were in considerable numbers, we mounted horses, either lent or requisitioned beforehand. In the evening, wherever we slept, there would be a great banquet, and generally a ball as well. It was the duty of us young folk to lead the dancing—a pleasant task enough, if we could have chosen our partners among the pretty women whom I was beginning to notice, in spite of my being only fourteen, and of whom there were many, especially at Grandville and St. Lô. But our partners were given to us officially, and were chosen from the families of the authorities. We exerted ourselves to be pleasant in spite of that. I do not know whether I was succeeding too much or too little at a ball one night, but I saw the husband's head suddenly appear between my partner and myself, with the observation, "Well, my wife's not bad-looking, is she?" and he smacked his lips like a man who has eaten a good thing.

Falaise was the culminating point in our journey as far as incidents went. We were to make a halt there, and, as fifteen battalions of the National Guard were collected, the aide-de-camp, who did duty as quartermaster too, had seen to getting suitable mounts for the King, for us, and for Marshals Soult and Gérard, who accompanied us. The famous fair at Guibray, near Falaise, was just over, and a circus which had come to enliven it was still there. The circus horses were laid hands on, and when we arrived

we were agreeably surprised to find fine white horses awaiting us instead of the ordinary nags and troop-horses we generally had to ride. So we got into the saddle, and the review began. Just as the King reached the right flank of the line, the band began to play, and then an unforeseen event occurred. Our proud coursers, thinking that they were at a performance, set each of them to do his own particular duty. The King, Marshal Soult, and two others of our party were riding the horses who did that trick called the "Grand-Ecart," in which all four horses draw together at the same moment. When their riders pulled at their bridles, the four horses, feeling themselves reined up, instantly fell into the usual circus canter. Another horse kept wheeling round and round, and confusion became general, nobody guessing what had happened until the aide-de-camp smote his brow, and stopped the band.

The trouble did not end there. The National Guard was in proud possession of one gun, which it had horsed somehow or other. A jolt broke the axle-tree, just as it was going past. Then there was a half-squadron of cavalry mounted on stallions or geldings. But the trumpeter was on a mare, which fact brought difficulty on poor Rosinante during the march past. In the evening there was a great ball in a huge temporary shed, with tiers of seats all round it. All of a sudden half the tiers collapsed, like cards, and all the ladies were to be seen, though almost unhurt, on their backs with their legs in the air, amidst a most awful dust! I must confess we ungallantly seized the opportunity of the confusion to go off to our beds. The King, too, did the same, thus escaping from the persecutions of the Polish refugees, interned at Falaise, who had come to the ball in lancer uniforms worthy of the merry-andrews at the opera balls, to pester him with their petitions.

CHAPTER III

1834—1836

My technical education recommenced more vigorously than ever when this journey was over. It had been decided that before being definitely placed on the Navy List I must pass my public examination as a first-class pupil at Brest. So I was prepared accordingly, and received those successive doses of instruction which the English designate by the characteristic word "cramming," for which the only French equivalent I can find is "gaver." My mathematical teacher held a class for a limited number of youths in a house in the Rue Gît-le-Cœur, and thither I went, to gain the habit of speaking the language of algebra in public. In contrast to my memories of school lessons, I have the pleasantest recollections of those I received in that den—for den it was! This, perhaps, is on account of the good fellows I met there, and who have been my friends ever since, and also owing to the charm our kindly instructor wielded over us all. I do not believe there is a single one of his pupils, from the illustrious Marshal Canrobert down through my contemporaries, Excelmans, Bonie, Morny, Daumesnil, the Greffulhe brothers, Friant, Baudin, Valbezen, and many more, to the younger generation that came after me, who does not cherish the most grateful and affectionate feelings for the worthy Guérard. When we were close on the time for my examination, he had me questioned several times over by the official examiners of the Ecole Polytechnique and

others, so as to accustom me to the surprises of public examinations. I thus passed through the hands of Baron Reynaud, and of Messieurs Bourdon, Delille, and Lefébure de Fourcy. This last inspired me with downright terror, on account of his reputation for methodical brutality. One of my class-mates had reported to me that well-known colloquy between him and a candidate who got confused, at he stood chalk in hand before the black board, and who heard M. Lefébure de Fourcy's voice saying calmly, "Waiter, just bring a bundle of hay for this pupil's breakfast." To which the indignant pupil promptly added, "Waiter, bring two: the examiner will breakfast with me."

At length, crammed to the muzzle with nautical and astronomical calculations, and all the other sciences the official programme demanded, I started for Brest, kept up even as I drove along, in the highest state of preparation. There were a few interludes during the journey. Certain spots in Brittany were still, early in that year 1834, disturbed by the consequences of the rising in 1831, and my passage was the signal in several places for what we call, in parliamentary language, "mouvements en sens divers," conflicting emotions. Sometimes I saw white handkerchiefs waving or twisted round hats, doing duty for cockades. At other points the tricolour demonstrations took a quaint form. I remember at one place where we changed horses my carriage drew up between two rows of National Guards, who were keeping back a considerable crowd of people. At the carriage door appeared the Mayor with his scarf round his waist, saluting me with this remark: "Sir, this place is but a hole, but it is a hole in which hearts devoted to your august family are throbbing;" while at the other the village priest and his clergy, all in surplice and alb, struck up

> Soldats du drapeau tricolore
> D'Orléans toi qui l'as porté,

and so right through the *Parisienne* to a brass accompaniment.

My examination was held in the great hall of the Prefecture of the Navy at Brest, before a board of officers, engineers, and professors. It was a public one; but what alarmed me most at its outset was the presence of all the pupils of the Naval School, who filled the tiers of seats on one side of the hall. Luckily the sight of some old chums amongst them cheered me up, and as the examination went pretty well I soon saw on their youthful faces, just as actors, they say, read their coming success on their audience at the theatre, that my cause was won, and that I was accepted, not only by the scientific big-wigs but by the universal suffrages of my contemporaries. Yet I was rejoiced when the sitting was over!

Some days later, at L'Orient, I joined the *Sirène* frigate, Commander d'Oysonville, as midshipman, and started on an ocean voyage. This cruise was uneventful, except for a few little incidents such as always occur in a sailor's life.

Thus, being in the maintop one day, when topsails were being reefed in a strong breeze, a rope chanced to break, twisted round my legs, and carried me into mid air, head downwards. If the sinewy arms of the captain of the maintop and one of the top men had not caught me as I passed, I should have fallen into the sea or on the deck, and either alternative would have been disagreeable. Later on, at the end of the cruise, we re-entered Brest in a south-westerly squall, under circumstances which made a very useful impression on me.

We had had bad weather for some days, no reliable observations had been taken, and we were very doubtful as to the frigate's position. Driving as we were at a great rate, before the gale, we were reckoning on the occasional partial lightening of the fog to catch sight of and recognize some point of land or rock, according to which we might steer our course amongst the reefs which swarm at the entrance of Brest harbour. We had to be ready to change our course and go about at any moment. Everybody was on deck, straining his eyes to try and see something, cool,

and steady in nerve, as a well-disciplined body of men is in face of any danger. But one man was not present, our commanding officer, whose prompt judgment and word of command alone could bring us from perilous uncertainty into safety. Our commander was below, in his cabin, and there he persisted in staying, in spite of the indirect efforts made by the officer of the watch, the second in command, and the navigating officer to get him out of it. It was incomprehensible, and at the same time very alarming. Commander d'Oysonville, who was churchwarden of St. Roch when he died, was a kind and very honourable man, but nobody could possibly have been less of a sailor. He was a first-class organizer, and he carried his theories to the extremest possible limit. He had one, amongst others, that the captain of a ship ought to command her from his cabin, so as never to appear before his crew except on the most solemn occasions, and it was for the sake of being true to this principle that he refused to show himself in the circumstances I speak of. His obstinacy very nearly cost us dear, for on the earnestly longed-for break in the fog suddenly taking place a point of land was seen. We thought we recognized the Island of Molènes: the commander was hurriedly informed, and he sent an order to change our course. A lightening at another point in the horizon showed us some rocks. "The Pierres Vertes ahead!" sang out a coasting pilot, specially shipped for the voyage, who was looking out from his perch on the foreyards, and the navigating officer tore off again to warn the commanding officer. During all these comings and goings the curtain of fog came down again, and we went driving on towards the reefs at the rate of twelve knots an hour. It could not be allowed to go on! With or without leave the second officer took the command, and put an end to an impossible situation. Our worthy commander only appeared just as we were dropping anchor in the roadstead, when all uncertainty was over, and I seem yet to see the looks that greeted his tardy appearance. Everybody's anxiety had been increased by knowing how

he had lost the ship *Le Superbe*, seventy-four guns, off the Island of Paros, some years before, and under very peculiar circumstances. For my own part, I learnt on this occasion what everything has confirmed me in since—the danger of uncertain and divided authority either at sea or elsewhere.

When I got back to Paris, having finished the technical portion of my education, I went on with a course of history, literature, physical science, and chemistry, and together with my sisters, especially my sister Mary, I applied myself with the utmost fervour to my drawing. I worked with her daily, under the direction of Ary Scheffer, and I recollect our grief one morning on finding the Jeanne d'Arc she was modelling in wax for Versailles, melted by an overheated stove, had collapsed the whole length of its framework, to such an extent as to become the merest cripple. By dint of lowering the temperature, and the use of a screw-jack applied in a peculiar manner, and vigorously turned by Ary Scheffer and myself, Jeanne d'Arc rose up again upon her framework, and the damage was soon made good.

About that time too, influenced by the genius of Victor Hugo, my sister Clémentine and I were seized with a perfect passion for old Paris, that delightful Paris of ancient story. We had Sauval's thick volumes, we had searched all the old books for traces of the ancient legends, and we used to spend our afternoons going to see the sites and hunt for the remains of the places we had read about. There is not a church or a monument of which we did not know every detail, nor an alley or a corner in the quarters of the Halles, the Hôtel de Ville, the Arsenal, the Temple, and the Panthéon that we had not carefully explored with the most fervent interest. What joy it was to us one day when we were trying to trace the Hôtel St. Paul, the old palace of our kings, to come upon a course of masonry which had undoubtedly belonged to it!

Although I was on shore, I was still devoted to my profession. I used to see almost all the naval officers who passed through Paris, and tried to push forward those

whom the general body of the profession singled out as being likely commanding officers. These matters of promotion, as well as any others that affected naval interests, brought me into daily touch with the ministers, and my relations with M. Thiers date from that time. Yet, oddly enough, it was riding on horseback that brought us together! During the King's stays at Compiègne and Fontainebleau, and his country trips to Versailles, St. Cloud, and Raincy, when he used to invite foreign visitors and his ministers, and great personages in general, to join in his excursions, M. Thiers was as much bored as I was at having to go in the carriages and chars à bancs which drove in a long line one behind the other. We much preferred accompanying them on horseback, and nothing delighted the little minister more than to let his mount tear along full gallop with a loose rein. He had a very firm seat, and was very plucky, especially on a horse of ours called "Le Vendôme," which in his southern accent he pronounced "Le Vanndomme." I remember one day, at Fontainebleau, as he was galloping along beside me on that same "Vanndomme," we passed by a young fagot-gatherer, bending under her load. She straightened herself at the noise; it was very hot, her jacket had come unbuttoned, and showed a bare white very well furnished bust. She smiled to M. Thiers, who pulled his horse up short, turned back to thrust a handful of small change into the young woman's palm, and started off again full tear, as if he had had an electric shock, jumping the fallen trees with a resolution and energy which I had never known him show before.

On another occasion he proved himself a less brilliant horseman. The statue of Napoleon, that statue which is put up and taken down in every Revolution, was to be ceremoniously replaced on the top of its column. The troops and the National Guard were under arms, with their bands and drums, headed by a splendid drum-major, massed at the foot of the column. We arrived in state, by the Rue Castiglione, so that the column surmounted by

the statue, covered by a veil that was to drop at a given signal, faced us just as we came out upon the square. M. Thiers, in full uniform, with his minister's hat and feathers, and again riding "Vanndomme," struck in his spurs, left the procession at full gallop, and passed before my father, shouting at the very top of his falsetto voice, "I take your Majesty's pleasure!" the words being accompanied by a wave of his hat which ill-natured people might have said was copied from General Rapp's gesture in Gérard's picture of the *Battle of Austerlitz* at the Louvre. On this signal the drums beat, the bands played, the statue was unveiled—but M. Thiers had lost control of "Vanndomme," who, wild with enthusiasm, bolted head down

overthrowing drums and drum-major, while the little minister clung to his back like a monkey in a circus. It was a comical sight! But far from laughable under this same ministry of M. Thiers were the perpetual attempts upon my father's life. The speculators in revolution, who had been encouraged by their easy success in 1830, grew discouraged after several like essays at risings had been severely put down. They then fell back on assassination. The most serious attempt was Fieschi's, on July 28, 1835. Together with my two eldest brothers I was to accompany the King to a review of the National Guard and the regular army, drawn up on the Boulevards. All of us who were to take part in the procession, princes, marshals, generals, and aides-de-camp, were assembled in

the drawing-room at the Tuileries, next to the Throne Room, when the Minister of the Interior, M. Thiers, burst in like a whirlwind, and, beckoning to my two brothers and me, led us into the embrasure of a window. "My dear princes," said he, looking at us over his spectacles, "it is more than likely there will be an attempt on the life of the King, your father, to-day. We have been warned from several quarters. They say there will be an infernal machine somewhere near the Ambigu Theatre. It is very vague, but there must be something at the bottom of it all. We have had all the houses near the Ambigu searched this morning to no purpose. Should the King be warned? Should the review be put off?"

We answered unanimously that the King must be warned, but that, brave as he was well known to be, he would never consent to having the review put off. So it turned out.

"Look well after your father," repeated M. Thiers, and we mounted our horses. The review went on well enough, except that we all remarked the presence of a large number of insolent-looking individuals, with red carnations in their button-holes—the members, evidently, of the secret societies, who had not been warned of what was going to happen, but to be ready for anything that might happen. We had not been able to take any precautions, beyond dividing the care of watching over the King's person between my brothers and myself and the aides-de-camp on duty. One of us with an aide-de-camp, was to take it in turn to keep just behind his horse, with our eye on the troops and the crowd, so as to interpose if we noticed any suspicious gesture. My turn had come to take the post of watcher, with General Heymès, aide-de-camp in waiting, on my right. On my left I had Lieutenant-Colonel Rieussec, commanding the legion of the National Guard before which we were passing. Close to the Ambigu, not the present theatre—the neighbourhood of which had been searched—but a former Ambigu, which had been shut up, opposite the Jardin Turc café, we heard a sort of platoon firing like the discharge of a mitrailleuse, and raising my eyes at the

noise I saw smoke coming from a window which was half closed by an outside shutter.

I had no time to notice more, and at the moment I did not perceive that my left-hand neighbour, Colonel Rieussec, was killed, that Heymès' clothes were riddled with bullets, and his nose carried away, nor that my own horse was wounded. All I saw was my father holding his left arm, and saying to me over his shoulder, "I'm hit!" And so he was: one bullet had grazed his forehead, another spent one had given him the blow of which he complained, and a third had passed through his horse's neck. But that we only knew afterwards, and it was only afterwards too that we learnt the instrument of the crime had been an infernal machine. Our first thought was that the firing would go on, so I struck spurs into my horse, and seizing my father's by the bridle, while my two brothers struck it behind with their swords, we led him swiftly through the scene of immense confusion that ensued—horses riderless, or bearing wounded men, swaying in their seats, broken ranks, and people in blouses, who rushed upon the King, to touch him or his horse, with frantic shouts of "Long live the King!" As we retired, I just saw the taking by assault of the house whence the discharge had come. The young aides-de-camp had dismounted, leaving their horses loose, and with the Municipal Guards and the police they scaled the house and the one next door (the Café Barfetti), climbing on to the verandah and smashing in the windows. Then the review began again. We had ascertained the King was not wounded, nor we ourselves, but we were not aware as yet either of the great number or of the names of the victims. Hereupon M. Thiers appeared beside us, with his white kerseymere trousers covered with blood. All he said to us was, "The poor Marshal!"

"Whom do you mean?"

"Mortier! He fell dead across me, crying out, 'Oh, my God!'"

We reckoned ourselves up as we went along. Forty-two dead or wounded: dead—Marshal Mortier, General

Lachasse de Verigny, Colonels Raffet and Rieussec, Captain Willatte, aide-de-camp to the Minister of War, seven others, and two women ; wounded—Generals Heymès, Comte de Colbert, Pelet, Blin, and many more. The Duc de Broglie was hit full in the chest by a bullet that flattened out on his star of the Legion of Honour.

It was not far from the scene of the crime to the farthest end of the line of troops, so the procession soon retraced its steps. The roadway where the blow had been struck was nothing but a pool of blood. The wounded and almost all the dead had been carried away, and I only saw one corpse, flat on its face in the mud, among the dead horses, but all the blood about frightened our horses so that we had hard work to get on.

On the square of the Château d'Eau a huge and furious crowd surging round the station house, which was protected by numerous Municipal Guards, showed us the assassin, or one of them, had been arrested. The review was concluded, and my father's self-control was sorely tried by the unanimity and fervour of the acclamations of which he was the object from all sides, from soldiers and civilians alike. It is unnecessary to add that we did not see any more red carnations.

The march past was to take place in the Place Vendôme, and the chancellor's offices were full of ladies of the official world, gathered round my mother. We dismounted for a moment to go and speak to them, and here again a moving scene took place. We had been able to send on an aide-de-camp to assure my mother and aunt and my sisters that we were safe and sound, but our messenger had not had time to learn the names of all the victims. So when we mounted the stairs of the chancellor's offices, some of us all bespattered with blood, all these women, their brilliant dresses contrasting sadly with their terrified eyes, rushed upon us to see whether those they loved were amongst us. Some of them were never to see their dear ones again !

Shortly after this bloody episode in our national history

I joined the *Didon* frigate, Captain de Parseval, as enseigne de vaisseau. My new commanding officer, who had joined the navy at a very early age, had served as a midshipman on board Villeneuve's vessel, the *Bucentaure*, at Trafalgar. He was in command of the mizzentop, and saw Nelson's ship, the *Victory*, pass slowly astern of the *Bucentaure*—so close that her yards caught the other's ensign—while the fifty guns of the British ship poured their fire one after the other into the stern of the French one, sweeping her gun-deck from end to end, and laying low four hundred of her crew. After this commencement of his career, Commander de Parseval had spent his whole life in fighting and adventure. He had been in three shipwrecks, one specially terrible one on the Isle de Sable, near the coast of Nova Scotia, in which he was a lieutenant at the time) he swam ashore to get help and save the crew of his frigate. He died with the rank of admiral, after having had the chief command of the Baltic Fleet during the Crimean War. He was a charming fellow, slight and smart-looking, very carefully dressed, as resolute in command as he was formal as to politeness, a consummate seaman, managing his ship in first-rate style. I sailed a great deal with him, and learned much from him, and from the very first I felt a personal affection for him, which was never belied, and which he reciprocated. An extra bond of sympathy existed between us—when I was just becoming deaf, he was deaf already.

We made a cruise for drill, on the *Didon*, doing a deal of navigation in all sorts of weathers, and I performed the duties of captain of the watch—my first attempt at command, my first trial in a responsible position.

The winter season of 1836 found me back in Paris, where I began my classes again, and gave myself up in particular to my passion for the fine arts. This taste of mine was the cause of a terrible blowing up I got from my father. The jury of the Salon of 1836 refused a picture of Marilhat's—I think it was his first. Some of the artists who had seen the young painter's work thought

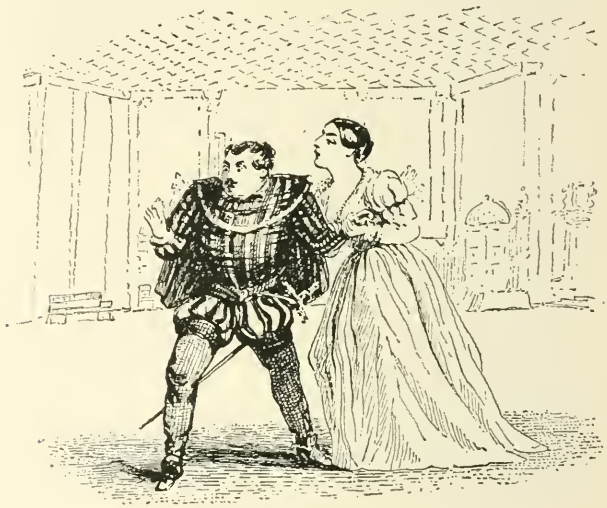
this decision unjust. They grumbled, and their grumbling got as far as the newspapers. I was curious enough to go and see the picture at Durand-Ruel's. It was a view of Rome by twilight, seen between great umbrella pines. I thought it a splendid picture, and spurred somewhat, I confess, by a spirit of contradiction, I was seized with an eager desire to acquire it. But I had not a halfpenny of my own, there was my difficulty! To overcome it, I laid siege to my aunt Adélaïde, who doted on her brother's children as if they had been her own, and who never (and well the rogues knew it!) could resist their wheedling. I succeeded, as I had hoped, and Marilhat's picture became my property. But certain of the jury went and complained to the King, and I was greeted with, "Oho! so you are going to set yourself up in opposition! I've trouble enough already with those artists! It's the Civil List (that means it's me) that takes them in at the Louvre. I can't be the only judge as to what is accepted and what isn't. I have to have a jury, the Institute is good enough to undertake the job—all its members are dying of fright, and I shield them under my own responsibility, just as I do my ministers, although it's contrary to the letter of the law—and it's you, one of my own sons, who comes and sets an example of insubordination! Much obliged to you, sir!"

My picture was inspected all the same. I need hardly say the *grands-parents* pronounced it frightful, a regular daub. I hung my head under this double-barrelled censure, and drooped my ears like a whipped spaniel, but I stuck to my opinion, and likewise to my Marilhat. I think it was shortly after this little adventure that I added another "daub" to my "gallery." One morning as I was busy modelling (for I dabbled in sculpture too) in my sister Marie's studio, Ary Scheffer came in, and began telling me about an unknown artist he had met, quite young, a man of undoubted talent, who was in a terribly poverty-stricken condition. Six hundred francs would take him out of his difficulties, and he would give two

small pictures, *pendants*, which he had just finished, in exchange.

"What do they represent?" I inquired.

"They are both landscapes, connected with episodes in Walter Scott's novels. One represents the charge of Claverhouse in the *Covenanters*, and the other the *Army of Charles the Bold crossing the Alps.* Come!" added Scheffer, turning to me. "Be good-natured. If you have six hundred francs, give them to me!"



I chanced to have the money, and gave it him. "What's your *protégé's* name?" asked I.

"Théodore Rousseau." Fancy that great artist selling his pictures in pairs, as furniture, in fact—for bread!

In 1836, too, on February 28, I was present at the first performance of *Les Huguenots*, an opera which enchanted me. The action, the music, the stage setting, the interpretation, made an *ensemble* that was unique, a work of art that defied comparison. Nothing on the stage, to my mind, has ever surpassed the duet in the fourth act, as created and sung by Nourrit and Mlle. Falcon. Inspired

by the musical and dramatic situation, these two artists were completely carried away, and their emotion was as infectious as it was apparent. Mlle. Falcon had a way of interrupting her singing, to speak the words, "Raoul, ils te tueront!" with an expression into which her whole soul was thrown, which was the very embodiment of passion. Ah! Passion indeed! Passion it is that thrills in every page of that admirable book of Mérimée's, *La Chronique de Charles IX.*, which has given birth in succession to those two masterpieces, *Le Pré aux Clercs* and *Les Huguenots*. And what indeed would life be without passion? If Fieschi's crime marked the year 1835 with a crimson letter, 1836 was the year of Alibaud's attempt. The history of my father's reign is nothing but an innumerable succession of such attempts, some of which came to the birth, while others, again, miscarried. Alibaud, as my readers are aware, fired point-blank at the King with a walking-stick gun, which he steadied on the door of the carriage, as it passed slowly through the Tuileries archway, and missed him, except that his whiskers were singed by the wad. Neither my father's courage nor that of my mother and aunt, who were with him, failed them for a moment. I saw them get out of the carriage at Neuilly, without for an instant suspecting the risk they had run.

But the time soon came for me to go to sea again, and I was ordered to join the frigate *Iphigénie*, of which my old captain, M. de Parseval, had taken command, as full lieutenant, and we started for the Levant station. The recollection of a very extraordinary accident which occurred during this cruise remains with me. We were in the Archipelago, off the Island of Andros. I had just come off the first night watch, at midnight, and had got into bed, when I heard somebody say our consort, a twenty-gun brig, the *Ducouédic*, Commander Bruat, was making signals of distress. I got back on deck without delay. The brig's lights had disappeared. Nothing could be seen of her. It was blowing great guns, with a heavy sea. We continued in a state of great anxiety till

morning. At last, by the first rays of daylight, we saw our consort dismasted. She signalled to us for a tow, which was quite impracticable in the state of the sea. All we could do was to stand by her, while she tried to get to Syra with her foresail, the only one left her. This she succeeded in doing. But the extraordinary thing is that what dismasted her was the contrary action of a tremendous roll, and a heavy squall, which came just at midnight, when the whole crew was mustered on deck to change the

watch, and that the mainmast with all its spars and gear, and the maintopmast as well, fell on to the deck without hurting anybody.

Except for this one accident, all the interest of this fresh cruise of mine lay on the side of the picturesque. Greece, with her mythological, poetic, and historical memories, and the great severe outlines of her landscapes, struck me with admiration. But this was quickly overshadowed by the impression made upon me by my first glimpse of Asia —the Mussulman East, which Lamartine's *Voyage* and

Decamps' pictures had made me long so eagerly to know. My joy, therefore, may be conceived, when I saw, as I landed at Smyrna, the living image of Decamps' masterpiece, *La Patrouille de Smyrne*, now at Rotterdam, passing by me—the very same police officer trotting along on his hunched-up Turcoman horse, surrounded by his policemen, regular bandits, running beside him, covered with brilliant rags and glistening weapons. This worthy police agent, whose name was Hadgy-Bey (which we promptly turned into "Quat'Gibets"), very soon became our ally. I did his likeness. He was all smiles whenever we met, and he winked at all our young midshipmen's pranks. One they played was rather too strong, and roused the fury of the Turks. Smyrna was at that time the most Eastern of Eastern towns, full of tortuous bazaars, and narrow alleys winding in and out, in which circulation, difficult enough at all times, sometimes became impossible for hours, when long strings of camels, fastened together with ropes, were going along them. Nothing could have been more vexatious than these blocks, which man and beast alike seemed to take pleasure in prolonging, whenever the Giaours seemed annoyed by them.

What, think you, did our middies do? A great many of them together (for we had a very strong naval squadron at Smyrna just then) hired donkeys, tied them together with long cords, mounted them, each rider with a long pipe in his mouth and affecting a quiet Eastern gravity of demeanour, and off they started.

This *farandole*, which was quite a kilomètre long, went round and round the bazaars all day, up and down and in and out, stopping all the traffic, as if a real caravan was passing through. At first the "true believers" were puzzled, but when they realized they were being laughed at they grew furious, and rushed off to get "Quat'Gibets," who held his fat sides and roared with laughter when they told him what was amiss. Our midshipmen gave him a regular ovation. We were avenged on camels and camel men alike.

The neighbourhood of Smyrna was delightful, and brigandage quite unknown. Civilization had not yet taught that refinement of the art, as practised nowadays, whereby people are carried off and called upon to get themselves ransomed, on pain of having their noses or ears, or finally their heads, cut off. It was quite safe to go anywhere, to canter far along the road to Magnesia, or to stop and take coffee beside some cool spring in the shadow of the huge plane-trees, and watch the whole East pass by—caravans from Diarbekir, half-wild Turcoman *tribes*, bashi-bazouks from the four corners of Asia, all of them worthy subjects for an artist's pencil, and I never stopped drawing them. Coming back to the town, which had been cooled by the sea-breeze, the "Imbat," we used to spend our evenings in the Levantine or Armenian society of the place, amongst grandfathers who were still faithful to their old costume, wrapped in kaftans, and charming young ladies, with Tacticos on their heads, and their beautiful figures, which no stays had ever tortured, draped in half-Oriental costumes. Native music, soft and plaintive, sounded, as we would watch Mademoiselles Peiser, Athanaso, Fonton, Tricon, &c., dance the Romaïka. Nothing exists, nowadays, of what was so seductive then. The Orient has kept its sunshine and its colouring, but that horrible cosmopolitanism has invaded everything. Everywhere there are stays! and stays steal charm away!

We were young and gay at the time I speak of, and passionate too! Two of my brother lieutenants fought a duel, much more serious than those pin-prick encounters which are now the fashion. They fought with pistols, on the very marine promenade where they had been joking with young ladies the evening before. Just as the seconds gave the signal to fire, the sun rose on the horizon. Its first ray glinted on a breast button on the uniform of one principal: the other man's bullet, as though drawn by some fatal attraction, struck the button, and killed our unhappy comrade dead. A midshipman carried off a charming Greek lady, who was discovered in his cabin after his ship

had got out to sea. And many another strange incident occurred! On leaving Smyrna, the *Iphigénie* cruised all about the Archipelago, and along the Anatolian, Caramanian, and Syrian coasts. Whenever I was not on duty my pencil was in my fingers, for I had the most enchanting and picturesque of models under my hand. From Tripoli in Syria I climbed to the top of Mount Lebanon, whence I saw an immense panorama, with the ruins of Baalbec and the Desert. We picnicked with the patriarch of the Lebanon and his monks, under the world-famed cedars, and Bruat had a perfect duel of jokes there with a witty ship's surgeon named Camescasse, who was one of our party. I remember a funny saying of this same Camescasse, about a brother medico of his who retired into Brittany, where his practice was specially among the local aristocracy. He always called him "The Avenger of the People."

At Eden, the chief town of the Maronites, the old shiek Boutrouss-Karam received me with the greatest honours, and I was half drowned with sprinklings of rose-water, the smell of which I detest. Apart from my presence, there was a great *fête* going on at Eden for the marriage of Boutrouss-Karam's daughter, and the whole Maronite nation had hurried to it in their best clothes. Such handsome types, such costumes, such turbans! I was one of the bride's witnesses: she and I had each to keep a bracelet balanced on our heads during the whole of the ceremony. The bride shook, and her bracelet fell down. After the ceremony she received me unveiled. She was a fine tall dark girl, but not a pretty woman. From Jaffa I journeyed to Jerusalem, and travelled all through the Holy Land, with a feeling of deep emotion, which was only disturbed by one vexatious incident. On the day I was to go to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a great crowd had got there before me, and a quarrel, which degenerated into a general *mêlée*, forthwith arose between Greeks, Jews, and Armenians. It was only by dint of hard knocks that the Turkish police made way for me to enter the Holy Place, and, to crown the scandal, just as I knelt in deep devotion

before the altar, the organ began to play the *Marseillaise*. There was yet another episode during my stay at Jerusalem. The Governor of the Province waited upon me to say he had Mehemet Ali's orders to place himself at the disposal of the son of the King of France, and to do whatever he desired. I caught the ball on the hop, and replied he was just in time, for I had just been going to ask his leave to enter the Mosque of Omar, which stands on the site of the ancient Temple of Solomon. It should be added that this fine mosque, which is next in holiness in Mussulman eyes to that at Mecca, and which is now open to all the world, had at that date never been seen except by the famous traveller Ali Bey.

Governor Hassan Bey tugged his beard when he heard my request, and seemed very much put out indeed. After a moment's silence he made up his mind, and said, "Come to-morrow: I'll take you there myself." The next day I kept my appointment, bringing Bruat and two or three officers who were making the same trip with me. We entered the mosque, which is really very beautiful, and went all over it. The Imaums and Softas, the priests and students, had cast horrified glances upon us from the moment of our entry. Suddenly one of them began to intone in a falsetto voice a sort of Litany, to which the crowd replied in chorus. Soon the Litany turned into angry shouts, and the crowd, led by an old Negro Imaum, in a yellow robe, who seemed to have worked himself into a perfect paroxysm of fury, rushed at us with threatening gestures. This was by no means reassuring, but Hassan Bey was equal to the emergency. Seizing me by the arm, he put me behind him, with Bruat and the other gentlemen grouped round me. Then he ordered a dozen Kavasses he had brought with him to charge, which they did, laying out heavily with their sticks. Not content with that, he had the most turbulent of the Softas seized, thrown down at his feet, and beaten without mercy. The blows hailed down on the poor wretch as if they had been beating a carpet. This determined attitude cowed the crowd,

which fell back to the far end of the mosque, grumbling. "We will go now," said the Bey. Once we were outside, he shut us up in a neighbouring mosque, which was empty, begging us to wait there for him. Soon we heard a great noise and yelling outside. Presently Hassan Bey reappeared smiling, and let us out. The crowd had disappeared, and a battalion of Egyptian infantry had taken its place. Advised by the Bey, we left Jerusalem a day after this scuffle, with much regret on my part. The sight of all the spots which are glorified by the splendid stories of our religious history had impressed me deeply. My imagination had conjured up the very pictures in Royaumont's illustrated Bible, out of which I had learnt both the Old and the New Testament. And just as I was about to start, when I opened the window of the room I occupied in the Latin convent, I saw just in front of me the picture in that same Bible which represents David, with hands uplifted in admiration, as he gazes at Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah the Hittite. I was the David, and Bathsheba was a woman, looking really magnificent in her eastern robes, who was sitting on the terrace facing me. Only she was not combing out her hair like the woman in the Bible picture: she was hunting it for vermin!

I returned from Jerusalem by the Dead Sea, Nazareth, and Acre.

As we were riding along one night, to escape the heat, not far from Nazareth, we met a troop of horsemen headed by an individual in Egyptian dress, who announced himself as Ibrahim Aga, sent by Soliman Pasha to meet me. Just as I was calling up the dragoman to translate what I had to say to him, Ibrahim Aga said to me in a drawling voice, "Don't give yourself that trouble, it isn't the least necessary. I am the Marquis de Beaufort, captain on the staff." He was in fact one of the very many French officers, who were detached to the Egyptian army then lying in cantonments in Syria, after its victories over the Turks at Homs and Konieh. I had seen and greatly admired these troops all over Syria and at Acre. I was soon

to see Soliman Pasha—in other words, Colonel Selves, a Frenchman, who had organized them, and under the energetic and iron-willed son of Mehemet Ali, Ibrahim Pasha, had led them to victory. I beheld a little man, whom long residence in Egypt had quite orientalized in appearance, but who had preserved all the vivacity of his Gallic wit. The *Iphigénie* returned to France by Malta, where I made the acquaintance of Lord Brudenell, since celebrated under the name of Lord Cardigan, for his famous Balaclava charge, and of Major Rose, a charming fellow, who later became the Sir Hugh Rose of the Crimean War, and after that Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn of the Indian Mutiny. At that moment Major Rose commanded the 42nd Highlanders, the famous "Black Watch," a splendid regiment, especially so then, when it consisted of nothing but veterans of Herculean build. It furnished the Guard of Honour that received me at the Palace of the Grand Masters when I went to pay my respects to the governor, and the salute of that splendid body of men in full-dress uniform and feathered bonnets, with their colours lowered to the ground, their band playing *God save the Queen*, and their bagpipes shrieking under the arches of the palace, was a most striking sight. That was the first time I heard the bagpipes of the Highland regiments. I have often heard them since, and they always remind me of that wonderfully dramatic incident in the great Indian Mutiny, the relief of Lucknow. In Lucknow, the capital of the kingdom of Oude, a handful of British soldiers, with the women and children who had escaped the massacre, had taken refuge in a huge and strongly built place called the Residency. Isolated in the heart of India, besieged for months on end, without any outside news, starving, decimated by sickness and the enemy's fire, women and soldiers alike, with true British pluck, and having lost all hope of succour, had no thought but to sell their lives as dearly as possible. All at once the noise of the daily cannonade and the rifle fire seem to be doubled, and unaccustomed shouts are heard, like the national "hurrah." The cheering seems to get

nearer, but the Sepoys have so often cheered derisively! Suddenly another sound strikes on the ear of the besieged. The bagpipes! The bagpipes! And soon they make out the famous Highland march, *The Campbells are coming!* Reinforcements they were, collected from all quarters, English and Scotch, soldiers and sailors too, commanded by old Lord Clyde of Balaclava fame. By main force they carried the works the mutineers, tenfold their strength, had thrown up round Lucknow, bringing unhoped-for succour from the mother country, nay, bringing actual salvation with them. A wonderful moment!

I got back to Paris to hear the news of the failure of the first expedition against Constantine, and the brilliant part my brother Nemours had played in that terrible business. I never doubted that signal revenge would soon be taken for the check, and I was in despair that my being a sailor stood in the way of my asking to be allowed to have a share in it.

Meanwhile, I was present at a fresh attempt on my father's life. A man of the name of Meunier fired a pistol at him the day the Chamber of Deputies was opened. Some movement in the crowd shook the would-be assassin's arm, but the bullet came into the carriage, smashing the front window, and my brothers and I were all cut with the broken glass. I remember a very characteristic remark by one of the Deputies on this occasion. After the King had departed, as the Members of the Chamber were talking over the attempt, one of them said, "Ought we to congratulate the King?"

"Certainly," was the reply; "we always do it."

Shortly afterwards an emulator of Fieschi invented a perfected machine which should have mowed us all down at the earliest opportunity, but he was discovered, and destroyed himself, just as he was going to be arrested, carrying the secret of his accomplices with him.

Amidst political agitation and ministerial ambitions, with which I troubled myself but very little, the marriage of my eldest brother, the Duc d'Orléans, and its attendant festivities,

took place. The wedding was at Fontainebleau ; there was a great *fête* at the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, and the formal inauguration of the Museum at Versailles.

The marriage was settled without my brother and Princess Hélène ever having seen each other. Impatient to know her, and anxious to be the first to greet her on French soil, my brother went to meet her at Nancy, where she was to arrive with her mother and a lady in waiting. He rushed forward, saw three ladies, caught his *fiancée's* hand, and carried it to his lips. Not at all! It was the lady-in-waiting's. This momentary hitch was soon forgotten, and when the Princess entered the Cour du Cheval-Blanc at Fontainebleau, in her state coach and eight, amidst the roar of cannon and the beating of drums, we all went down the great staircase to receive her, with the King at our head, just like the greats lords going down the staircase at Chenonceaux in the second act of the *Huguenots*. It was a beautiful sight. The state entry into Paris, down the Champs-Elysées, and through the Gardens to the Tuileries, we on horseback and the Princesses in the state carriages, with the Orleans state liveries, surrounded by an immense multitude of people, all the women in brilliant spring toilettes, and in the loveliest weather, was a splendid sight too. Then there was a very fine ball at the Hôtel de Ville —rather clouded, though, by a prediction coming from all quarters, that it would be the occasion of another attempt on my father.

Old Prince Talleyrand, who was almost dying, begged my eldest brother to go and see him, so that he might add his warning to all the others. Raising himself to a sitting posture, and with death in his face, he said : " It won't be a knife or a pistol, it will be a hail of paving-stones thrown from the roofs, which will crush you all ! " We were grateful for the warning, and we were glad it did not come to pass. Nothing happened, either in the street or at the ball, where we were surrounded by an army of chosen 'guests,' and from which we were driven back at a great pace, escorted by squadrons of cuirassiers, who glittered in the

torchlight. But the crowning point of the *fêtes* was the inauguration of the Versailles Museum, that museum formed and dedicated by my father "To all the Glories of France!" Others besides himself have given the sadness of irony to that inscription! Every revolution must be paid for with a price!

On the occasion of this inauguration the King gave a dinner to twelve hundred people in the galleries of the Palace. Each of us had to preside over a table, and I should have found mine a somewhat tiresome task, if among my guests I had not met some very clever men, whose conversation amused me much. Such were Alphonse Karr, Léon Gozlan, Nestor Roqueplan, &c.

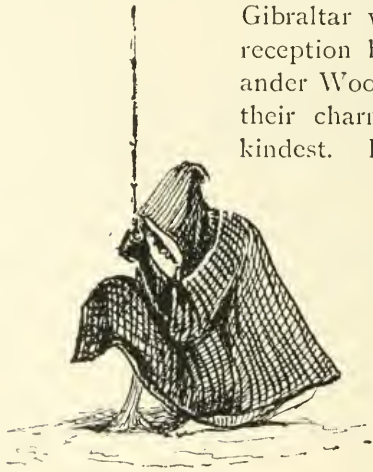
After dinner there was a theatrical performance—the *Misanthrope*, given for the first time with Louis XIV. dresses, acted by Perrier, Provost, Samson, Firmin, Menjaud, Monrose, and Regnier, with Mmes. Mars, Plessy, and Mante; and then one act of *Robert le Diable*, with Duprez, Levasseur, and Mlle. Falcon—and the ballet.

After the performance there was a general promenade in the galleries, which were lighted up brilliantly. I lay claim to two good ideas, which came to me during the evening. The first was to plague the King and the ministers to such an extent, after the act out of *Robert le Diable*, that Meyerbeer, whom I fetched, was then and there nominated an officer of the Legion of Honour, a commonplace distinction enough nowadays, but which at that time was very exceptional. The second was to ask the King, also, if he would graciously permit the artists who had taken part in the performance to join the guests in the promenade in the galleries. Of this permission I was myself the bearer, and I naturally extended it to the *corps de ballet*. When all these young ladies in their morning dress, and many of them bandbox in hand, appeared walking about amongst the gaily bedizened folk, some of the fine ladies turned up their noses. But the medley was a charming one, nevertheless.

CHAPTER IV

1837—1838

AFTER the wedding festivities I went back to sea, a lieutenant still, on board the *Hercule*, 100 guns—Captain Casy. Captain, petty officers, crew, all hands in fact save a few officers, were Provençal. Before a week was out I caught myself talking with their accent!



We were bound for South America. Gibraltar was our first port, and our reception by the governor, Sir Alexander Woodford, Lady Woodford, and their charming children was of the kindest. I have a recollection of it which I treasure all the more in that later in the day I had to do with another governor with whom I had no cause at all to be satisfied. From Gibraltar we went to Tangier, the Moorish town I was to bombard some years afterwards, but where on this occasion I fought with wild boars only under the guidance of that first-class sportsman, Mr. Drummond Hay. The beauty of the eyes and colouring and the originality of the costume of the Jewish girls at Tangier delighted me, but not to the extent of chasing a certain melancholy from my heart, which had clung about it ever since the beginning of my

cruise, through the long night watches, and even amidst the amusements of our stays in port. I was thinking of *Her!* There always is a *Her* when one is only twenty! After Tangier the ship stopped at Santa Cruz in Teneriffe to take in water, and during this operation I organized a scientific expedition to the famous Peak of Teneriffe, which is nearly twelve thousand feet high, and from which my professor M. Pouillet had asked me to take some scientific observations. My brother officer, Rigaud de Genouilly, one of the ship's lieutenants, accompanied me. After two days climbing and bivouacking for one night at a great height, we were only about five or six hundred feet or so from the summit, when we were caught up by a messenger bringing us the captain's orders to get back as fast as we could. A despatch boat had just anchored at Santa Cruz bringing news that in consequence of some foreign complication a French squadron had been ordered to Tunis, and would probably go on to the East. The *Hercule* was to join it immediately. We tore down the mountain, rejoicing in the thought that we were most likely going to do some firing, and after a passage of twenty days, spent in all sorts of fighting drill, we cast anchor in the Bay of Tunis, only to have a bucket of cold water thrown over our heads. The complications on which we had built a whole structure of danger and glory had passed away. The squadron we were to have joined had departed, and orders awaited us to resume our interrupted cruise, and bear away for South America. One piece of news we were told was that the expedition which was to go and avenge our last year's defeat at Constantine was fitting out at Bona, and that my brother Nemours commanded one of the brigades. Now my big ship was to revictual at Algiers, and I besought the captain, who had a free hand, to touch at Bona and give me a chance of seeing my brother. The passage from Tunis to Bona was delayed by calms, and when we got in, I found to my great regret that the expedition had started, but that a small column was being formed which was to join

it, starting on the following morning. At this news I rushed to my captain, and calling all the resources of persuasion and every wile of diplomacy to my aid, I strove to convince him that there would be time for me, during his revictualling, whereat I should be practically useless, to make a rush to the expeditionary force and get back again, and that if the King, my father, knew I had happened to be where I was, he would be much displeased at my turning my back on an enterprise which was to avenge our national honour. There were no telegraph wires in those days, and I contrived to get the desired permission. Twenty-four hours later I turned soldier for the nonce, and started off, mounted and accoutred and full of fresh dreams of glory, destined once more to disappointment—a disappointment shared by various engineer and artillery officers and three Prussians, Messieurs von Willisen,[1] von Noville, and Oelrichs, who had arrived too late to start with the expeditionary force, and, like myself, were endeavouring to rejoin it. What shall I say about the march of the column to which I was attached upon Constantine? It lasted over twelve days of fearful weather, during which no discomfort was spared us. Torrents of rain, rivers in flood, snowfalls, men dying of cold, stragglers whose shouts for help only brought us to them to find them lying headless on the ground, and last of all, a terrible outbreak of cholera, which one of the regiments in the column brought with it from France. And we had the mental agony to boot of being kept ever so long at the foot of a mountain, the Raz el Akbah, which was so sodden that no gun nor vehicle could get up it, even with triple teams, and listening to the firing of the attacking batteries before Constantine without being able to get there.

One day, during this delay, the chief medical officer, by way of consolation, greeted us with these words at breakfast: "Bad news, gentlemen; we have just discovered

[1] H. de Willisen, aide-de-camp to the Prince of Prussia, who afterwards became the Emperor William, was in chief command of the Holstein army.

that the cesspools of the hospital (a miserable hut) have burst, and for the last twenty-four hours they have been leaking into the spring where we get our drinking water."

"Hang it all, doctor, you really might have kept that to yourself," we all cried in a breath!

Amid all this suffering and discomfort, physical and moral, the courage, spirits, good humour and downright gaiety of the soldiers never failed for a single moment. I had never seen them before under such trying circumstances, and I thought them quite admirable, and their officers too, —the very embodiment of devotion. One day, the rear guard detachment had dropped some way behind the main column, and found itself stopped by an impetuous torrent, which was swelling visibly under a deluge of rain. The first men who tried to cross were carried off their feet, thrown down, and only pulled out with great difficulty. Without a moment's hesitation all the officers plunged into the water, though it was up to their arm-pits, and holding on to each other's arms they formed a sort of animated dam, above which they made their men cross over, and it was all done in the simplest way. Frenchmen of all classes, soldiers, sailors, what-not, a splendid race they are, when the spirit of obedience and discipline inspires them with a sense of duty! At last we came in sight of Constantine, and shortly after of a body of cavalry, the Third Chasseurs d'Afrique, sent out to meet us. From an officer detached in advance we learnt the place had been taken by assault three days previously, and that the Comte de Damrémont, general in command, had been cut in two by a round shot, while he was talking to my brother Nemours. Very soon, galloping up to the Coudiat-Ati, I was in the arms of that good brother, who had behaved so brilliantly during the whole campaign. He was in the act of inspecting his brave little army, and we finished the inspection together. Then he scanned me from top to toe, and the smart soldier spoke instead of the brother. "You can't go about like that, haven't you anything else to put on?"

"I'm afraid I haven't," I sadly replied, with a humiliated glance at my short jacket, my trousers turned up with a bit of gutta percha, and my straw hat covered with waxed cloth, none of which had been improved by camping out in the mud. The only soldier-like things about me were my sword and my lieutenant's epaulettes. But they manufactured me a cap ; a naval lieutenant, Fabre Lamaurelle, who had come up with me, lent me his coat, and so I became presentable.

The sight of the breach excited me greatly, and my first care was to mount it. If my readers will call up the appearance of the buildings pulled down when a new street is opened in Paris, they will get some idea of the picture the top of the breach presented. It was a chaos of ruins, caused by cannon shot and explosions, without any apparent way out. The ground was like the moraine of a glacier, scattered over with caps, epaulettes, and human remains. A soldier of the 2nd Light Infantry was standing sentry beside a big stone.

"What are you doing there?"

"Do you see that bit of a blue cloak down that hole? The colonel is underneath that stone, and the bayonets sticking out of the rubbish belong to the men he was leading. The explosion buried them all alive!"

A terrible trial that explosion was for assaulting columns scattered through a labyrinth of ruins, and barricaded lanes, and fired at from all sides by an invisible foe.

But nothing dismayed our brave fellows for an instant. I was told that at the moment of the catastrophe, when the staff, which was following the progress of the fight with anxious ears, for there was no seeing anything, saw the cloud caused by the explosion shrouding the neighbourhood of the breach, and hundreds of wounded and burnt and maimed men coming down it, they thought the assault had been repulsed and that the game was up.

Lamoricière, commanding the first attacking column, was carried back blinded, and to everybody's astonishment the commanding officer of the 2nd column, Colonel

Combes, was seen returning also. He advanced, sword in hand, to the General commanding, over whose face an expression first of wonder and then of anger spread, at the sight of a commanding officer quitting his post. Nothing daunted, the colonel informed him, in a few curt sentences, of the state of the fight, and of his own confidence in its success, ending with these words: "It will be another glorious day for France and for those who live to see the end of it." He saluted, tottered—he was dead! No sign of his had betrayed that he was mortally wounded.

As I listened to the tale I asked General Vallée,—"But what would you have done, General, if the assault had been repulsed?"

"We should have begun again." As he said it he pressed his lips together with that fearfully stern expression which, with his short stature, had earned him the nickname in the army of "Little Louis XI.," and an officer behind me who had heard my question and the answer, added in an undertone, "And he had taken all his precautions."

"What do you mean?"

"When he was told, the night before the assault, that the ammunition was giving out, he ordered one round to be kept in reserve for the battery that played upon the breach—"

"Well?"

"Don't you understand? He meant to fire on the attacking column if it gave any sign of wavering. He did it once in Spain at the siege of Tarragona."

There was another scene of war at the opposite end of the town from the breach at the Kasbah. During the assault all the non-combatant Mussulman population had taken refuge there, crowding and cramming it up to the very edge of the ramparts that crowned the precipices of the Rummel, and either from sheer terror or by dint of the pressure of the crowd, a cascade of human beings fell from the ramparts on to the rocks and terraces of the precipice. Heaps of corpses, men, women and children, but especially women, were caught here and there, and on one of the

heaps an old white-bearded Arab was turning over the dead, one by one, seeking doubtless for some one who was dear to him.

Having no official position in the army, and as I could not well rest on laurels I had not won, I spent my time sketching. I began, of course, with the breach, and installed myself, for that purpose, beside a human head severed from the trunk, which lay on the ground alongside of a dead horse in the torn open belly of which a dog had made its lair. While I was drawing, I heard a bugle sounding a march and soon I saw the bugler coming out upon the breach; behind him marched a sub-lieutenant, sword in hand, and then in place of men, a string of donkeys, led by about a dozen Zouave irregulars. Puzzled, I went up to the bugler and, stopping him, I asked what he was blowing for. "Why," he replied rocking from one foot to another with his bugle on his hip, "this is the volunteer company from Bougie going back to head-quarters."

"What?"

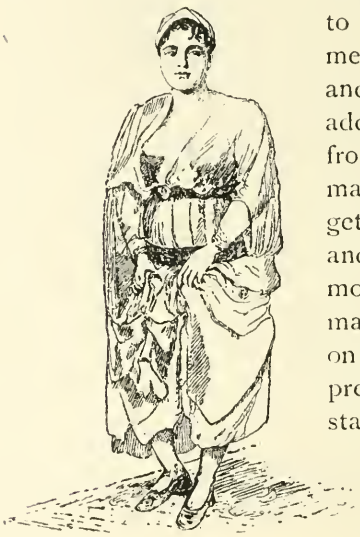
"Those are the rifles on the donkeys, there—everybody was killed in the assault; there is nobody left but us." He began blowing again. The donkeys passed on and I bared my head to them.

Confident in the impregnability of his town, the Bey of Constantine had left his harem there and the ladies of it were shut up in the palace, which had been turned into head-quarters, and where I was living with Nemours. As may be imagined, this harem gave me subjects for many sketches, which disappeared, unluckily for me, in the sacking of the Tuileries on February 24th, 1848. In one of the courtyards, planted with orange-trees and roses, and surrounded by the elegant Moorish balconies of the Bey's Palace, there was a little door, which had been confided to the care of the *vivandière* of the 47th Regiment and of a sergeant major of *spahis*, of the name of Bel-Kassem. It was the door into the harem and gave access to several courts, surrounded by galleries, both on the ground floor

and first story, on which opened spacious rooms carpeted with divans and cushions and with shelves all round piled with quantities of things, knick-knacks, and, above all, stuffs, especially silken ones. The women—there were over two hundred of them—spent their lives night and day alike, squatting or lying on the cushions in these apartments. They were divided into two categories. The negresses, who formed the great majority, occupied two court-yards, and these courts exhaled a fetid odour which poisoned the whole of the Bey's palace, whenever the wind blew from that quarter. The white and sallow-complexioned women all lived together, they all wore Arab dress, with more or fewer trinkets, and there were some pretty women among them. Two were Greeks and there was one really beautiful Moorish woman, called Ayescha. I did her likeness, and that of the chief eunuch as well. He was a negro, growing grey, with a deceitful hypocritical eye all muffled up in very fine haiks which showed nothing but the tip of his nose, and legs which were entirely guiltless of calf. That sitting would have been a good subject for a picture—I drawing, the ladies of the harem hanging over me watching me work, and the negro standing and swearing as he stood, while Ayescha went to and fro lavishing the quaintest caresses on him, to keep him in good temper.

One evening, General Vallée had an entertainment got up for him in the harem. There were great illuminations, singing, music with tambourine accompaniment and the *danse du ventre*. Amongst those present was General de Caraman, who commanded the artillery. He was seized with cholera just as he was going away, and was dead by six o'clock

the next morning. Such is life! Several adventures arose out of the fact of the harem's presence. One fine night, when everybody was asleep, two of the officers of infantry irregulars on guard took it into their heads to knock at the door, and were filled with delighted surprise on hearing the gentle voice of the good-natured *cantinière* reply, "Is that you? Well upon my word," and the door opened. But within less than two minutes the frightful uproar caused by two hundred women shrieking at once roused the whole of head-quarters, and our two officers tore full pace back to the guardroom and got the men under arms. This scare, and it may be some others too, added to the pestiferous smell from the negresses' quarters, made the authorities resolve to get rid of all this human cattle and distribute it amongst the most well-to-do of the Mussulman population. I went to look on at their departure, which was presided over by a major on the staff, assisted by a detachment of irregulars. The women had been warned the evening before, and leave had been given for each to take away as much as she herself could carry. So they had spent the whole night rolling as many precious stuffs round their waists as they could support the weight of, and we found ourselves face to face with human balloons, like monstrous gourds. They could hardly walk, even when held up by the soldiers; and getting through the doorways was more difficult still. Some of them, hauled at in front and pushed from behind, shot through like the cork of a champagne bottle. Others, who could not squeeze through at all, were made over to the soldiers to be reduced to the necessary size, the whole



thing accompanied by a chorus of shouts and objurgations of every kind. But to pass from the harem to graver subjects. On October 18th, I was present at the military funeral of the Comte Damrémont. It was a moving sight. Some few hundred yards from the spot where he had been killed, just at the foot of the breach, a cenotaph had been built of sand-bags, on which the coffin, with his General's cloak, and his sword and white feathered hat laid on it, had been placed. The weather had gone into mourning too, for the occasion. It was a very gloomy day. The whole Arab population was looking on, squatting on the walls. On the top of the breach were planted the colours of the 47th Regiment. Below it the Zouaves' drums rolled a funeral march, while the officers did obeisance for the last time to the remains of their former general. And what officers they were too! How many future men of mark there were in that assemblage, which, not to mention its chiefs, numbered Captains Niel, Canrobert, MacMahon, St. Arnault, Le Bœuf, Ladmirault, Morris, Leflô, and many another in its ranks!

The army left Constantine in two detachments. I returned with the second, which escorted the general in command, who had fallen sick, and an enormous convoy of fever patients and cripples of all sorts. It was a dreary journey back, for the column was decimated by cholera, and the road was strewed with corpses. Every minute soldiers were to be seen dropping their muskets and writhing in the most awful convulsions. My brother, who commanded the rear-guard, spent his whole time having the poor wretches picked up and tied into mule litters. They were thence drafted into the ambulance waggons, which were crowded already, and there they died like flies. As soon as a man died, the other occupants of the waggon united their efforts and heaved him overboard. When the convoy started every morning a row of corpses marked the spot the waggons had been on during the night. A detachment of engineers covered them over with a little soil, but we had hardly moved off before the Arabs swooped

down from all directions and uncovered and stripped them.

I was ill myself by the time the columns got to Bona—fever had me in its grip, but thanks to severe physicking I was almost my own man again by the time I rejoined my ship at Algiers. She went to sea almost at once. I had a relapse at Senegal, but the ocean passage completely cured me, and I was quite in smooth water by the time we reached the South American coast. Rio de Janeiro was our first port. I need not enlarge on the magnificent view presented by the Bay of Rio, which has been so frequently described by travellers. It was during this stay in harbour that I first saw the young princess who was later to become the Princess de Joinville, the devoted companion of my whole life. During this stay, too, I made an expedition to Minas, the gold mine country, a long journey on mule-back, through the magnificent monotony of the virgin forest. One of the mines I went to see, called Gongo-Soco, was worked by the labour of four hundred slaves, and owned by an English company who made an enormous profit out of it. I went down it, and, under the guidance of some Cornish miners, I had a try with a pick and succeeded in getting out several nuggets as thick as my little finger. As the vein was principally manganese, we were black all over when we came out of the mine, but a body of negresses came at once to wash us. Another expedition I made into the "camp" initiated me into a sort of sport which was new to me—hunting wild horses with a lasso. After having admired the extraordinary skill of the *camperos* in doing this, I tried it myself, and that not altogether unsuccessfully—it is a fascinating occupation.

To finish up our stay at Rio, we gave the emperor and his family, and the whole of society both foreign and Brazilian, a ball on board our ship. Towards the end of the evening, I turned a young lion I had been given in

Senegal loose in the ball-room, and his appearance somewhat disturbed the figures of the *cotillon*.

From Rio the *Hercule* called in succession at Guiana, Martinique and Guadaloupe. The low shores of Guiana are clothed with mangrove swamps, the trees of which seemed scarlet, so covered were they with red ibises! Nothing more gay-looking can be imagined than the Cayenne River, and the pretty town standing on its banks —the wooden houses all separated from each other by gardens in which the tropical vegetation displays an unexampled luxuriance and variety. Flowers of every hue, set among huge calabash trees, gigantic palms of every kind, such as the traveller's palm with its immense fan-shaped leaves, bread-fruit trees, and many more, charm the eye with a wealth of colour which must be seen before it can be realized. Though the Cayenne River may be charming, the other arms of the Guiana delta, great rivers, hedged in by thick dark forest walls, are far gloomier to the sight. But those magnificent forests, peopled with creatures of all sorts, and especially with an infinite number of birds, of the most varied and dazzling plumage, have the irresistible attraction that hangs about life in the wilds.

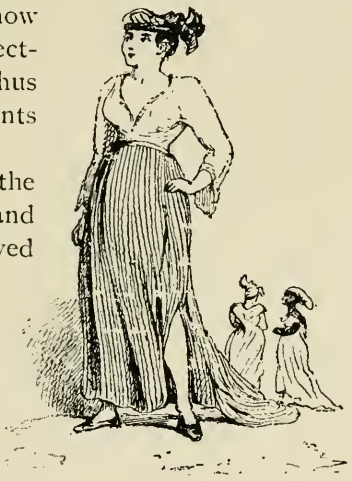
I went up several of these rivers, such as the Aprouague and the Mana River, and visited the *carbets*, or villages, of several Indian tribes, the Norags, and the Galibis, which last were still quite savage at the time of which I write, armed with bows and arrows, and obtaining a light by rubbing two bits of stick together—a thing I actually saw them do. Men and women alike were red-skinned, tartar-eyed, their smooth hair dyed with "rocou," a sort of madder, and with a small strip of cotton passed between the legs as their only garment. The women were particularly frightful. Almost all of them had huge stomachs, which they held up with their hands just like a monkey's pouch, and all wore a kind of tight bracelet above and below their knees and ankles, which caused the intervening parts to swell, and gave their legs the

appearance of skewers with Dutch cheeses on them. Apart from the savages, the general impression of Guiana remaining with me is that of a great hot-house, in which everything was as improbably huge as in one of Gustave Doré's illustrations—where I came across apricots as big as my head, and caimans ten yards long. As regards the inhabitants, I recollect creoles, enervated by the climate, who were as kindly as they were intelligent; pale-faced women, languorous and seductive, with soft low murmuring voices; and lastly, just as I passed through, a negro drum-major of the National Guard, with a great big busby and a plume that was a dream!

My recollection of Martinique and Guadaloupe bring them back to me as lovely green islands of volcanic outline. The former especially struck me as being exceedingly picturesque, its hills covered with pleasant-looking habitations with the peaks of the Carbet veiled in the dark clouds brought by the trade winds, for background. I had to review the troops on the Savana, the promenade of Fort Royal, but I confess I took more interest in the costume of the beautiful quadroons, or quarterbred mulatto women, than in the review itself. This costume is worth describing. A brilliant-coloured bandanna, knotted round the head in the most fanciful manner; no stays of course, nothing but an embroidered chemise, showing a magnificent outline, and a bright-coloured skirt, yellow or rose-coloured, trained at the back, but gathered up on one side, to show a beautiful bare leg. When I add that these women often have a creamy white complexion which many a European would envy, the proud exclamation of the old householder, dragged I know not why before a court of justice, will be appreciated. To the Judge's question "What is your profession?" he replied "My profession! I keep up the supply of Mulattos!" "*Je fais des mulâtres!*" It was in the days of the greatest prosperity of our beautiful Antilles that the old boaster spoke. When I arrived, this was already on the wane, and it really was tiresome not to be allowed to

talk about anything but sugar and emancipation by the creoles.

Nowadays what we call progress has done its work, and these colonies, which used to be an element of national wealth, employing a whole navy of merchantmen, and which served as nursery for the sailors of our warships, are now no more than machines for electing Radical Deputies, and thus increasing the number of agents of the national destruction.



At Martinique, we joined the flag of the admiral in command of the station. I have served under many admirals, one more eccentric than the other. One of the first, an excellent seaman, had one passion only, music—and his instrument was —the double bass. He spent his time performing solos on this cumbrous instrument, which he would then put away in a small apartment known in the old-fashioned navy as *la bouteille*. Sometimes the sea-water came through the port, and flooded everything. When the admiral fetched his double bass out, and began his tunes, he would notice from the sound that the body was full of water, and then every sort of dodge would be resorted to, to get the liquid poured out by the sound holes. The poor admiral! There is a story that his double bass was victim one day of the spite of certain seamen, who marked their displeasure by pouring something less clean than sea-water into the big fiddle. This same gallant admiral having gone ashore once upon a time, at St. Louis in Senegal, and finding the bar there continued so impassable that he could not rejoin his ship, sent her round to Goree, and went there himself overland slung under a camel's belly, and armed with an

umbrella, which proved his complete ignorance of the miracles of the Prophet Mohammed.

My commanding officer at the time of which I write was another oddity. Imagine a thin little man, as hot as pepper, adorned with a hooked nose and chin, one as huge as the other. A real old-fashioned gentleman, always tightly buttoned up in the most irreproachably correct of garments, and with all the exquisite and formal politeness of the old school. Everybody was fond of the good old fellow, who heightened the oddity of his appearance on board his own ship by wearing a huge straw hat like the bell-crowned hat Eugène Sue puts on the head of M. Pipelet in the *Mystères de Paris*, and a song had been composed about him, which we used to sing together and the chorus of which began "Bon! bon! de la Bretonnière! Bon Bon!"—la Bretonnière being his name. This same officer saved Admiral Magon's ship after Trafalgar, and later on he commanded the *Breslaw* at Navarino and showed the most consummate bravery there. His flagship was the *Didon*, which ship, having run aground several times, had earned the nickname of "Dido the touching" (*la touchante Didon*). Poor old *Didon!* I had sailed with her before and the sight of her gave me the same feeling of grateful recollection that stirs within a man who meets an old love. After a short cruise with the whole squadron the admiral led the way to the British island of Jamaica.

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We had hardly cast anchor before he sent to ask the British Governor when he would receive him, and, the appointment duly made, he sent for me to go with him. An aide-de-camp received us at the landing-stage, silently pointed to the governor's carriage which awaited us, and disappeared. The carriage in question was a phaeton with room for two people in it, and a little seat behind for the groom, who was standing at the horses' heads with true British correctness. Says the admiral to me, "Are we to go in that?"

"Yes, sir."

"But," and he took two steps to the rear, "there isn't any coachman."

"You are to drive yourself, sir."

With a half turn to the right he replied, "I! Impossible! I've never been able to get a horse to go in my life. Do you know how to drive?"

"A little, sir."

"Then take the reins, sir!"

Into the carriage then we got, to the great satisfaction of the groom, who had guessed rather than understood the misgivings of the French admiral in the cocked hat. At first, things went pretty well. The groom showed me the way to Spanish Town, saying "*left*" or "*right*" as the case might be, when, presently, we came to a great market crowded with negresses with blue cotton stuffs twisted round their haunches, all screaming at the top of their voices. The horses in our phaeton took fright at the noise, their alarm communicated itself to the negresses, who ran away, upsetting everything. I lost command of the horses, which swerved to one side, knocking over the heaps of gourds and water melons and bananas. There was a terrible scene of confusion. The admiral clung on with both hands, never stopping shouting "Oh the devil! the devil! the devil!" However we got through without any serious accident. On the return journey, conscious of my own incapacity, I offered to give up my place as whip to the admiral, but he refused with a most determined "No, no, no; oh *no!*"

At the time of my visit, Jamaica was still celebrated for its rum, and my father had charged me not to forget to bring him a barrel, a commission I did not fail to execute. But a lamentable accident happened in connection with that same barrel. It was brought back to France and duly placed in the cellars at Neuilly, and had been forgotten for ever so long, when one fine day the King, recollecting it, ordered some of the contents to be handed round at the end of dinner. All the guests smacked their lips beforehand; but disappointment awaited them, and the first taste was followed by a general grimace of horror. It was simply beastly. Enquiries were set on foot and here is their result! A distinguished mental specialist, who had been ordered to take a sea voyage for the benefit of his health, which had broken down, had got leave from the Minister for Naval Affairs to sail on board the *Hercule*. Deeply interested as he was in his own special subject, he had occupied himself during all our stays in port in collecting brains, both human and animal, which he immediately labelled and shut up in a barrel of alcohol, which was exactly like my barrel of rum. The two barrels had got mixed and my father and his guests had been drinking rum flavoured with brains!

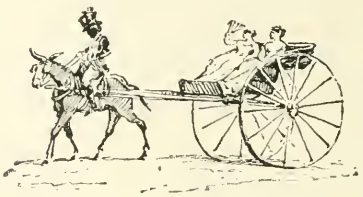
Our squadron dispersed on leaving Jamaica. The admiral, I think, was to go to San Domingo, we ourselves to Havana. One of our ships, a beautiful despatch boat, the *Fabert*, bore us company the first day. In the evening, the weather being calm, her commander, a lieutenant, M. de Pardeillan, came on board us to dine. Little did we think, as we accompanied him to the head of the companion, that we were bidding him an eternal farewell. The ship, the crew, and their young captain all disappeared, and have never been heard of again. The sea swallowed them all up, and the sea has kept the secret.

As we entered Havana, I was struck by the sight of a whole fleet of strange-looking ships which lay at anchor under the Morro citadel. They were long boats, built for speed, with immense sloping spars, like racing yachts. They were not warships, though they were heavily armed. They

were slavers, for the negro trade was still in full swing in Cuba. The demand for black labour being constantly on the increase, the slavers went to fetch it from Africa, and brought it back at all risks, in spite of the British cruisers. But this importation of black cattle, which had been humane and kindly enough while it was free, had grown frightfully barbarous since the successful landing of each cargo had been exposed to every chance imaginable. The trade, nevertheless, fed the extraordinary prosperity of the fair Spanish colony, Queen of the Antilles, and especially that of her capital town, the Havana. The stir in the port itself was prodigious, and how shall I describe the animated appearance of the streets, the splendid houses, and the innumerable churches that met my gaze, and the evidence of luxury betrayed everywhere, and by everything I saw?

In the days of his wandering exile, my father had sojourned at Havana, and my first care was to seek out the friends he had left behind him there. Thanks to them, I soon found myself at home, in the Montalvo, Penalver, Arminteros, Arastégui, O'Reilly and de Arcos families, whose charming companionship formed the chief delight of my own stay. My cousinship with the Queen of Spain caused me to be received with great honour, also, by the authorities, especially by the Captain General, Espeleta. A review was arranged for me on the Paseo Tacon, and of that same review I have an undying recollection. Let my readers imagine a line formed by the Espana, Barcelona and Habana regiments, the artillery, and a lancer regiment, splendid troops all of them, under the command of General Count de Mirasol, with his baton slung at his buttonhole. And, facing this line, another of the most exquisitely charming aspect. All the *volantes* in Havana drawn up in battle array! The said *volantes*, peculiar to the place, are gigs without hoods or aprons, perched on two huge wheels, and each drawn by one horse in silver-mounted trappings, ridden by a *calassero* or negro postilion in flaming livery, laced on every seam. In each *volante*

two ladies lounged, in evening dress, low-necked, bare-headed, and armed with fans. Every pretty woman in Havana was there, talking to the occupiers of the next carriage, looking on and being looked at, and all under a lovely tropical sunset, which lighted up the sea, whence a soft refreshing breeze was blowing on one side, and on the other a forest of cocoa palms with the fortress of Principe rising above them. The *ensemble* of the picture and its details were alike charming, and to us sailors, just off the sea, it was heightened by contrast. These Havana ladies add all the charm of Spaniards to a mingling of creole indifference with the confidence of well-born women. Their eyes and complexions are magnificent, their wrists and ankles exquisitely delicate, and their feet! I never saw anything like them—the feet of a Chinese woman, only natural, not produced by torture. I brought away a precious *souvenir* from Havana, in the shape of a shoe which I knew to be genuine, but which never met with anything but incredulity till the sacking of the Tuileries in 1848 bereft me of it altogether.



I remember yet a beautiful excursion in the interior of the Island, partly by rail, partly by *volante*, along splendid avenues of palmettos, and thick shady mango trees, to the country house belonging to Doña Matilda de Casa Calvo, Marquise de Arcos, where I spent two days in the pleasantest of company and where Lord Clarence Paget, who was of the party, astonished us by his talent as a singer. Our delightful stay in port was brought to a close by a ball given to me by the town of Havana at the Societad Philarmonica. I had just been dancing that pretty dance, a sort of slow valse, which is called the Habanera, and I was walking with my partner, a beautiful Spanish Mexican, with tiny feet, under the arcades which ran round

the *patio*, when she pulled a straw-covered cigarette out of her pocket and lighted it. "Don't you smoke?" she enquired.

"No, Mademoiselle."

"Oh, but yes, I'm sure you will smoke," and she took her cigarette from her pretty lips and gave it to me to smoke, which I did without hesitation. That sudden conversion has been a durable one. But I have often regretted that I could not begin it all over again!

Twenty-four hours later, at two o'clock in the morning, I was wakened in my cabin by a violent shock. The *Hercule* had just run aground in the dangerous waters of the Bahama Channel. Whatever the weather may be, the running aground of a huge body like a hundred gun ship is a serious matter. To crown our disgrace, the corvette *La Favorite*, which sailed in company with us and had followed us blindly, ran aground at the same instant. Luckily it was almost calm, and the great *Hercule* lay quietly on the sand like a stranded whale. Whenever the least suspicion of a swell came, she gave a shudder, a sort of wag of her tail, which was very alarming. If the swell increased she would soon go to pieces, and every boat we had to launch would never be enough to save the crew. It was one of those anxious moments in a sailor's life when each man makes it his business to conceal his own feelings. We set hard to work to get down a big anchor on the deep-water side. Once it was down and the cable taut, we began to lighten the ship, pouring all the water overboard, and getting ready to put the guns over the side. Then daylight came, and showed us our real position. A long way off we could see a low island on the coast of Florida, called Looe-Key. The dawn also showed us, in the offing, the British corvette *Pearl*, commanded by our pleasant comrade of some days before, Lord Clarence Paget, who had sailed from Havana at the same time as we ourselves. As soon as he perceived our position he hurried to our assistance, and steering with all the decision and seafaring good sense of the British sailor, he got as

close as possible to us, put down his two anchors at once, and came to us, saying, "I bring you the only thing I can, a fixed point to work on."

We thanked him cordially, but, just at that moment, thanks to our having lightened the ship, and also to the tide, which fortunately began to rise, the *Hercule* swayed for a few minutes on her sandy bed, and then began to float. A sigh of relief broke from every breast, especially from those of the captain and the unlucky officer of the watch, whose carelessness had been the original cause of the accident.

A few hours more, and everything but a trifling leak had been put to rights, and we were on our way to the United States—to a new country, a young nation, which attracted me as by instinctive sympathy. On our very arrival in the Chesapeake river, I came across a characteristic trait. "Can you speak French?" I asked the pilot who hailed us. Instantly he answered me, in English, "No, I only speak American!" The claim to separate nationality extended even to the language.

Shortly afterwards I went ashore, and, armed with an itinerary, kindly drawn up for me by Michel Chevalier, in which he had mentioned all he advised my seeing, both as to men and things, during the short time at my disposal, I started on a hasty tour through that splendid country. That first glimpse of America fulfilled all my expectations, and delighted me. A young country it was in very deed. Nature itself, to my European eyes, had a pureness of atmosphere, a richness of vegetation, a freshness, a general air of youth, unknown in our older countries. Man too, in his gait, in his independence of mind, and his boldness of enterprise, betrayed an exuberant vigour of which our populations, enervated by disappointing experiences, and crushed by routine as they are, have grown incapable.

As I desired to get from Norfolk in Virginia to Washington, I started by the Roanoke Railway, on the first day of my trip, and thus crossed an immense marsh, the "Dismal Swamp." The rails we ran on being laid

open-work fashion on huge piles fifteen feet above the marsh, the whole road rocked under the weight of the engine, so much as to disturb the waters of the swamp and startle the numberless snakes and turtles inhabiting it. It was a most novel sensation. Further on, betwixt Baltimore and Philadelphia, the train having to cross an arm of the sea, steamed on full pace; the engine, uncoupling itself, ran ahead on to a siding, while our train was carried by its own impetus on to the upper deck of a steam ferry-boat, moored at the end of the line. It stopped exactly at the right spot, and while the boat crossed the arm of the sea, we went below and dined at a splendid buffet on the lower deck, waited on by the prettiest of barmaids.

Further on yet, between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, in that rich Alleghany country where the coal-beds lie on the surface, and coal costs five francs a ton, and whence petroleum oil was soon to gush forth, the travelling was done by canal in the flat country, and by funicular railways in the mountains, by means of boats built in sections which hooked together on the water, and were taken apart when there was a question of climbing up inclined planes. All public works and means of communication were full of daring things like these, while in Europe (I speak of the year 1838) we were still at our first timorous essays at railway travelling.

I travelled through Virginia, passing by all those spots where four and twenty years later I was to watch the bloodiest battles of the War of Secession, that first and awful convulsion of the great Republic's manhood. Reaching Washington, I was most courteously received by President Van Buren. How often since then I have been back at the White House, under Presidents Tyler, Buchanan, and Lincoln! How many a curious scene I have witnessed there, under the rule of the last-named President, rich as it was in dramatic incident! During that first stay of mine at Washington I made the acquaintance of three of the greatest men in the United States—Calhoun, Webster, and Clay—Calhoun of Carolina, the

impassioned Southerner; Webster, the eloquent representative of New England Puritanism; and Clay of Kentucky, with his angular face and powerful frame, and a curious mixture of extreme gentleness and energy in his manner and ways—the very type of the Western population, the advance-guard of civilization. I was present at several sittings of the Senate, and heard these gentlemen speak with an authority which seemed to fascinate their auditors.

SOUTHERN SCOUT.

Washington as a city, did not interest me at all—bits of town, scattered about in an ocean of dust, which later on I knew as an ocean of mud; hotels crowded with canvassers, all devouring so hurriedly at *table d'hôte* time, that the first arrivals were rising from table when the last ones were sitting down, and all this amidst a noise of jaws that reminded me of the dogs being fed in a kennel; the whole population, whether politicians or canvassers,

chewing and spitting everywhere ; little society or none at all, save that formed by the foreign diplomats, most of them clever men, but bored by their isolation, and consequently disposed to see everything around them with unfavouring eyes. One of the chief members of this society at the time of my sojourn, was the British Minister, Mr. Fox, a diplomatist of the old school, past master in forms, and proprieties, and social refinements—everything that the English sum up in the word "proper." I was told that one day as he was leaning against the chimney-piece in a drawing-room where dancing was going on, in deep conversation with I know not what other personage, an American couple came and stood just in front of him in a country-dance. Soon the young man began to show signs of anxiety ; his voice grew thick, his cheeks swelled alternately, and he cast anxious glances at the chimney-piece. At last he could hold on no longer, and with the most admirable precision, he shot all the juice of his quid into the fireplace just between Mr. Fox and his interlocutor. "Fine shot, sir!" the old diplomat contented himself with saying, with a bow. It may have been that little incidents of this kind cast a chill on international relations!

Philadelphia delighted me. It is a cheerful town, with streets planted with fine trees. The prison there, the first built on the solitary system, occupied me for a whole day. I went over every corner of it, in the company of the directors, and of any other officials who could inform me on the subject. It will be known to my readers that the system in this prison, at the time of which I write, was that of absolute seclusion in cells—complete isolation in fact —during the whole term of sentence. Soon afterwards I visited Auburn Prison, in New York State, where the condemned person was subjected to a different *régime*,—cells at night, but work in common, though in silence, during the day. I have been over many prisons since, for I have always held that the management of such places is a pretty reliable thermometer of the moral condition of the country

to which they belong. I know of some foul ones in states which set up to be very civilized. In France we are lamentably behindhand in the matter. Though we have some prisons which are model, we have a great many more which are shamefully behind the times. For my own part, I have come to the conclusion, from all I have seen and heard, that seclusion in cells at night, with work in common during the daytime in small easily managed workshops, or better still, in the open air as at Portland Prison in England, is the penitentiary system which offers the fewest drawbacks. I say drawbacks, for no such system can offer advantages. All the holding forth of philanthropists about the sad fate of criminals is empty noise. A prison must be a place of punishment; it can never be an abode of reformation, nor of reclamation.

Let us pass, from the prisons, to Mr. Norris's great steam engine, and especially locomotive engine works, which Michel Chevalier had told me to be sure to go and see; and most interesting, truly, they were. Great improvements in the construction of locomotives originated in these works. Mr. Norris had also had a very original and exceedingly American idea—to make a great orchestra of musical instruments played by steam instead of by human lungs. I heard, or at all events I was told I heard, the "Hunting Chorus" in *Robin Hood* performed by this orchestra, in which the conductor's baton was replaced by a tap. It was horrible!

After Philadelphia came Niagara, wonderful and peerless. I admired its picturesque grandeur, but I admired the rapids before the fall every bit as much. The mighty power of the huge river, the overflow of all those great lakes, pouring in foaming fury over its rocky bed, for such a distance and through such splendid scenery, is indescribably striking. In the midst of the lovely country of the Hudson Highlands, stands West Point, the famous military school where all the officers of the American army are educated. I was the guest, while there, of Colonel de Russy, who was in command, and my stay was full of interest. There is a

curious point about the school, and it is not the least of the surprises reserved for us by the American democracy. The cadets do not enter by examination, but by favour. The Senators, or representatives of each State in the Union, have a right to a certain number of nominations. The President has the same. Their choice, as a rule, falls on lads of intelligence, and the only thing asked of them on joining, is to give proof of a healthy constitution. They know nothing, and have to learn everything in the school, at which they consequently spend four years. Well, in spite of the absence of selection or competition for entrance, the result is quite excellent. The knowledge, spirit of discipline and duty of the American officer, and his adaptability to no matter what task, leave nothing to be desired.

Everybody knows New York, that huge cosmopolitan city, the commercial capital of the New World, where colossal fortunes are made and lost with the giddiest rapidity. Its position as being the chief artery of human activity, is incomparable, but the town—*quâ* town—has this point in common with all huge agglomerations of commercial buildings. It is utterly commonplace. I merely passed through it on my way to rejoin my ship at Newport, but with me there came on one of those splendid steamers, veritable floating palaces indeed, which the Americans excel in building, a huge picnic, at which 150 New York ladies were present. The night passage across Long Island Sound in lovely weather, with all this gay party dancing and supping, was most delightful.

I left the United States with a feeling of the deepest gratitude for the sympathetic, almost affectionate, welcome I had everywhere received, and the most sincere admiration for that great democracy, ambitious without being envious, where shabby class rivalry is unknown, where each man endeavours to rise by his own intelligence, worth, and energy, but where no one desires to drag others down to the level of his own idleness or mediocrity.

A great community, in which nobody would for a moment suffer the State to take to itself the right to

interfere between father and child by denying the free disposal of his property, and thence his paternal authority to the parent.

A great community, where no man need be a soldier unless he chooses, and where all are free to bring up their children as they think fit, to practise the religion that pleases them best, and to combine in perfect freedom for the endowment of church or school. What an example, in many matters, the young nation sets the old! We left Newport on our return to France, and after a quick passage of nineteen days, the *Hercule* anchored in Brest Roads, on July 10th, 1838.

CHAPTER V

1838

BEFORE six weeks were out, I was at sea again, on my way to Mexico. My orders to sail reached me at Lunéville, where my brother Nemours had taken refuge, with a cavalry command, from the desperate endeavours of the *grands-parents* to get him married, and whither I had followed him with the same object. Thanks to my brothers, my memory is crowded with recollections of Lunéville and the camp there, beginning with that of an

unlucky captain who ruined his career by stopping his squadron at galloping drill, before the prostrate form of General Comte de M—— commanding the division, stretched on the broad of his back by a lively charger with the ringing word of command—"*Obstacle!*"

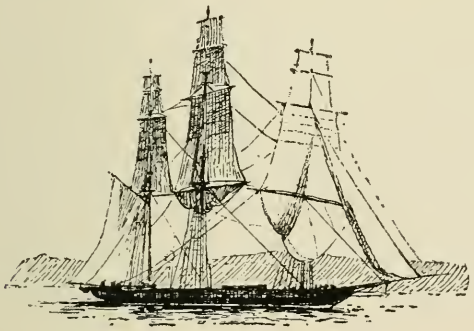
During my short visit I lived with my brother in the Château, where one general whiled away his sleepless hours by playing the French horn, much to the enjoyment

of everybody else! Our evenings were spent at the theatre, where there was a ballet. A *corps de ballet* at Lunéville! The wily manager had got out of the difficulty by composing a choregraphic scenario called *Les Sabotiers*, in which the only sign of skill asked of the lady performers was to swing the sabots on their feet in cadenced time. A great noise they made, which did not, however, prevent the Mayor of Lunéville from falling asleep regularly every evening in the municipal box, where he sat enthroned perched on a curule chair as high as that of Thomas Diafoirus. He even fell off it, during a performance at which I was present, and so noisily that the shock interrupted the evolutions of the ballet; and all the officers of the garrison who filled the stalls, rose with an anxiety which may have been somewhat affected, and would not be reassured until Mr. Mayor had been fished up out of the depths of his box, and replaced upon his perch. I recollect, too, an ascent of the Donon, one of the peaks of the Vosges, with a charming family of the name of Chevandier, and in the loveliest weather. What a view there was! All Lorraine, all Alsace, with the spires of Strasbourg—that beautiful country which my forefathers of the old monarchy had made so truly French. Alas! Alas!

I went back to my duty. I sailed from Brest on the 1st of September, under the orders of Admiral Baudin, a man who had a whole career of valiant deeds behind him. One-armed, tall in stature and energetic in countenance, he straightway inspired respect, and one soon learnt to recognize him as a commander as intelligent as he was resolute, and even impassioned. His flag was hoisted on the frigate *Néréïde*. I followed, with a small corvette of which I had been given command, and which I had hastily commissioned. Except for the torpedo-boats, and such small flotilla craft, I do not believe the whole of our present navy contains such a small vessel as she was. She was armed with four thirty-pounders, and sixteen carronades, mere children's toys, and her crew amounted to

100 men. But how pretty she was, careening over, level with the water, with her huge spars sloping backwards; and how charmingly she was named—*La Créole!* She was my first command, and I was twenty! We were bound on an expedition which might give us a chance of fighting, and I hoped in my turn to follow the example of my elder brothers, who had so well upheld the honour of our race at Antwerp and in Africa.

My emotion on leaving France under such circumstances will be readily understood. My old aide-de-camp Hernoux, and Bruat, escorted me outside the entrance to the port, and returned in the pilot's boat. The last link with the soil of the mother-country was broken. Forward then, my boy!



In a few days we were before Cadiz, that lovely Andalusian city. An African sun had come to heighten its beauty, and it looked like some exquisite carving in the whitest marble, rising fairylike out of a sapphire sea. My landing in the evening was just as full of charm. I hurried to the Alameda, the public promenade, where the silence was unbroken, save by the plash of the waves breaking at the foot of the ramparts, or the whisper of the breeze amongst the palm-trees. I caught sight of mysterious couples sitting in the shadows of the alamos, black dresses and mantillas blending with the men's "capas," and from these formless groups a stifled murmur rose,

with the noise of fans, like the beating wings of an imprisoned bird. I wandered through the streets and the Plazo Santo Antonio. I saw delightful balconies and glistening eyes that shone behind the lattices; exquisite forms glided over the white flags on which the moonlight fell. I saw, in fine, a city, a whole population, instinct with the breath of love, and I caught the complaint myself. I dreamt of scaling balconies, and of kisses and tender words, jealous rivals draped in black cloaks, and knife-thrusts at street corners under the lamps, and all the struggle and danger and triumph without which life is not life at all.

There happened to be a bull-fight, during our short stay in this port, at the Puerto de Santa Maria—one of those bull-fights celebrated in that famous song that every Spaniard hums even nowadays, "Los Toros del Puerto." I took good care not to miss it, and I will take still better care not to describe it, although the chief "espada" was Chiclanero, the handsomest of all those handsome fellows, and the one who was said to have roused the most violently passionate fondness in the fair sex. Fifty years ago there were no railroads in Andalusia, nor carriages either. Majos and Majas (Goya's Majos and Majas still existed in these days) arrived on horseback from all

quarters under the burning September sun, and no words of mine can give any idea of the motley crowd in the most brilliant costumes, the perfect orgie of colour presented by the neighbourhood of the plaza, on which, as a finishing touch to the quaintness of the scene, a squadron of yellow dragoons did duty as police! From Cadiz we sailed in company with the frigates *La Gloire* and *La Médée* and two steam corvettes which we had found there, and reached Cape Saint Antonio, the most westerly point of Cuba, after a thirty-six days' passage. Once there, the admiral took all the water and provisions out of the *Gloire* and the *Créole*, and sent us to revictual at Havana, while he went on his way to Mexico and Vera Cruz. With my habitual extreme indifference to politics (having, in fact, always hated them), I have forgotten to say *why* we were going to Mexico. It was the eternal old story. Demands timidly made and then spurned, insufficient force for action merely increasing the insolence of our opponents, and then the necessity for sending a large and expensive expedition to finish up with. A score of war-vessels, including four frigates and two bomb-vessels, were soon to be collected before Vera Cruz, with a certain number of troops to be landed, and to deal authoritatively with the Mexican Government. Meanwhile we were to go, Captain Lainé and I, to Havana, to lay in provisions, take everything we could to the squadron on board, and also, so the admiral had told me confidentially, I was to endeavour personally to get together all the plans and information possible concerning the towns on the Mexican coast and the fort of Saint Juan d'Ulloa, which had all once been Spanish. Nothing could have suited me better than this run to Havana, where we anchored four days later, and of which place I had carried away such pleasant memories seven months before. And as soon as I had paid and returned my official visits, I hurried to the Tacon Theatre, where, in a stage box that I knew right well, I beheld the charming woman who had begun my education as a smoker so prettily during my first visit.

We got the worst of news from Mexico. While Admiral Baudin was hurrying thither by forced marches, as it were, the ships that had got there before us had well-nigh raised the blockade. The frigate *Herminie* had started for France, which she never was to reach. She was wrecked at the Bermudas. The *Iphigénie*, which Captain de Parseval still commanded, had been obliged to depart too, with nothing but a remnant of her crew, the yellow fever, which was then raging, having made terrible ravages on board. I heard of the death of many a good friend. Captain de Parseval had only one officer left (Kerjégu, who in later days was my colleague in the National Assembly) and one cadet, to help him to get his frigate away. There had been a tempest too, which had done a great deal of damage to our cruisers. I saw two come in, the *Eclipse*, Commander Jame de Bellecroix, and the *Laurier*, Captain Duquesne, which had been dismasted in the gale, and which had rigged up temporary spars, by means of which they had contrived to crawl into port. All the sails of the *Laurier* had been carried away, and she was quite helpless in the storm, so her captain, Duquesne, and his second officer, Mazères, lashed themselves on deck, after having sent the crew below. The violence of the wind laid the ship so completely over on her beam ends that Lieutenant Mazères, who was carried overboard by a wave, caught hold of the maintop and managed to get back on deck. A moment later the two masts of the brig were broken by the fury of the sea, and thus she regained her balance and was saved.

Leaving all these cripples to patch themselves up as best they could, Captain Lainé set sail with his frigate and gave me orders to follow. We reached Sacrificios, the nearest anchorage to Vera Cruz, after a rapid passage. Here we learnt that the captain of the *Médée*, M. Leray, had been sent on a mission to Mexico. Then the admiral himself went off to Xalapa, to confer with the Mexican ministers. Meanwhile the blockade went on, enlivened by privations of every kind, short rations of water, yellow fever, and so forth. Our water was brought from Havana;

it came in barrels, and was frequently black and nauseous when it came out of them. Yellow fever stalked abroad. I lingered one night, fishing over the side of the ship, until eleven o'clock, with a strong, healthy, first-class cadet, who had been under me in the watch on board the *Didon*. A foreboding of some sort seemed to weigh on his mind. I tried to cheer him up, but all in vain. By six o'clock next morning the terrible "vomito" had carried him off. Poor Gouin! I was very fond of him. We buried him on the Sacrificios islet, that gloomy cemetery which later on the Zouaves christened the "Jardin d'Acclimatation."

But little happened to vary the monotony of those weeks of waiting. I had gone in my boat one day to take soundings in shore, along the coast stretching from Vera Cruz to Anton Lizardo, when I saw a squadron of Mexican Lancers in their great white hats, looking like a squadron of picadors from a bull-ring, come galloping over the sand-hills. It was more than likely these gentry might fire their carbines at us, and we had no arms to reply with. So I bethought me of an expedient, which turned out quite successful. Instead of retiring as fast as we could row, I ordered my crew to lie motionless on their oars, while with the help of two men I made as though I were carefully preparing, loading, and laying a heavy gun, which was nothing more than a large-sized telescope with which I happened to be provided. The effect was electric. We saw the Mexican squadron make off full tear in every direction, to the delight of my crew. One night we had another adventure. The admiral sent me, with Messrs. Desfossés and Doret, and two engineer officers, Commandant Mangin-Lecreux and Captain Chauchard, to make rather an odd sort of reconnaissance. To understand its nature, my readers must know that the port of Saint Juan d'Ulloa is set on a great reef, separated from Vera Cruz by a narrow arm of the sea. On the edge of the reef looking towards the town, the walls of the fort, into which huge iron rings for mooring big ships are built, go perpendicularly down into the sea. On the opposite

side the glacis runs into a sort of large lake formed by two arms of the reef, level with the surface of the sea. The admiral wanted to know whether the bed of this lake was level, whether it was fordable, and whether, in case of necessity, the glacis and the walls of the fort could be reached from it, after they had been gutted by the big guns.

We started, then, one fine night, reached the belt of reef far away from the fort, landed, and walking through the water, which was half way up to our thighs at the start, we bent our course towards the fort, taking soundings before us, as we went, with long sticks. We found much the same depth everywhere, and a sandy bed covered with short seaweed. The sea had doubtless cast all the sand by degrees over the coral reef, and the currents had levelled it. After a long and tiring march through the water, during which we had to stop and take breath every now and again, whispering to each other, like Raffet's engraving of a similar reconnaissance, "Smoking is forbidden, but you can sit down if you like," we had got quite close to the glacis when we heard a shout of "Alerta!" from the sentries. Commandant Mangin, who was determined to touch the glacis with his hand, was a few steps ahead of us. Suddenly a noise arose within the fort, and in the twinkling of an eye we saw about fifty soldiers appear on the crest of the glacis, with their musket barrels glancing. They rushed down at full speed and sprang into the water after us. We of course made off as fast as ever we could. For some minutes it was a downright trial of speed, and Commandant Mangin was all but caught. But though hostilities were imminent, they had not yet actually begun. So the soldiers did not fire, and they soon tired of pursuing us. We got back without any difficulty, except that great fishes, whose every movement was visible in the phosphorescent water, would rush between our legs. Sharks, perhaps! There were numbers of them in those parts.

The admiral had learnt what he wanted to know. A few days more and the ball opened. The admiral brought

the three frigates, *Néréïde*, *Gloire*, and *Iphigénie* (this last came back from Havana with her crew completed by that of Duquesne's brig), and the two bomb-vessels, broadside on, and attacked the fort. I had asked leave to share in the fun, and, to my great grief, he had refused it. He considered my ship too small and insignificant. "I can't possibly take you. I have put the frigate *Médée* aside too, for I don't consider her guns heavy enough." He sent me to watch the firing of the bomb-vessels, and rectify it if necessary.

Before the firing began an incident occurred in which I was directly concerned. As the attack appeared imminent, the ships anchored or moored close to the fort hastened away, and they all passed close to the point where I was posted. At that moment the admiral signalled to me, "Ship in sight looks suspicious; stop her." Ambiguous as our signalling code is, this order seemed evidently to point to seizing one or several of the vessels just leaving the port. Of these there were four, to wit, a Belgian ship, chartered by the admiral to take off the French subjects resident at Vera Cruz if they should be threatened. It could not be that one. Then there was an American vessel, a quasi warship, flying a pennant and armed, what is called a revenue schooner. Thirdly, the British steam-packet *Express*, also armed and flying a pennant, commanded by a lieutenant in the British Navy, and borne on the *Navy List* as a ship of war. It could be neither of these two, to my thinking. There only remained a Hamburg vessel, which I ordered to go and anchor under the guns of the corvette *Naïade*. But at this instant a lieutenant in one of the *Néréïde's* boats came to me and shouted, "The admiral desires you will take the Mexican pilots off all ships going out of port."

"Off the English packet too?" I inquired.

"The admiral gave no details, he said *all* pilots."

Though it seemed a serious matter to me, considering the touchiness of the English, to take a man off one of

their warships, I had no course but to act. The *Express* had passed astern of me, and I had exchanged friendly greetings with her captain, Lieutenant Cooke, with whom I was acquainted. She was far away already. I hoisted the British flag, and backed my action with a shot across her bow. She brought to, waited for the boat and officer I sent, and the following conversation ensued :—

My Officer.—"My orders are to ask you for your pilot."

Lieutenant Cooke.—"I want him to get to Sacrificios."

My Officer.—"It isn't a mere request I make you."

Lieutenant Cooke.—"If I don't give him up, shall you take him by force?"

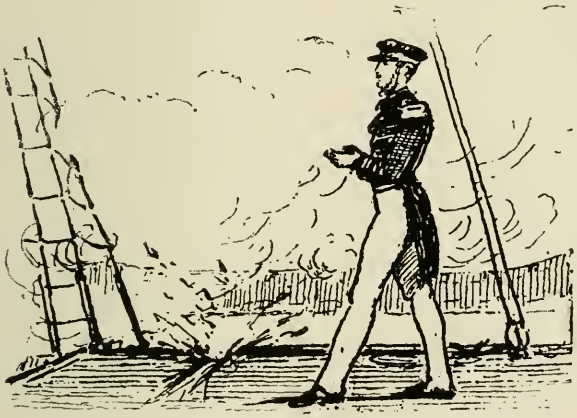
My Officer.—"We trust you will give him up with a good grace, and that we need have no recourse to violence."

Lieutenant Cooke.—"That's very well, sir," and the conversation closed with a shake of the hand, once the British commander had cleared himself of responsibility. So the pilot entered my boat, whence the admiral instantly had him fetched. The American revenue schooner gave hers up without making any difficulty, only declaring the admiral responsible for any accident that might happen to the ship for want of a pilot.

I have related this incident of the pilot of the *Express* in detail because it gave rise to a heated discussion in the British Parliament, during which I was personally taken to task and made responsible for a "violation of international law."

But the admiral gives the signal to open fire, and the cannonade begins. In one moment I am wrapped in smoke. I not only cannot see to watch the firing, I cannot even see where I am going. The lead gives very little depth, and I see the mud disturbed by my keel rising on the surface of the water. I cannot stay where I am, so I crowd on sail and get out of the smoke. I repeat my petition for leave to take part in the fight to the admiral by signal. His heart is touched, and he answered by the welcome word "Yes," and then I go down the line

of frigates, all hotly engaged, especially the *Iphigénie.* Every minute or two I saw splinters of wood flying into the air, cut out by the shot striking her. She had a hundred and eight in her hull, without counting her spars. There were eight in her foremasts alone. It was a perfect miracle everything did not come by the board. That gallant old fellow Parseval kept walking up and down the poop, rubbing his hands whenever a shot struck near him. It was really a fine sight. We waved our hands to each other, and I went and took up my position at the end of the line of frigates. There I stayed, going to and fro under sail, amid a little racket of my own making.



There were hard times within the fort. There had been several explosions already, and it occurred to me to load all my guns with shell and turn them on a sort of tower, called in fortification a cavalier, whence the fire was particularly lively. I had very good gunners, but from my place as commanding officer I could not see where the shots took effect for the smoke. My second officer, who was forward, could judge better than me. At the first shot he shouted to me "Good! in the cavalier." The second, "In the cavalier." The third, "In the cavalier." The fourth—nothing was to be seen. A huge cloud of smoke,

white above, black below, rose from the fort, slowly, to a great height above it. When it cleared a little, driven by the wind, there was no cavalier at all. The whole thing had blown up. My crew shouted with delight, and the captain of one of the guns performed a brilliant hornpipe. Was it my shells? Or did the bombs from the bombship do the job? Not one of my brave fellows on the *Créole* have the shadow of a doubt. Every man has a right to his own opinion.

The fire slackened, and I went to take the admiral's orders. The fort surrendered during the night. The garrison, two thousand strong, evacuated the place, and a convention was concluded with the general in command at Vera Cruz for the abstention of both sides from further hostilities. We then occupied the fort, and the admiral gave me orders to moor the *Créole* under its walls, and together with Comte de Gourdon, commanding the *Cuirassier*, to put prize crews on board the vessels of the Mexican Navy lying there. With the exception of one pretty corvette, the *Iguala*, which has been incorporated with our own navy, these prizes were not worth much.

The unlucky fort was in a terrible condition. Shot and shell and explosions had destroyed everything. A horrible smell rose from the numerous corpses buried everywhere under the rubbish. Wherever battle had not done its work the most revolting filfth reigned supreme, and all this under an equatorial sun and in the midst of the yellow fever. The crew of the *Créole* was at once set to sanitary work, in company with the detachment of engineer sappers attached to the expedition. We dug out the corpses and towed them out to sea, and several very meritorious instances of self-sacrifice occurred which were duly and publicly recognised by the admiral.

My aide-de-camp, M. Desfossés, had drawn up a little code of signals, by means of coloured shirts, with the house of our consul at Vera Cruz, in case of any emergency. Within five days of the taking of the fort we learnt by these signals that the French subjects within the town

were in great danger. We immediately sent all our boats to the mole, which was thronged by a distracted crowd of men, women, and children, all of whom we received and transferred to the fort.

At the same time our consul informed us that Santa Anna, who had been appointed generalissimo, had just arrived with troops, that he had declared the convention null and void, &c., &c., and that we must be prepared for anything. The admiral, who was some way off, with the squadron, at the Green Island anchorage, was at once warned. Luckily it was fine. If it had not been, no communication with him would have been practicable The admiral himself came that very night, and took up his quarters on board the *Créole*. In his usual resolute way, he had at once decided to forestall the enemy's action, and, taking advantage of its surprise, to execute such a *coup de main* with the feeble means at his disposal, as would make it impossible for the city and forts of Vera Cruz to harm us for some time to come at all events, Our night was therefore spent in preparation. The boats of the squadron came in one after the other without any mishap, bringing all the men who could be landed. Counting the three companies of artillery holding the fort, these amounted to about eleven hundred men. We set out between four and five o'clock in the morning in a thick fog. A portion of the troops disembarked, commanded by Captain Parseval, were to scale the small fort on the left of the town with ladders, and then go round the ramparts, spiking the guns, and destroying everything they came across. Another body, under Captain Lainé, was to do the same thing on the right-hand side. And a third column in the centre was to land on the mole, blow up the sea gate, and march on General de Santa Anna's headquarters, to try and seize his person. My own company, numbering about sixty men, formed the advance guard of this last column, the bulk of which consisted of the three companies of artillery.

We started then, with our oars muffled to deaden the

noise. We could hardly find our way in the twilight, and had to strain our eyes to see the mole through the mist. The great gate of the city was closed, no sentry outside it. Everything was asleep. We landed in dead silence, and the column formed up. The sappers ran on ahead, laid the powder bag, and masked it, then a sergeant of sappers lighted the match and shrank back behind a projecting bit of wall. Bang! The mask of the petard just grazed our heads, and one side of the gate lay on the ground. At the same moment firing began in the direction of Parseval's column. "Forward! God save the King!" We caught sight of the guard at the gate bolting off, and then lost it in the fog. There wasn't a cat in the streets. The noise of the musketry fire had driven in anybody who might have been out. Led by a guide we passed at a swinging pace down a street which brought us to the Mexico gate. Here the fog lifted a little. A few shots and bayonet thrusts got rid of the guard at the gate. Just at this moment a barouche galloped up from within the town. It was drawn by six mules with picturesque-looking postilions, in broad-brimmed hats. It was the barouche which had brought Santa Anna, trying to get into the open country. We shot down two or three of the mules, but the carriage was empty.

We then received a heavy discharge of musketry from about a hundred and fifty soldiers who forthwith disappeared down a side street. They were the headquarters guard. Off we tore after them, and were just in time to see the last of them go into a big house which my guide informed me was the headquarters of the military governor. A huge court with galleries running round it, and above them on the first floor more arcades, adorned with flowers in pots and climbing plants, met our gaze when we entered. A sharp fire poured from the first floor the instant we appeared in the courtyard. Hesitation would be fatal. We must get upstairs and bring those folk to their senses. A narrow stairway was the only road. Well, every man must own to some weakness! When I

saw that staircase, up which I should have to go first, and receive the first volley alone when I got to the top, I wavered for a moment, and waving my sword, I shouted, "Volunteers to the front!" My quartermaster, a Parisian, rushed to the staircase, and the sight brought me back to a sense of my duty. I rushed after him. We raced against each other, and I had the satisfaction of getting to the top a good first, followed indeed by my whole company. There was nothing so very terrible about it after all. At first we found ourselves in a sort of vestibule ; an ill-directed fire, which wounded two of our officers only, pouring on us through the doors and windows. Then each of us set to work on his own account. A second boatswain, of the name of Jadot, and I threw ourselves against a door and broke it in with our shoulders. When it gave, I was shot forward by my men pushing on behind me, and hurled into a room full of smoke and Mexican soldiers. One of them, in a white uniform and red epaulettes (I see his straight Indian hair and wicked eye yet), was aiming at me with the barrel of his musket close to my face. I had just time to say to myself, "I'm done for." But no, there was no shot, the gun fell on my feet, and I saw my gentleman roll under a sofa carrying the sword with which Penaud, my lieutenant, had run him through as quick as lightning, stuck between his ribs.

I believe I rid myself of another great big fellow next, and then, the first start having been given, there was a general rout, and I found myself in another room at the end of which I saw several officers, one a general, standing together very calmly, with their swords sheathed. I rushed forward with the boatswain Jadot, to protect them from my men, who were somewhat excited, and the fight was over. The name of the general, a tall fair handsome fellow, was Arista. In later days he became President of the Mexican Republic. He surrendered his sword to me, and I had him taken downstairs, and left him in the hands of artillery Commandant Colombel, who sent him to the fort. As for Santa Anna, we could not find him, though

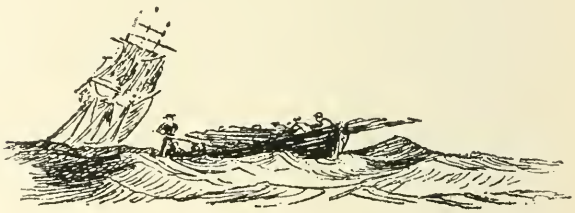
his bed was still warm. We took his epaulettes, and his commanding officer's baton, and Jadot the boatswain, who had lost his own straw hat in the scuffle, put on his gold tipped one.

I lost no time in quitting the house, which was full of blood, and where I was sickened by the sight of the bodies of two wretched women who had been killed by the fire through the doors. Once outside I met Captain Lainé, coming by the ramparts, and carrying out his task of destruction as he went. He urged me to march with my company on a point in the town where Parseval's column was keeping up a steady fire, keeping an eye meanwhile on the churches, the towers of which were reported to be armed with cannon. I set out on this true "*course au clocher*" and presently got to a large building from which we were fired upon.

We entered. It was the hospital. There was another shindy in a big room on the ground floor, full of sick, standing up or kneeling on their beds, scantily covered with red blankets, and all shouting "*Gracia!*" "Mercy!" It was a horrible sight. All the poor wretches were more or less far gone in yellow fever. We went in at one door and hurried out at the other, and at last we got into a long straight street, at the end of which we saw a large house with musketry fire crackling from every window like a great set piece of fireworks. This huge and solid building, set astride on the ramparts, with doors on to the town, and doors into the country, was called the "la Merced" barracks. Full of troops as it was, and with reinforcements constantly coming in from outside, it had stopped Parseval's column ever since the morning, and was soon to stop Laine's as well. One great door faced the street up which we were going. Of course it was shut. We brought a gun to bear on it, and sent a shell into it. Amid the smoke of the discharge, mingled with the sort of fog that was still hanging, we thought the door was broken in, and rushed forward. But when we got near we found the cursed thing was intact, and we were forced to throw ourselves back into the side streets for shelter, for in one instant the whole head of our

column, six or seven being officers, had been killed or wounded. We then set to work, sappers, artillerymen, sailors, and all, to throw up a barricade across the street, so as to bring up a battery of guns, and break that door right down before beginning the attack afresh. But just on this the admiral arrived and the chiefs in command took counsel with him. Considering half our crews were on shore and that the slightest change in the weather might prevent their getting back on board ship, and considering too that the admiral's object had been attained, he gave orders for us to re-embark. The return journey offered no difficulty, except at the very last moment, when nobody was left on the mole but the admiral and a few officers. Then, a great sound of cheering and of warlike music was heard in the town. It was Santa Anna coming to drive the Frenchmen into the sea. Out he came, on horseback, on to the mole, at the head of his men, but the launches from the frigates which were still lying on each side of the jetty fired grape shot into the head of the column, and laid everybody low, —Santa Anna and the rest of them. Some fanatics rushed to the end of the mole in spite of this, to try and shoot the admiral point blank, and he was in great danger. His coxswain and the midshipman on duty, Halna Dufrétay (an admiral and a senator when he died), covered him with their own bodies and were both severely wounded. His secretary, who was with him, and who carried a double-barrelled rifle, killed two Mexicans in two shots. A great friend of mine was killed there too, a charming young fellow who had a great future before him—Chaptal, a first-class cadet. It was known that I was much attached to him and I was given his *aiguillettes* (which I sent to his family) as a remembrance of him. When I got back to the *Créole*, bringing two of my midshipmen, Magnier de Maisonneuve and Gervais, with me, both severely wounded, the admiral sent me orders to fire a shell into the "la Merced" barracks every five minutes. This closed the day of my baptism of fire. The military operations of the campaign were over. The fort of Saint Juan d'Ulloa

remained in our hands in pledge. It was the diplomats' business to complete the work. The admiral dismissed the greater number of his ships and soon sent me off to Havana, which place I did not reach without falling in with two of those violent squalls which are called *norte* in the Gulf of Mexico. I was to lie there on the watch, ready to attack privateers if the Mexican Government should resort to that form of warfare—the fleetness of the *Créole* fitting her specially for such service. Meanwhile my visit was very pleasant to me, after the horrors of Sacrificio and the yellow fever. The commander of an English corvette, the *Satellite*, gave a dinner to M. de Parseval, two other captains and myself, which was so cordial that towards dessert one of the captains, who shall be nameless, passed



his hand gently across his brow and, murmuring "I don't feel very well," sank straightway underneath the table. We took him by the legs and shoulders, Parseval and the English captain and I, but Parseval and the Englishman laughed so much that we had some trouble in getting him to a bed, on which we laid him and where he slept till morning. I know not whether it was for this wound and feat of arms that his native town raised a statue in his honour.

Of course I sought and found all my former Havanese acquaintances. One alone was invisible, the lady of the cigarette. In vain I placed myself night after night before her box. Nobody there! In vain I paid visits to houses I knew she frequented. The covers were all blank. I was sorely grieved. So then I bethought me of a stratagem.

The *Créole* set sail hurriedly, with much bustle, to go and look for a Mexican ship, reported, *so they said*, to be at sea. As soon as the day closed in I made all sail for the port, and leaving my second officer in command, with orders to pick me up at four o'clock next morning at a certain distance and in a certain line from the harbour lights, I jumped into my boat and went ashore. With a bound I was in the theatre. There she was! And I laugh still when I think of her grandparents' faces when they saw me appear; but they raised the quarantine forthwith, and when, soon after, I gave a ball on board the *Iphigénie*, that charming young lady was its chief ornament. Beautiful and quaint that ball was, breezy with victory and duty well performed, the glorious scars of the old *Iphigénie* mingling with the splendour of the flowers and the lights.

After staying a month at Havana, as there was no question of pirates, I was ordered to take the *Créole* back to Brest, where I arrived in March, 1839. My monkey was the first to see and point out the land from the top of the rigging. I had hardly got into the roadstead before the maritime prefect boarded me to tell me I was made a knight of the Legion of Honour. The worthy admiral insisted on receiving me as such before the guard, which had been turned out. He drew his sword to give me the *accolade*, and made me a little speech, under the fire of which I did not flinch, though he was deeply moved.

CHAPTER VI

1839

SCARCELY had I landed from the *Créole* when I received the distressing news of the death of my sister Marie Duchess of Würtemberg. It was the first mourning in our family, the first break in that numerous circle of tenderly attached brothers and sisters. I adored my sister, who was a most remarkable woman, witty, as passionate in her antipathies as in her affections, an artist to the very tips of her fingers. Her death was a deep sorrow to me, and it saddened my short stay among my own people. A short stay it was indeed, for I only came ashore in March, and June found me at the entrance of the Dardanelles, attached to the staff of Admiral Lalande, commanding our squadron in the Levant.

I had rather a funny little adventure on my way to take up my duty. I had asked the then Minister of the Interior, M. Duchatel, to give orders that there should be no official reception when I passed through Toulon—no firing of guns, nor authorities waiting at the city gates, nor troops drawn up, all that wearisome and commonplace ceremonial which I had been through I know not how many times already. The minister had given his promise, and, strong in his assurance, I was just getting there quietly in my travelling-carriage, when the sight of a mounted gendarme, who galloped off the moment he caught sight of us just after we got through the pass of Ollioules, made me suspect some treachery or other. Without a

second's hesitation I jumped out of the carriage, the moment the gendarme was out of sight, and desiring my valet to go on with it, struck across the fields on foot to the harbour. I had not been mistaken, for soon I heard twenty-one guns greeting the entrance of my empty vehicle into Toulon, doubtless amid what the stereotyped official phrase would call, and with good reason this time, a scene of indescribable enthusiasm.

Important events were occurring in the east in rapid succession at the time I joined Lalande's squadron. The recommencement of the struggle between ancient Turkey and that youthful Egypt which the genius of Mehemet Ali had created, had just ended in the final defeat of the Turks in the battle of Nezib—a defeat which was closely followed by the death of Sultan Mahmoud, the last of the determined autocrats of the race of Othman. Action on the part of the European fleet might arise at any moment, owing to these complications and the rivalries thereby excited between England and Russia—great Eastern powers both of them. Our sole preoccupation therefore during our cruise in the Dardanelles was to get our ships into such condition that they might make a good show in the event of anything of the kind occurring. I have related elsewhere how we succeeded, under the powerful will of Admiral Lalande, in reconstituting such a fighting fleet as we had never possessed since the Revolution swept away at one fell swoop the whole of the navy of Louis XVI., with its body of first-class officers, and all that collection of traditions both as to discipline and knowledge which it had gradually acquired.

The admiral's great merit lay in reconstituting these traditions, which have taken deep root and are carefully treasured still. And the curious thing, the peculiar trait, about him was that, though he desired certain results, he would have nothing to do with the means to attaining them. This state of warlike efficiency was not obtained without trouble. Constantly under sail, and overtaxed with rough and unaccustomed forms of drill as the crews were

demoralized too by accidents—men killed or arms and legs broken—the result insisted on by the chief in command was only reached by treating them with extreme severity. On board the *Iéna*, the flagship, corporal punishment—nowadays found useless, and therefore very properly abolished—was of daily occurrence, But the admiral ignored it, never would have it even mentioned to him. He left all that to his flag captain, my friend Bruat, a most energetic officer. I never heard one word of reprimand from Admiral Lalande's lips, and once I saw him get into a fury with one of his captains, who had appealed to his disciplinary authority. The scene is worth describing.

This worthy captain (his name was Danican) commanded the ship *Jupiter*, on which I had taken passage from Toulon to join the squadron, and one of my earliest duties was to present the new comer, with his staff, to the admiral. These gentlemen stood in a circle in the great cabin round Captain Danican, armed to the teeth, cocked hat in hand, and his sword-belt buckled high up round his little body. There they waited. "Père Danican," as he was familiarly called, a veteran sailor, whose name is borne by one of the streets in St. Malo, had the most splendid service record, with this item in particular, that he had been reported as killed in a fight with the English. He had been struck in the belly by grape-shot, lost consciousness, and laid out with the rest of the dead, of whom a list was being made before throwing them overboard one after the other, when the battle was over. They were actually swinging him backwards and forwards to heave him over the side, when one of his comrades called out, "Hold on. Let Danican alone. We'll give him a funeral"—to which ceremony the old Breton owed his life, though it did not soften the by no means placid character of the strict old disciplinarian.

And accordingly, something in his eye, when the admiral came skipping in smilingly, with a commonplace "Good-day, Danican," "Good-day gentlemen," warned me we were going to have a scene. "Admiral," he shouted in a voice of thunder, "I have the honour to present the staff

of the ship *Jupiter* to you—and I take this opportunity, Admiral, of telling you that it would be impossible to be more dissatisfied with these gentlemen than I am!" This tirade concluded by a violent wave of his cocked hat, while the officers stood motionless and stared at the deck. A thunderbolt falling out of heaven would not have startled the admiral more than this speech. I never saw any man so put out of countenance. He shuffled his feet, gave a forced laugh, and not finding anything to say, stammered some disconnected words, "I trust . . . . my dear . . . Danican . . . . a regard for duty . . . . these gentlemen . . . . !" We put a stop to the distressing scene by low bows of dismissal, and everybody went off in a rage—the officers with their captain, the captain with the admiral for not supporting discipline, and the admiral with everybody, including, it may be, his own self.

Nobody was satisfied, which is indeed the invariable consequence of weakness, for the love of vulgar popularity was the weakness of our eminent chief, so deeply respected on other accounts. This same weakness caused him to end his days as a Deputy of the most colourless opinions.

I cruised for six months outside the Dardanelles, first with the *Iéna* and afterwards with the *Belle-Poule*, which had joined the squadron and of which I had been given command—six months which offered nothing in the way of wild gaiety, beyond the routine of my duty. True, we saw the sun rise over Mount Ida every morning, but we never saw the shadow of a goddess. The utmost we did in the short breathing spaces between our drills and cruises between Cape Baba and the Isles of Tenedos, Lemnos and Imbro, was to land at the slaughter-house of the contractor to the squadron, irreverently styled *Charognopolis*, for an excursion to the ruins of Troy, to shoot snipe in the marshes of Simois, or get a hare on the tomb of Patroclus.

This monotony was broken, however, by the appearance of the Turkish fleet, which we saw issuing, forty strong, from the Dardanelles, sailing along in confusion, driv-

ing before a strong breeze—altogether a most stately sight.

We took station abreast of the squadron, saluting the Capitan Pasha, who on his side ordered his fleet to heave to—a manœuvre which was performed amid a fine confusion. A steam launch at once came towards us. It bore the second in command of the fleet, Osman Pasha, sent by the Capitan Pasha to request an interview with Admiral Lalande. He consented and boarded the Turkish ship, taking me with him.

During our passage to the Capitan Pasha's flag-ship, Osman Pasha led us below, closed all the cabin doors with an air of mystery, and with the help of a young Armenian dragoman he told us a long story, which I will sum up in a few words. Constantinople, so he said, was being laid waste by fire and sword. On the death of Sultan Mahmoud, Kosrew Pasha, who was no better than a Russian agent, had seized the reins of power. He stuck at nothing, so long as he kept them. The real Turks, the faithful Mussulmans, were losing their heads by the hundred; the head of the faith himself, the Sheik el Islam, had not been spared. He refused to consecrate the new Sultan until he wore the venerated turban of Othman upon his head instead of the revolutionary fez, and for this he was strangled at midnight, with great pomp it is true, and amid the salvos of artillery due to his exalted rank (a poor consolation, I thought to myself!). The lives of Osman Pasha himself and of his chief, the Capitan Pasha, hung by a thread. Wherefore they had both resolved, instead of fighting against Mehemet Ali, as everybody believed they would, to make common cause with him, so as to unite all the Mussulman strength in one single alliance, and make one of those concentrated efforts which have been the dream of every period and every country which has been torn by revolution. In plain English, the two chiefs in command were carrying the unconscious fleet into an act of defection which was intended to save their own heads. They wanted the

admiral's approbation, which he refused. Then they asked for a French war-ship to go with them as a sort of lifeboat, which he promised them, and above all, they begged that no word, glance, or gesture of ours, during the visit we were about to pay, might betray the secret confided to us. We then boarded the Capitan Pasha's flagship, where we had a reception that was truly oriental in its mingled pomp and duplicity—we alone, amidst the crowd of courtiers, officers, and foreign representatives surrounding this commander-in-chief, about to turn traitor, being possessed of his secret. Not to mention that as we went along the gun decks, we saw the Turkish gunners smoking their pipes beside the heaps of cartridges piled between the guns. A highly oriental sight also, and far from tranquillizing!

By evening the Turkish fleet had disappeared over the horizon, and the only other recollection my memory holds of this period is that of a reconnaissance along the northern coast of the Dardanelles, and the peninsula between Gallipoli and the Gulf of Saron, which reconnaissance I made with several other officers, under colour of a sporting expedition in a Turkish boat called a *sakolève* and with a view to an ultimate military occupation of the peninsula. Mayhap the notes made during this expedition were of use when Gallipoli was occupied in 1854, at the beginning of the Crimean War.

In the course of the autumn, I beheld Constantinople, that most wonderful of landscapes, for the first time in my life. And to begin with, the thing which struck me most were the sunsets over the huge city. Nothing can give any idea of how magnificent they are, with the towers and thousand mosques of Stamboul standing out like a mysterious

vision in the misty golden haze, an enchanted city of aerial palaces hanging in mid-air. In those days the soft evening mists I speak of were ideal in their transparence, which no smoke ever dimmed, for the factories and steamboats which now hang their black plumes over Constantinople were then unknown. Instead of steamers, there were only those delightful caiques, laden with brightly-dressed passengers, gliding silently along in their thousands, and leaving as it were tracks of glistening spangles in their wake. Nothing can ever efface that sight from my recollection.

Among the caiques, which are quite peculiar to the Bosphorus, was one I met many a time, and which was indeed well known to everybody. It belonged to a sister of the late Sultan Mahmoud, celebrated in Constantinople for her love affairs—a sort of Marguerite de Bourbon, for whose fleeting favours several people had paid with their heads. Three oarsmen, splendid white-skinned fellows

with long fair moustaches, and athletic frames scarcely concealed beneath their white drawers and striped silk gauze shirts, sent their mistress's caique flying through the water. She was a tall woman, with piercing eyes and an aristocratic air—always seated between two lovely maids of honour. I say lovely, for the Turkish woman, when she is unobserved, when she knows her own beauty and meets eyes whose admiration she desires to rouse, always finds means of permitting her veil the most delight-

ful if indiscreet revelations. Consequently I was always on the look-out to try and get a sight of the Sultana's caique. It must be remembered I was just off a cruise after long months spent in warlike solitude on board ship. So, though St. Sophia, with its size and its legend, had struck me as being the most profoundly devotional edifice I had ever seen—an impression which the sight of St. Peter's at Rome and of the Cathedral of Seville has never removed—my attention and curiosity were much more drawn to the earthly representatives of the houris promised to the faithful, than to the monuments of the Faith.

The curiosity I speak of led me on a certain Friday to

the Sweet Waters of Asia. I found the loveliest of scenes lying before my eyes that delicious afternoon towards the end of August. Imagine an immense meadow, broken up by clumps of trees, sloping down to the swift blue waters of the Bosphorus, on the other side of which ran wooded hills dotted with mosques and minarets and gaily painted country houses. Close to the edge of the water stands a kiosk, and an elegantly-carved marble fountain. And around the kiosk is a sort of promenade shaded by huge plane-trees. Under these plane-trees a hundred, or thereabouts, gaily adorned and plumed arabas, now standing unharnessed in the meadow, had deposited an army of the

smartest Turkish ladies. Some of them sat beside the water, others round the fountain, others again followed little pashas mounted on ponies led by eunuchs. What with the richness of the landscape, the truly oriental light, and the variety and splendour of the dresses, the whole sight was really fairy-like. We were very desirous of studying it in detail, and at close quarters. A line of soldiers cut off the portion of the grove of plane-trees reserved to women only. But our ambassadress and her daughters, who had come at the same time as ourselves, had a right to enter it, and we hurried after them. At first the officer commanding the guard tried to stop us. However, after a colloquy with the dragoman of our Embassy, he contented himself with begging us to go through quickly. The ladies of the Embassy having seated themselves among the Turkish ladies, we did likewise, and, in spite of the angry glances of the eunuchs, by dint of mutual curiosity and a little flirtation we spent several hours quite delightfully. Lots of pretty women, and forbidden fruit into the bargain. No more veils, no more férédjés. We could scrutinize the exquisite costumes at our leisure.

When I say "No more veils" I ought rather to say nothing but an excuse for a veil—a gauze chin covering leaving nose and eyes and eyebrows bare, and so transparent across the mouth, that where that mouth was a pretty one, to cover it at all was but an extra piece of coquetry.

All these women were chatting, eating, amusing themselves, some sitting, some lying down, going and coming, hanging about near the ladies of the Embassy, to examine the details of their dresses too. If instantaneous photography had existed in those days, what an infinity of charming and picturesque groups might have been snatched. I did venture to make one or two rapid sketches on the sly; but there were too many eyes upon me, and besides it was an abuse of the toleration which was being shown us. I could not tear myself away from this most exceptional

sight, which will never be seen again, now the Turkish ladies have adopted European fashions—boots and petticoats, and stays, deceiving stays!

But every good thing comes to an end, and besides, as the day wore on, a great cloud of smoke rose over Constantinople, and steadily increased in volume. It was evidently a fire. In that country, where all the buildings except the mosques and a house here and there are wooden —a fire is a terribly serious thing. Was it Stamboul, or was it Pera, and with Pera our hotel, that was blazing? Carried along by the sinewy strokes of our *caïqchis*, and aided by the current, we went swiftly down the Bosphorus, landed at Dolma-Batché, and rapidly climbed the Cemetery Hill. Thence I saw a striking sight. The whole quarter below, called Kassim Pasha, lying between Pera and Galata, was in flames. Over three hundred houses were already burnt out. The wooden houses, kindled by falling sparks, crackled like faggots, and we could see the conflagration spreading like a spot of oil. Fifty houses away from those actually on fire, people were turning out, throwing doors and windows and furniture into the streets, without warning of any kind. Drawing nearer the scene of the fire, we came upon a troop of vile-looking fellows, the rioters of our country, grafted on to the Mussulman fanatic—*kavasses* were raining blows with their sticks on this crowd of volunteers (or thieves); firemen, bare-armed and turbanless, hurried along, with their fire pumps on their shoulders, shouting shrilly and knocking over people as they went; troops kept coming up from all quarters, horsemen trotted up at full speed, and packs of terrified dogs tore wildly through the streets, howling with pain. It was a singular sight indeed.

Seeing the flames kept gaining ground, and were already licking the first houses in the European quarter in Pera, I sent orders for the crews of two of our ships, anchored at Tophana, to land, slipped on my uniform, and put myself at their head, resolved to try and save the Frank town. Luckily it was calm, or the attempt would have been quite

hopeless. But the sun had set red, and that presaged wind. There was no time to be lost. I hurried up with a hundred and fifty sailors. The first houses on each side of the street of Pera were in flames, but a spot was pointed out to me, twelve or fifteen houses off, where, the street narrowing between a stone mosque and some gardens, one might hope to clear a space to stop the fire, by pulling down the five or six intervening houses. I had no hesitation in giving the order for this, my men set eagerly to work, and all the active portion of the Frank population of Pera were seconding our efforts, when one of the generals of the garrison, Selim Pasha, came up with his men, and fell into a fury at the sight of what we were doing. I forthwith seized him by the hand and dragged him, the dragoman of the Embassy, M. Lauxerrois, following us, to the top of the minaret of the mosque. Here I said to the dragoman, "Do show this fool of a pasha that the clearing we are making is our only chance of saving Pera;" and as M. Lauxerrois began to translate this into Turkish, "Don't trouble," said Selim Pasha, in very good French, "I understand." I begged his pardon for the epithet, but he had passed suddenly already from rage to enthusiasm. He tore down stairs four steps at a time, and I shortly saw him without his coat, in trousers and list braces, helping us to pull down the houses, and setting an example of the utmost activity to his own men.

Down came the houses, one after the other. Our sailors behaved splendidly. They climbed up on to the roofs and fastened ropes, to which we harnessed the whole of the population, while the frameworks were being sawn through below till the whole thing came down with a crash. Indeed I saw one house come down with five or six sailors perched on its roof. I rushed forward in horror, thinking they must all be maimed or killed. Not a bit of it! Only a few hands and feet torn by nails! Truly God watches over the brave! The fall of one Turkish house caused a pretty scene! The proprietor was determined to prevent it. He struck and swore at us,—pulling out his beard.

The anticipation of the destruction of his property drove him wild. Finding nobody paid any attention to him, he called his women folk to his assistance. They hastened up like furies, at first. Then, changing their tactics, they cast themselves on my officers, clasping them in their arms, covering them with kisses and caresses, and trying "the power of their charms" on them in every imaginable way. It was a curious sight truly to watch by the light of the flames, and amidst such a cacophony of races, a handful of sailors stopping the passers-by, Turks as well as the rest, setting them to work, snatching the fire-pumps from the firemen, carrying soldiers and generals too along with them, and in fact ruling the roast in the very middle of Constantinople.

At last, thanks to the fire-pump and thanks to our own selves, the fire stopped just where we had fought it. I went off then towards the cemetery, where it was still burning, and where the sight was most singular. An immense crowd of people, the whole population of the burnt-out quarters of the town, in every imaginable costume, and silent like true fatalists, herded on the hill and the plateau, together with whatever had been saved out of the disaster. Under the red light of the conflagration, the flames of which shot up in great jets into the skies, the huge bivouac made a splendid picture, reminding one of the works of the English painter Martyn, the *Last Judgment*, *Belshazzar's Feast*, and so forth. Stamboul, with her forest of minarets and her thousands of lights, stood out on the horizon against a lovely starry sky, and in the foreground the Seraskier sat in a big armchair, surrounded by an immense staff, seeming very philosophically resigned to the catastrophe over which he appeared to be presiding. In one hand he held his pipe, and in the other a slice of melon. We were already well acquainted, and when he saw me coming up, all blackened with smoke and ashes, he roared with laughter. But he gave me a slice of his melon, and very grateful it was to my parched throat.

The fire was under control—that is to say, there was

only one block of houses left burning, and this had no communication with either Galata or Pera. But the disaster was a great one. Over fifteen hundred houses had been burnt. The exact number was never known. First because nobody counted them—that would have been quite contrary to oriental indifference and fatalism—and then because it would have been excessively difficult to make them out, in the confused ash heap which had taken their place. The number of families reduced to destitution must have been very considerable, but individual charity is very liberal amongst the Mussulmans, as indeed amongst all people possessed of religious faith. I got home, at one o'clock in the morning, worn out. Shortly afterwards the wind rose. If it had begun to blow a little earlier, nothing would have remained of Pera, of the Frankish town, nor of the Embassies.

A very few days had gone by when I was bidden to quite a different sort of entertainment. After the disease of adopting the Gentile's trousers and frock-coat, yet another disease seized upon Turkey—that of having a constitution in imitation of the constitutions in vogue amongst the Giaours, and the Sultan had the kindness to ask me to see one proclaimed. Concerning the constitution itself, which bore the altogether Turkish name of "Hatti Schereef de Gulhané," I will say nothing. First of all because I never read it, and secondly because I have been told it was "liberal," that is to say, fitted, like M. Prudhomme's sword, to organize government, and if necessary to destroy it, this last more frequently—and that is quite enough for me. But the proclamation ceremony was likely to be curious. So on the appointed day I started forth in full uniform, to be present at it. It was to take place within the Seraglio. The first incident in the day was that my boat met the Russian Minister's caique at the landing-stage, and as neither of our coxswains would yield to the other there was an awful bump, which damaged the dignity of our attitudes by knocking us down like card houses. Then we had to ride rather frisky horses in Turkish saddles,

and this, what with our cocked hats, dangling swords, and unstrapped trousers, was yet another trial to the dignity of some of my sailor comrades. Nevertheless, we got without hindrance to a kiosk, the upper story of which was to be occupied by the Sultan and his harem, and the lower by the diplomatic corps. A special window had been reserved for me. Bands began to play, loud shouts were heard. The Sultan was coming, on horseback, preceded by a crowd of officers and pashas, in full dress. Between him and them, dressed in a sort of blue blouse with epaulettes, hobbled a little lame man with a big red head, a white beard, and a spiteful-looking face. It was Kosrew

Pasha, the Grand Vizier, he who had caused so many heads to fall, the strangler of the Sheik el Islam. He bowed low several times as he passed me. After him came the Sultan's pages, handsome young fellows, carrying halberts and wearing gilt shakos with immense plumes of peacocks' feathers, aigrettes, or birds of Paradise. In the centre of them was the Sultan himself, almost hidden by their plumes. He kept his head thrown back and wore a black cloak trimmed with diamonds and a fez with an aigrette adorned with the same stones. He dismounted. The Grand Vizier and the new Sheik el Islam held up the corners of his cloak, while a hideous negro, with hanging lips and haunches like a woman, covered with embroideries,

advanced to receive him. This was Kislar Aga, chief eunuch and governor of the harem.

And now everybody has come, "Let the sport begin." From my window I look out on a broad space, surrounded by beautiful umbrella pines and sloping gently down to the sea. Beyond is the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus and the pretty village of Kadi-Keni. This space is full of troops, twelve splendid battalions of the Imperial Guard, Lancers and Artillery. These form a circle, in the centre of which rises a pulpit covered with some yellow stuff, and around it the pashas and the whole body of Ulemas and Mollahs, wearing the ancient costume—coloured kaftans, and big white or green turbans, crossed with broad gold bands—shortly collect. The chief dervishes and the heads of all the religious sects are there also. All this clergy stands there motionless, impassive, with lowered eyes, not over pleased, I fancy, at bottom. Then the crowd makes a rush, which infuriates the Grand Vizier. He makes towards it, lifting his little leg very high and waving his handkerchief. At the very sight of him everybody flees, and retires humbly within bounds. Then the manuscript of the Hatti-Schereef is brought to him. He carries it respectfully to his lips and forehead, and hands it over to Reschid Pasha, who ascends the pulpit and reads it out. That over and finished midst the deepest silence, an Imaum takes Reschid Pasha's place in the pulpit. He stretches out his arms. All present do the same, the soldiers stretch-

ing out but one on account of their weapons, and he intones the prayer for the Sultan, which every one repeats in chorus. After which every man passes his hand across his eyes and beard and the troops shout "Allah" three times, with unequalled fervour and passion. Hundreds of cannon are fired in all directions, and the beautiful sight, lighted up by the most brilliant of sunshine, has come to an end. The Sultan has departed. The Sultana Validé sends me a posse of officials, bearing cakes and sweetmeats. I take leave of Kosrew Pasha and depart also, thinking sadly that if this Turkish people, so brave on the field of battle and apparently still so devoted to its sovereign, and so firm in its religious faith, is truly, in spite of all, a rapidly decaying nation, the miserable rag of paper read out this day will certainly not save it.

The Sultan gave me an uninteresting audience in the pretty Top-Kapou Palace—now burnt down, I believe—which stood on the extreme end of the Seraglio point. I had visited the palace, which was then unoccupied, with a very witty Pasha who spoke French admirably well—and whom I had known in Paris—Namick Pasha, commander of the Imperial Guard. We had gone over all the rooms in the harem, and this visit, with the explanations and commentaries given me by such a guide, had been most interesting. One room was a perfect gem, and I cannot resist the pleasure of describing it. It was very large, circular, the floor covered with very fine matting. All round it was a little raised platform, covered with divans. The walls were entirely formed of great mirrors, in splendid rococo frames of carved wood, gilt. It was evidently the room in which the harem festivals were held. Between the mirrors were eight little doors, every one leading to a small apartment for one woman, fitted with mirrors and divans and each hung with a different stuff. To complete the whole thing, there was a passage leading to a bath-house, consisting of several very pretty marble bath-rooms. The master of all this must have had a good time! All sorts of

details were given me while I was there. The Sultan had no legitimate wives except those who bear children—so the competition may be imagined. Mahmoud had had thirty-five children, but only five were left, two sons and three daughters. The rest had died in infancy. The actual Sultan, Abdul-Medjid, who was very young at the time of my visit, had only one wife with child, but his mother, the Sultana Validé, had just presented him with six young ladies, said to be charming, as an encouragement. Besides this, every year, at the Feast of Bairam, the Sheik el Islam gives the Sultan a beautiful slave to whom he is compelled by the Law and the Prophet to give proofs of his affection, that very day, on pain of incurring the wrath of Allah. Only nobody knows whether Allah, up in his celestial home, has reason to be pleased or not.

Having still a few spare days before I rejoined the squadron, I took advantage of an Austrian steamer to cross the Black Sea as far as Trebizond, whence I gazed admiringly on the splendid chain of the snowy Caucasian peaks. I should much have liked to get as far as Erzeroum, in the heart of Asia Minor. But as time failed me I contented myself with travelling at full speed for one day, along the road leading thither, with the Tartar or postman who carried the mails, so as to obtain some idea of the country. When I say road I speak figuratively. It was not even a path. It was a mere track across the woods and rocks and ravines of that mountainous region, but along that track the Tartar galloped imperturbably, never stopping however terrible the ground might be. When the post-carrying experience was over, my comrades and I were more done up than we had ever been in our lives. The least weary of the party was the son of our consul at Trebizond, Maxime Outrey, a charming lad, brought up and dressed *à l'orientale*, whom we had taken with us as our dragoman, and who vied with the Tartar in speed and boldness the whole day long like one possessed. On the way back from Trebizond our steamer was crammed with

passengers coming from every corner of Asia, the strangest medley of Circassians, Persians, and cat merchants, and one pasha. I bought a splendid Angora during the passage, and the pasha bought himself a wife. The whole of the negotiations for the latter acquisition, the discussions, the examination and verification of the merchandize, took place in our cabin, and very amusing it was. The young lady belonged to a Tcherkess family which had eluded the Russian cruisers, and come alongside of us at Trebizond in big boats with triangular sails, spotted like a tiger's hide. The head of the family, a tall old man, was going to Mecca, to seek a cure there for the horrible agony caused by a Russian bullet which was still in his head. His sons, handsome fellows in splendid costumes, with fine features and shoulders broad out of all proportion to waists that were like girls', were going with him. There were a dozen women besides, and do you know, my reader, what that pack of women was? Letters of credit, bank notes, by means of which the old man with his wound expected to pay the expenses of his journey! Having no cash, he had brought the twelve best-looking girls in his family with him. He had just disposed of one on board, and he reckoned on doing the same with the rest all along the road. We soon made the acquaintance of the party. The girls were huddled together on deck in a sort of cage or trelliswork, where they remained, drenched by the sea, four days and three nights, without their chatter and their outbursts of merriment ever ceasing for a single instant. They all dreamt of becoming the wives of sultans or pashas and of living in palaces. As the old man fed them with nothing but millet, to fatten them, we used to bring them our dessert after each meal, and so we were soon good friends. Thanks to some trifling service I rendered the old man, he consented to bringing the prettiest girl into my cabin, and allowing her to unveil, so that I might do her picture. I thought the model and her costume both equally lovely, but the sitting was a very short one.

Whether it was shyness or sea-sickness I know not. But she complained of the heat, began to cry, and I had to send her away.

I merely passed through Constantinople on my way back. It was the middle of Ramadan, all the mosques lighted up at night, and the women promenading in the square of the Seraskier in the daytime—a regular *persil.* I went there one day with Paul Daru, Lavalette and Cyrus Gérard, all members of the embassy M. de Sercey was taking to Persia. They came from Paris and told me the news from there. In my turn I told them all about the battle of Nezib, a very interesting description of which I had had the good luck to hear from two young Prussian officers, eye-witnesses of it, one of whom became the celebrated Marshal von Moltke ; and also all I learnt about the Eastern question on my visits to the Embassies, to Therapia and Buyukderé. There I had met all the chief members of the diplomatic corps, which consisted during my stay of two French ambassadors, succeeding each other, both of them instability personified—one was Admiral Roussin, a distinguished sailor, the other M. de Pontois, a professional diplomat—both of them very kind, but neither, as a result of their instability, having any real influence. Beside them two men of tenacity and steadfastness admirably personified two great powers. Lord Ponsonby, a tall, blunt, haughty, unsociable old man, represented British perseverance and Lord Palmerston's prejudices, while M. de Boutenieff, a charming, kindly, and witty man, liked by everybody and making game somewhat of all, stood for the great destinies of the Russian people, and the mighty will of the Emperor Nicholas. An armed Russian intervention in the Bosphorus was no longer in question, but it was unforeseen as yet that Russia and England would agree to ruin the work of Mehemet Ali, the last strength in reality of the Mussulman world, and that the whole of Europe would join these two powers in their willing alliance for the isolation and humiliation of France,

revolutionary France! No more allies for us, since we have gone into that mill! We sacrificed 200,000 men in the Crimea. What did we get by it? The garter for Napoleon III. One word or deed of sympathy for all our reverses? Not the shadow of one! Revolutionary France has been asked for help. But none has ever been given her. Would it be rendered her now? God grant it!

CHAPTER VII

1840—1841

I LEFT Constantinople with a farewell glance, full of pleasant memories, over its forest of minarets, over the Bosphorus and the smiling Princes Islands, and at the snowy peak too of Mount Olympus, which, with my taste for mountaineering, I had climbed but a short time previously. An interesting ascent it had been, first of all through that Eastern Switzerland around the pretty town of Broussa, and then over the snow and rocky *débris* to the summit, whence a matchless panorama is to be seen. The squadrons, one French and one English, forming a strong force of ships, were at that time on guard at the mouth of the Dardanelles. I went back to my duty in ours, which was still as active and incessantly drilled as ever. The English squadron, commanded by Sir Robert Stopford, a handsome white-haired old man, was less restless. But the fleets dispersed before long. Ours sailed for Smyrna, whence the Admiral sent the *Belle Poule* under my command, and the *Triton*, Captain Hamelin, back to France. We sailed in company, and after a somewhat lengthy winter passage, we got to Toulon only to find ourselves put into thirty-five days of quarantine. Five and thirty days of prison and solitude and uselessness imposed on a crew without a single sick man, which was daily inspected by its officers as to cleanliness, whose health was looked after by three doctors, and which had just gone through the best and safest of purifying operations—a long sea voyage. Five and thirty days

during which 400 men ate and drank and lived at the expense of the National Budget without doing the smallest work for the country—the whole thing inflicted by the Sanitary Board—a purely local and irresponsible body with its eternal round of red tape. A good thing it is indeed that such a monstrous and intolerable abuse should have been abolished! The only reason it lasted so long is, that it brought in a revenue to the members of the board. To begin with, they filled the inn they kept under the title of "Lazaretto" by force, and then they sold the disinfectants. "Gentlemen," the sanitary officer would say, with his provençal accent—"Nous allons faire le parfum." The crew were shut up below, the officer lighted a sort of pastille which made a great smoke, everybody pretended to sneeze at once . . . . and we were disinfected! The farce was over! There was a great dinner too, which the board gave itself at Saint Roch, at the expense of the persons in quarantine, which put the finishing touch to the scandal. Wherefore, during my own detention, I always had the band on deck as soon as the boat belonging to the board appeared in the port, and greeted it with the most horrible and discordant of music. Further, I asked guilelessly for leave to carry on my ship's firing drill in the Lazaretto Bay, and I took care to open fire so close to the Lazaretto itself that I heard all the glass in the windows fall out with a crash. As I expected, I was forbidden to do it again, the board being furious, and having lodged a complaint, stating that I used bad cartridges, but I had a delicious moment of vengeance all the same.

The quarantine came to an end at last, I was given leave, and once more, with joy, beheld my family, and Paris too. I had spent the greater part of my existence for the past four years at sea, and I confess I thirsted somewhat for Paris, dear unrivalled Paris! I got there in the heart of the winter of 1839, and left it in the first days of June of the same year. What recollections have I of those four months of repose? In vain I tax my memory, I can find

nothing, or hardly anything at all. As far as exterior events go, none but the most infinitesimally small—the eternal wearying struggle between ministers *in esse* and *in posse*, which left the bulk of the public exceedingly indifferent. If the situation from the external point of view had grown more serious, at all events it did not inspire anxiety. The strength of the monarchical principle still made itself felt, in spite of the hitch in 1830. People reckoned on the King, on his wisdom and far-sighted patriotism, to ward off the dangers, present and future, with which the ambition of the permanent and persevering governments around us threaten us, but of which our short-sighted democracy takes so little account. The King was indeed shortly to justify this confidence by saving France from a war with a European coalition, about the Eastern question—a war into which we were being led by the imprudence of M. Thiers and the bragging of our press and which could have ended in nothing but disaster.

The governmental machine worked meanwhile, as a whole, with tolerable smoothness. The House of Peers, the members of which were permanent, and therefore strangers to electoral compromise, discussed with weight and authority laws which were really progressive, respecting as they did the interests and liberties of all concerned; while the Chamber of Deputies, consisting of unpaid members, voted with much more care for the public weal than is possible in an assembly of men enslaved by their election committees, and perpetually haunted by the nightmare of re-election. An independent magistracy, according to President Seguier's fine expression, gave sentences, not services, "*rendait des arrêts, et non pas des services*," while the administration, which was almost as permanent as the magistracy, had time to do good work and did it. In short, except for the criminal classes, and those incorrigible revolutionists who ask perpetually for the impossible, everybody felt that his security, his liberty, and his faith, were well protected, and, as I heard said on all sides when I came back from my voyages, people felt they were well

governed. It is true that if I opened the newspapers I generally read to the contrary in them—but if there were some few serious organs of public opinion among these journals, edited by courageous and talented men, who did their best to serve their country by their writings, whatever their opinions might be, how many more had editors who were mere slander-mongers, and columns all the more eagerly read, the more calumnious they were, and the more they pandered to every envious and subversive passion. Such men were the spokesmen of that increasingly numerous class of speculators, who relinquish any useful career to seek fortune in the chances of politics. According to them, oppression and corruption had grown intolerable, and would never cease until power passed into their own immaculate hands. They alone possessed the secret for turning France into a terrestrial Paradise, by applying in all *sincerity* the great and high-sounding principles, liberty, equality and fraternity. This *sincerity* of application, which has been so frequently announced, dallies somewhat in its coming, especially as regards equality, which to so many people merely means, "That which I have not nobody else shall have." The word equality is seductive truly, and in every self-respecting community equality before the law must be utterly absolute for all men. But so long as science discovers no means for making all men equally intelligent and all women equally beautiful, I shall continue to look upon universal and blind equality as the most absurd and the most dangerous of chimeras. These reflections did not occur to me at the period I speak of. I was far too careless in the year 1840 to bother my head about the conundrums set by our office-seekers, "place-hunters" as the Americans call them. While they were amusing themselves with the fancies, envious, irreligious, unhealthy, and above all self-interested, which they posed as deducing from the principles of 1789, a far more terrible revolution than the French one—for it was to strike the poor as well as the rich—was shortly to burst upon us; the revolution

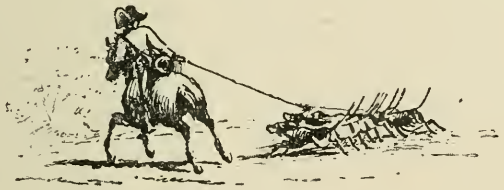
brought about by the use of steam and electricity and rapidity of communication. Few people in those days foresaw the complete subversion of all the conditions of labour and food supply and life itself, which was to overtake all the peoples gathered together in old-established communities on worn-out soil, a subversion which is only in its beginning as yet, and the remedy for which we cannot discover.

One of the first results of the use of steam was to make it essential for all nations having war fleets to transform their arsenals and their naval stores. It was absolutely necessary to be able to oppose an enemy, whose means

of attack could overcome wind and tide, with defensive means of equal power. That was as clear as A B C. This transformation interested me keenly—for the future of the arm of the service to which I had fervently devoted my whole life, and which I desired to see become once more a redoubtable weapon of our country's power, was bound up with it. But, to carry it through, we had to war with routine, with the obstinacy bred of old habit, and with the narrow ideas which were taught in the naval schools. It was a continuous daily struggle in which I bore an assiduous part.

Apart from this naval question, my time was spent between my home life, my worship for the fine arts, and

the theatre, and also in boar-hunting, of which I grew passionately fond; and what makes this curious is that before I tried it I scorned the idea to such an extent that my brothers tied me up and took me by force the first time. Every incident of the hunt, the attack, the pursuit, all the unforeseen occurrences of the chase, leading you nobody knows whither, so that you even lose yourself in the dark sometimes in strange places, has still all the charm of struggle and action to me. And what a pleasant party of sportsmen we used to be, during our visits to Compiègne, to Chantilly, and above all to Fontainebleau! My brothers and I, the two Greffuhles, Caumont, Morny, Valewski, Edgard Ney, La Rochette, Casimir Perier, d'Albuféra, Wagram, the de l'Aigles; foreigners too, Bedmar, d'Ossuna—and officers—and some



ladies,—amongst these the beautiful Duchess of Somerset, who always hunted in a mask, and was invariably escorted by the charming Prince Labanoff. There were painters too amongst the most assiduous sportsmen—Jadin and Decamps. Decamps, of whom I was a fanatical admirer, was just in his best period—so too were Delacroix and M. Ingres; and all that pleiad of great artists, young then and in the full flush of their powers—Leopold Robert, Horace Vernet, Delaroche, my own master Ary Scheffer, Flandrin, and the landscape painters Marilhat and Corot—this last, in his first manner, dry and rectilinear, like that of Poussin. Nobody nowadays has any idea of the eager discussions aroused by the opening of the Salon and the superior merit of such a picture or statue. Nobody was indifferent: everybody was either for or against; each man either

attacked the artist or lauded him to the skies. Works of art bring more money now, according as they are produced by this man or that, but they are less discussed. Which is the best inspiration for an artist, money or passion?

The theatres too, the Vaudeville, Variétés, Français, the Opera, were delightful. At the Vaudeville, which had migrated after the fire in the Rue de Chartres to the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, Arnal, the inimitable, quaintest and cleverest of comic actors, was playing. At the Variétiés they were acting the *Saltimbanques*, a play every line of which has passed into proverbs, which all my

generation have been repeating for the last forty years. A woman of genius, Mademoiselle Rachel, had brought back its long forgotten glory to the Théâtre Français. For my part I never saw anything so absolutely perfect on the stage. With hardly any gesture, simply by the play of her countenance, her expressive glance, and the intonation of her voice, she expressed all the passions with an intensity that affected all her audience. She had a genius for dress and drapery. In her peplum she might have been taken for an antique statue, and she knew how to endue herself with the most incomparable womanly charm in all her

parts, even the most savage ones. If she had committed murder you would have loved the murderess, and, strangely enough, this extraordinary woman was never witty except with her pen.

As for the Opera, the production of the great composers who had made its glory some years before had ceased. Of that trio of wonderful artists, Nourrit, Levasseur, and Mdlle. Falcon, only one, Levasseur, remained. The art of music was taking a rest. To make amends for this, the opera shone in ballet, fairy-like performances in which pantomime and trap-doors played as important a part as the actual dancing. Nothing could have been more enchanting than the *Diable Boiteux* with its many and various tableaux and its dresses, and Fanny Elsler dancing the "cachucha," or the *Sylphide* or the *Revolte du Sérail* with Taglioni. I saw my brother Nemours in great danger during a performance of this last-named ballet. At a certain point the dancers, representing the *revoltées*, armed themselves with bows and shot a cloud of arrows into the wings. Now in the heat of action one of these arrows, launched with extraordinary vigour but uncertain aim by a charming young lady, one of the principal dancers, Mdlle. Duvernay, stuck in the column which separated the Royal Box in the old Le Pelletier house from that of the Marquis du Hallay, only a few inches from my brother's head. There was an exclamation from all parts of the house, great confusion on the stage and many comments made. But "all's well that ends well." That happy time of youth and carelessness and hunting and theatre-going was not to last long. Two of my brothers started for Africa—Chartres (as we always called our eldest brother the Duc d'Orléans) was to take over the command of a division in the column which, under the orders of Marshal Vallée, was to check the rising prestige of Abd el Kader for ever at the Mouzaia Pass. My younger brother Aumale, was to have the opportunity during this expedition of breaking his first lance right brilliantly. I saw them depart with envy, and to add to my annoyance I shortly

fell ill of a violent attack of measles. One day, as I lay in high fever, I saw my father appear followed by M. de Rémusat, then Minister of the Interior. This unusual visit filled me with astonishment, and my surprise increased when my father said, "Joinville, you are to go out to St. Helena and bring back Napoleon's coffin." If I had not been in bed already I should have fallen down flat, and at the first blush I felt nowise flattered when I compared the warlike campaign my brothers were on with the undertaker's job I was being sent to perform in the other hemisphere. But I served my country and I had no right to discuss my orders. And there were two sides to the question, besides. Above Napoleon, the enemy of my house, the murderer of the Duc d'Enghien, who at his fall had left that dangerous game of chance wherein the ignorant herd is so often the dupe of the political croupier—universal suffrage—as his legacy to ruined and dismembered France, —there was the matchless warrior whose genius, even in defeat, had shed immortal glory on our arms. To fetch his ashes from a foreign land was in a manner to wave the flag of vanquished France aloft once more—that at least was what we hoped for—and this view of the case reconciled me to my mission. As soon as I was on my legs again I started for Toulon, provided with full orders and instructions, both royal and ministerial, and re-took command of the *Belle-Poule*, a command I was to hold in many seas, during three consecutive years. I felt some regret at leaving Paris, but the delight at being back amongst the faithful and worthy fellows who made up my crew, my second family, soon made me forget what I had left behind me. Presently a certain number of passengers came on board. They formed what was called the St. Helena Mission. Almost all of them had been comrades of Napoleon in his greatness and in his misfortunes. There were Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, M. de las Cazes, &c., &c. During the long passages of the voyage, the conversation of these gentlemen, who had been present at so many events and followed the Emperor through so

many adventures, was most deeply interesting. Every day there was a running fire of anecdote and traits of character, much closer to the truth doubtless than many a leisurely prepared history. I have often regretted we had no short-hand writer with us.

During the first days of our voyage we touched at Cadiz to get our last dispatches before starting across the ocean. I was as glad as ever to see the white walls of Cadiz again, and I made a pilgrimage to the Cortadura, to the Trocadero (this in memory of the brilliant exploits of the Royal Guard in 1823), and also to the battle-field of Chiclana, which witnessed a terrible struggle between ourselves and the English in February 1811, some of the actors in which I had known. Coming back from Chiclana after a somewhat cheery luncheon, Arthur Bertrand, the general's son, well known at that time in the gay world of Paris, gave us a specimen of the maddest equestrian prowess. He galloped at full speed across the Alameda at Chiclana, which was paved with slippery flags, standing upright on his English saddle. There is a providence that watches over madmen!

A characteristic incident occurred on leaving Cadiz. In case of delicate negotiations with the English authorities at St. Helena, and also in order to draw up the protocol for the surrender of the body, a young diplomat, the Comte Philippe de Rohan Chabot,[1] had been associated with me. We had hardly got out of the port of Cadiz, and cut our last communications with France, when I saw him approach me, looking very much embarrassed. He offered me a paper to read, saying it was only on account of his orders he had not communicated it to me before. I cast my eye over the signature at the foot of the paper and saw the name of M. Thiers, President of the Council. By these secret instructions, which were not to be imparted to me till we got to sea, M. Thiers informed M. de Chabot that he, Chabot, was his direct agent and that he invested him

[1] This gentleman died in London as French Ambassador, under the title of Comte de Jarnac.

with superior authority to mine for as long as the mission should last. Such was the strange missive, aimed not only at the captain in command of the ship, but also, with an evident intention to wound, at the King's son—an application in a very small way of that maxim so dear to M. Thiers, "the King reigns but he does not govern." Stranger still was the care he took to keep it secret until, being cut off from France, I was no longer in a position to make any observation on the contradiction between these fresh instructions and the precise orders I had *received previously*. Friends from childhood as we were, Philippe and I, no idea of conflict between us was admissible. I made no complaint to any one and treated M. Thiers' behaviour to me with contempt, but from that day the sympathetic and almost affectionate relations I had previously lived in with that statesman came to an end—they were replaced by a sense of deep distrust and a scanty esteem for his character.

The *Belle Poule* put in at Teneriffe to take in provisions and water, and I took advantage of this stoppage to finish the ascent of the famous Peak which I had had to break off in 1837. The last cone, all of crumbly pumice stone, and at a very acute angle, is tolerably tiring. On the summit is a small plateau, the soft soil of which is covered with flowers of sulphur and creviced with smoke holes from which scalding steam keeps escaping. Having got up in two days, we descended rapidly to the smiling little town of Orotava, built amidst the most lovely vegetation in a sort of ravine opening out on the sea. The female population of Orotava has a well-deserved reputation for beauty, and we were very kindly met by an invitation to make sure of the fact by being present at an afternoon dance, a sort of "garden party" got up in our honour—a great temptation truly, but a great perplexity as well! People coming back off a mountain climb, including two waterless bivouacs and a pull through the smoke and ashes of a volcano, are not in ball trim, either as to costume or to cleanliness. After a hasty

council of war, it was decided that we should draw lots for the names of three of our party, who were to wash themselves, and to whom each of the non-chosen should furnish the least damaged articles of his own clothing, so as to put them in proper condition to go to the ball and keep up the honour of our flag before the belles of Orotava. We retired into a wood to proceed to draw lots and embellish the elect. Fate did not favour me. I did not go to the ball, but my boots did, and our comrades came back full of admiration of all they had seen.

From Teneriffe our passage was a slow one. We had calms, storms, even gales, and then a fresh delay in port at Bahia in Brazil. I had been advised on leaving Paris to arrange the progress of the mission so as to make the return of the ashes of the Emperor to Europe coincide with the opening of the Chambers in the end of December. Indeed I believe the chief importance of the return of the ashes of Napoleon, in M. Thiers' mind, lay in this coincidence. It was the tom-tom by beating which he hoped to drown all those reports and inklings of ministerial changes which always sprout at such moments in the parliamentary soil. But it was somewhat difficult to time our arrival to a given moment, with a sailing ship, and after such a long voyage. Originally I was to have called at the Cape before going to St. Helena. I thought it better to replace our stoppage at the Cape by one at Bahia, so as to shorten the journey and save time. Very uninteresting our stay at Bahia was, save for the following picturesque incident.

I had chartered a small steamer on which I used to go on sporting expeditions with some of the officers. They were somewhat in the nature of voyages of discovery up the rivers which fall into Bahia Bay. During one of these excursions we had got some considerable distance up the Cachoeira without seeing a sign of any inhabitants, and leaving our boat at anchor, we had landed and spent our day in slaying toucans, parrokeets of all colours, and all the strange birds and beasts peopling the virgin forest, when at sunset we fell upon a cleared path, which led us to

a wide glade and then to a village, the existence of which had been hitherto quite unsuspected by us. We entered it and found it deserted, the doors of all the houses shut. We went towards a very large square in the middle of the "Pueblo"—it was deserted too. We entered a fine church, the door of which stood open—not a soul within it, though the smell of the incense at some recently performed religious ceremony still hung in the air. In the middle of the square stood a kiosk, evidently intended for concerts; the instruments of an orchestra were still there, lying on the chairs before the desks, as if the music had only been broken off a few minutes previously. This suddenly deserted village rather puzzled us. But in the hope of bringing the population back to life, and with a certain spice too of mischief, we laid down our guns, and seizing on the big drum, and the abandoned trombones and clarionets, we raised a most alarming noise. It was mere waste of time, nobody came.

The evening was falling, it was time to get back on board our steamer, and we quietly retook our way towards her. Night—a moonlight night it was—had completely closed in, when we got to the mangrove creek, where we had left the small boat which was to bring us back on board. We were crowding into the little craft, half aground on the mud, when a great clamour rose from the forest, and we saw weapons glint through the foliage on all sides. In the twinkling of an eye, before we had time to get over our surprise, a crowd of people armed with guns, swords, and pikes, rushed up at top speed, yelling loudly, and surrounded us, some remaining on shore and others throwing themselves into the water. We were instantly carried off, disarmed, separated, soundly thrashed, and dragged into the forest. Anybody who has looked at the picture of the savages attacking Captain Cook, in the history of his voyage, will have an exact idea of the scene. It was not otherwise than picturesque in the moonlight, and under that tropical vegetation; and it really was an attack by savages too, most of them negroes, and the rest mulattoes. Very luckily for us, our surprise and our unloaded guns, and

the way we were crowded into the boat, prevented our making any resistance, otherwise we should certainly have been massacred, surrounded as we were by 200 armed men. Each of us had his own little experience in the scuffle. I, for my part, jumped into the water, knocking up the pikes of two negroes, who looked as if they were going to spit me, with my gun, and hurriedly caught a man —with a civilian's hat on his head, a sash over his shoulder, and a big sword in his hand, who seemed to me to be the leader of the band—round the waist. I gave him to understand, in a few words, in bad Portuguese, that I commanded the French warships anchored at Bahia, and that if harm came to any of us, he and his fellows would live to repent it. But before I could finish my speech the angry crowd fell on me, carried me off, and dragged me to a mound, against which, as I seemed to understand, they meant to back me and shoot me. Indeed five or six negroes stationed in front of me hastily loaded their guns. The situation was far from pleasant, for those who know the negro race know what they are capable of when swayed by the paroxysms of excitement into which they work themselves, whether from drunkenness, or rage, or fear. Fouchard, whom two or three men were holding a few steps off from me, seeing what was happening, threw off his captors by a superhuman effort and sprang to my side. We clung fast to each other, and this caused a fresh struggle and a respite of a minute's duration, during which the man in the sash, who had quickly understood this was becoming a bad business for himself, charged at the head of the most reasonable of his mulattoes. We were captured and recaptured several times, but victory at last rested with the man in the scarf, and an explanation became possible. It appears there had been an election with considerable disturbances—blessed be elections in all places and countries!—in the village, on the preceding day. The inhabitants in their over-excitement, had been struck first with surprise, and afterwards with terror on hearing us firing at the parrokeets. Their terror reached

its height when seven or eight white-skinned men, oddly armed and accoutred, were seen to enter the village. The whole population fled into the woods. Then noting from afar how small our number was, and more especially observing our retreat, valour took the place of fright, and arming itself, it rushed to the enemy's pursuit! We were set at liberty of course, and apologies were duly made; but that did not mend the blows received, especially by one of the lieutenants of the *Belle Poule*, Penhoat, who had been half murdered. We boarded our steamer, and found the English engineer in charge of her completely drunk. When we told him our story he rushed below to his engine-room, and fetched out a huge pistol that must have dated from Cromwell's time; and we had all the trouble in the world to prevent him from going on shore alone to take signal vengeance on "those damned niggers."

Leaving Bahia, we had to go a long way down the Southern Atlantic before we got a favourable wind. We reached St. Helena at last—a great black rock, a jagged volcanic island resembling Martinique, minus its splendid vegetation—a scrap of Scotland set in mid-ocean, and swept incessantly by the Trade wind, which blows with wearisome continuance and gathers a thick and permanent cloud-clap above the isle. It looked gloomy from the sea, and the impression on arrival there was gloomy too. James Town, the capital, is simply a wretched village, stretching along a narrow valley, shut in by dreary-looking rocks crowned by forts, to which you climb by staircases counting six hundred steps. The country around Plantation House, the Governor's residence, the valley of the Tomb, the Tomb itself with the legendary willows, and Longwood, the prison house, all are equally gloomy, and equally calculated to kill the great genius banished thither, by inches.

The business which had brought me was quickly settled between myself and the Governor, General Middlemore. The orders of the British Government were clear and precise, and the local authorities showed great goodwill in

carrying them out. They undertook the exclusive care of the exhumation and transport of the remains over British territory, and it was all done with the utmost propriety. The only request I made and obtained was, that the coffin should be opened before it was handed over to us, so as to be sure that we were taking neither a hotbed of infection nor an imaginary corpse on board. The Governor himself

being ill I saw but little of him. He commissioned the officer in command of the troops, Colonel Trelawny, of the Royal Artillery, to represent him. He was a pleasant man, but decidedly eccentric. His great mania was the study of genealogy, and he never failed to explain when we met that he was my cousin, and that we were both related to the late Sultan Mahmoud *on the female side!*

When all was ready the exhumation took place, and

very imposing it was. Everybody felt impressed when the coffin was seen coming slowly down the mountain side, to the firing of cannon, escorted by British infantry with arms reversed, the band playing, to the dull rolling accompaniment of the drums, that splendid funeral march which English people call *The Dead March in Saul*, but which is really no other than the ancient Catholic chant of *Adeste Fideles*. General Middlemore, dropping with fatigue, formally handed over the body to me; and the coffin was lowered into the long-boat of the *Belle Poule*, which then started for the ship. The scene at that moment was very fine. It was a striking moment. A magnificent sunset had been succeeded by a twilight of the deepest calm. The British authorities and the troops stood motionless on the beach, while our ship's guns fired a royal salute. I stood in the stern of my long-boat, over which floated a magnificent Tricolour flag worked by the ladies of St. Helena. Beside me were the generals and superior officers, M. de Chabot and M. de las Cazes. The pick of my topmen, all in white, with crape on their arms, and bareheaded like ourselves, rowed the boat in silence, and with the most admirable precision. We advanced with majestic slowness, escorted by the boats bearing the staff. It was very touching, and a deep national sentiment seemed to hover over the whole scene.

Two days later we set sail for France, which was reached after a passage of forty-one days. During the passage, feeling anxious at having had no news from Europe for four months, I spoke several ships, and amongst others, south of the line, I spoke a Dutch man-o'-war on her way to Java, which gave us details of the coalition apparently directed against Mehemet Ali, the Egyptian Viceroy, but aimed, in reality, at France. Not knowing what might result from the performances of the allied naval forces on the Syrian coast, we on board the frigate and her consort, the *Favorite*, determined to take all usual precautions in case of war; and each of us made ready, after his own fashion, for his eventual departure

to another world. There was, in most cases, a great destroying of souvenirs, papers, and compromising correspondence. General Gourgaud attracted our attention by the trembling care with which he re-read a perfect mountain of notes in a feminine hand, which he burnt one by one in a basin, gathering up the ashes and preserving them in a bottle—not a bad way of keeping tender memories quite safe from any inquisitiveness. But all these warlike preparations were thrown away. When the *Belle Poule* cast anchor at Cherbourg on November 30th, the storm had passed by. My mission closed at Cherbourg, but I found orders there to tranship the coffin on to a steamboat, and then take it round to Paris by the Seine, my crew and that of the corvette *Favorite* to form the escort. I will not tell the story of this conveying of the body. At St. Helena things had on the whole been done by the British army on the one part and our naval forces on the other, with all the chivalrous seriousness and dignity which always attend international relations when confided to those who wear the sword. In France the conveyance of the remains of Napoleon took on quite another character. It was first and foremost a show, in which, as always happens in our country, many people desired to play a part which was inappropriate and sometimes ridiculous. I had often to interfere to get things put to rights again. At La Bouille, for instance, which we reached at nightfall, to meet the river flotilla to which we were to be transferred, I was shown, as the vessel which was to receive the coffin and the staff of the escort, a frightful-looking boat on which a sort of hideous daïs had been built, with all the frippery and plumes of the *Pompes Funèbres*, an official catafalque worthy of Carpentras or of Brives-la-Gaillarde. I immediately gave orders for this masterpiece of bad taste to be destroyed, a coat of black paint given to the boat, and everything cleared forward, so as to place the coffin there well in sight, and covered with a violet velvet pall. My men at once fell to work at this transformation, when a gentleman in evening dress advanced, and

in a tone of great authority, forbade my sailors to touch anything. "I got my orders from M. Cavé (the Director of the Beaux Arts) and from the Minister. All the decoration was designed by me, and carried out under my direction, I hold to it, and I forbid anybody to touch it," he said. "But, my good sir," I replied, "my orders have been given, and will be carried out." My gentleman became so violent that I desired him to leave the vessel instantly. "But surely you are not going to put me ashore at this hour (it was almost dark) in the open fields? I don't know where I am; I don't see any houses." "That's nothing to me, you have been insolent, so it is your own fault. Put this gentleman ashore." Four sailors advanced, but he gave in, and nobody ever heard of him again. By the following morning the transformation was complete, and the coffin moving unsheltered up the course of the river, as though to take possession of the stream, was much more striking than all the tinsel and canopies imaginable. The whole voyage up to Courbevoie, the point of arrival, was a mere classic reproduction of the usual official journey—flags, authorities girt with tricolour sashes, clergy pronouncing blessings, shaking with terror all the time, horses, gendarmes, curious crowds of holiday makers, the only thing lacking being the speeches. From Courbevoie the body was taken in procession through the Champs Elysées to the Invalides, with the usual ceremonial, which I had already witnessed in the cases of Charles X. and the Duchesse d'Orléans, but with one extra point, the cold, and it was terrible.

At the Invalides four-and-twenty non-commissioned officers advanced to carry the coffin into the church; but in spite of the most desperate efforts the veterans could not succeed in lifting it, and I had to make my sailors carry it. The King received the body at the entrance to the nave, and there rather a comical scene took place. It appears that a little speech, which I was to have delivered when I met my father, and also the answer he was to give me, had been drawn up in Council, only the authorities had omitted to inform me concerning it.

So when I arrived I simply saluted with my sword, and then stood aside. I saw indeed that this silent salute, followed by retreat, had thrown something out; but my father, after a moment's hesitation, improvised some appropriate sentence, and the matter was afterwards arranged in the *Moniteur*. The Church of the Invalides was full to overflowing, the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies being seated in the choir. The success of the day fell to my brave sailors. Everybody was curious to see them. Their athletic forms, easy gait, and kindly sunburnt faces at once won over the general public, especially the feminine portion of it; and then

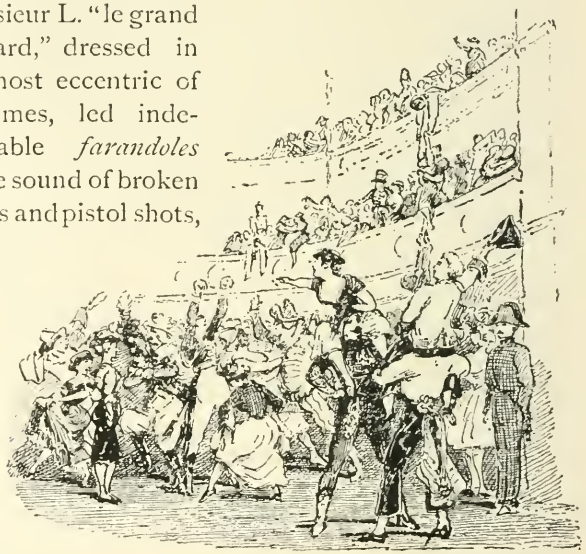
they were something new to that sight-loving Parisian population, to whom so many have been given since then, that for want of a better the only thing offered them at the present moment is *Dinah Salifou* and the *danse du ventre*. What a fall here too, compared with the past! During the triumphal passage of the Emperor's ashes down the Champs Elysées between two ranks of soldiers and National Guards, who kept back an immense multitude, I had constantly amid the various shouts caught one of "Down with traitors," which, at first, I did not understand. I had been so far away. But it was explained to me that this demonstration was aimed at my father and his ministers, guilty as they were of having refused to

launch France into a general war about the Eastern question. I fancy my father troubled his head little about these would-be-wise demonstrators, worthy forerunners of the Boulevard braggarts who, at a later date, in 1870, so appositely shouted "à Berlin." He had other matters to preoccupy him. The ease with which all the Governments in Europe had leagued themselves together, to inflict a moral check on France, under cover of the Pasha of Egypt, betrayed the latent hostility of all those powers to our own country. Let us say it outright. In the eyes of the European monarchies, the Government of July, by virtue of its origin, and however wise and courageous the policy of the King, my father, might have been, had always remained a revolutionary, and therefore a hostile government. Nothing else was possible ; and so at bottom it always will be, as long as we continue to run in the rut along which we have been floundering for the last hundred years. Look at any country in Europe, no matter which, and see against whom the established Government carries on the domestic struggle. Against Nihilists in Russia, Socialists in Germany, anarchists and unquiet spirits of all kinds everywhere, imitations of those of our own country, and by them encouraged to press on the same course of demand, and spoliation, and licence. And hence the necessary consequence, that sovereigns and organized societies, whose first desire is to exist, and neither to be overthrown nor despoiled, are always ready to make common cause against that hotbed of bad example, Revolutionary France. The events of 1840 showed this with the utmost clearness ; and in face of that demonstration the path of duty lay clear. It was to lose no time in taking, without boastfulness, but also without weakness, all the necessary measures against the danger which was constantly threatening, although for the moment it was warded off. Among these measures was one my father passionately desired, and which he snatched from the Chambers by sheer tenacity—the fortification of Paris. This tenacity was necessary, for the struggle was long, bitter, and inexplicable. While it lasted the heroes of the *cafés* greeted my father

in the streets and at reviews with insulting shouts. The cry, "Down with the Bastille," had succeeded that of "Down with traitors," and all the fainthearted section would have knuckled down. All the energy of the King, of my brother the Duc d'Orléans—as eager as himself on the question—and of the ministers, was needed to bring them back into fighting line. The aid too of those patriots of all shades—and thank God there still are some such!—who put national independence and honour above party questions, had to be invoked. And so Paris was fortified. Who dares nowadays to say, that this was not a convincing proof of the King's foresight as a ruler? Who dares to say, that if hesitation, and desultoriness, and incapacity, and evil chance, had not clung to the command of our armies in 1870, the German invasion might not have been broken up upon those ramparts?

The winter of 1841 was also spent in raising our battalions of *Chasseurs-à-pied*, the personal work of my eldest brother. I used often to go and keep him company in the camp at St. Omer, while he was employing all his great powers in organizing this force. When it was done he gave a splendid *fête*, to which he invited the officers of the English garrisons on the opposite coast, deputing me to receive them. A few days later the population of Paris was surprised and delighted by the sight of these ten splendid battalions, in their simple but elegant uniform, pressing through the streets with swinging step, filling the courtyard of the Tuileries, and forming up in the space of a few minutes to be inspected by the King. These fine troops, with their strong *esprit de corps*, have since then earned glory by many exploits in all quarters of the globe. The number of battalions has been raised from ten to thirty. The organization, given them at the outset by a vigorous hand, has remained intact. Their uniform even is unchanged, having escaped the prevalent mania for bringing everything down to the same level of ugliness. The only thing gone is the original name, *Chasseurs d'Orléans;* but what matters the name when the service remains!

My memories of the winter of 1841 are full of recollections concerning our national defence. Mingled with them, however, are some others of a less austere nature. Masked balls were the rage that year. They were given in all directions. I was only three-and-twenty, and thought them all delightful. Just at that moment Chicard—the famous Chicard—shared the sceptre of the opera-balls with Musard, the chief of the orchestra. A quiet-living worthy tradesman on weekdays, on important occasions an officer in the National Guard, Monsieur L. "le grand Chicard," dressed in the most eccentric of costumes, led indescribable *farandoles* to the sound of broken chairs and pistol shots,



accompanied by Musard's orchestra, at these entertainments. There were balls in the Opera House, at the Renaissance, the Salle Ventadour, the Variétés—these last the prettiest and the most fashionable and amusing. Not an evening coat in the whole ball-room; everybody, men and women alike, in costume, and everybody acquainted with everybody else. And what gaiety and go there was about it all! You asked your partner in the upper-boxes to dance with you, from the floor of the house; and she, to lose no time, came down outside the balustrades, faithfully

passed down by friendly hands. When the quadrille was over you met jolly comrades everywhere, with their partners astride on their shoulders, shaking hands as it were two stories at a time. But there is an end to all things. My two brothers—Nemours and Aumale—went off to fight in Africa under General Bugeaud ; and, in the month of May, I myself was sent out to the Newfoundland station.

CHAPTER VIII

1841–1842

I LEFT Cherbourg for Newfoundland on May 19th, 1841. It had been arranged that I was to go by the North Sea, to put into the Texel, and to go to the Hague to pay my respects in person to the King of the Netherlands. Almost as soon as I had disembarked at the Helder, I went on board the royal yacht, which was to take me to Alkmaar by the Noord Holland Canal. This yacht, commanded by a very pleasant fellow, a naval lieutenant, M. Dedel, was really charming. She had been built in the seventeenth century, and had been used by Admirals Van Ruyter and Van Tromp when they went to take up their commands. She was covered all over with gilt carvings, the deckhouse in the stern especially, and looked as if she had started freshly painted out of one of Backhuysen's pictures. Once on board her, a legion of horses towed her along, full trot, and I went to bed. When I awoke, I found the yacht moored beside the quay at Alkmaar, the city of cheeses, whence a carriage took me to Haarlem and Amsterdam, along the Haarlem Zee, which has been drained dry since then, and transformed into splendid meadow land, as the Zuider Zee will some day be. At Amsterdam I rushed to the museum, where I was received by M. Apostol, the director, who had known the Scheffers' father intimately at Rotterdam. Oh that museum! Oh those prints! But M. de Bois-le-Comte, the French Minister, was pitiless. He tore me away from all those masterpieces, and forced

me to follow the millround of the programme he had laid out for me. He dragged me off to Zaandam (Saardam in French). This pretty Japanese-looking village, in the midst of a wide polder, surrounded by over five hundred windmills, looking like a row of gigantic sharpshooters, is a resort of pilgrims, and the holy spot is the hut of Peter the Great. The wretched wooden house, shut up in a sort of casemate, was the property of the Queen, sister of the Emperor Nicholas, and the shanty was never mentioned by her or to her but in the most feeling manner. *Flectamus genua! Leva . . . . âte!* Amongst other inscriptions there, I found the names of two French actors, Dormeuil and Monval, which recall anything but pious memories to my mind.

From Zaandam I went to the palace, to Van Ruyter's tomb, to the pelicans in the Zoological Gardens, and then I escaped from the furious Bois-le-Comte, who would have liked me never to go about except in a glass case labelled "Ecce the Prince de Joinville." Very kind and very witty he was, all the same, one of those finished diplomatists of the old school—a disciple of M. de Talleyrand. He had been everywhere, seen everything, observed everything, and he kept me under the charm of his conversation all through my hasty trip in Holland. During the last preceding years he had represented France in Portugal and Spain successively, and had been with the two Queens—my future sister-in-law—Doña Maria in Portugal, and the Regent Christina in Spain, through all the most violent disturbances, struggles, and dangers of the military conspiracies in those countries. He never tired of talking about the courage of these two ladies, the nature of which was very different in each case. The courage of the Queen of Portugal, he said, was resolute, but mournful and gloomy. The example she set was good, but she cast a chill on officers and men alike. Queen Christina—passionate, a woman to her finger tips, careless of danger, but shedding tears of nervous excitement when the bullets smashed her windows and flew hither and thither about the apartments—magnetised her defenders. In

the one case you cried "Welcome, Death!" in the other you shouted "Forward!" Very interesting indeed was the description Bois-le-Comte gave me of the La Granja conspiracy. How, having been warned in the middle of the night of the danger threatening Queen Christina and her daughters, he got up in haste to hurry to their assistance, but desired, first of all, to warn the British Minister and carry him along with him. How, when he reached the house of the minister, Mr. Villiers, afterwards Lord Clarendon, he rushed without meeting a soul into his bedroom, where the bed-curtains shook convulsively at the noise of his entrance, and the head alone of the minister appeared, saying, "I'll follow you," while a soft voice tried to detain him, with all the tenderest appeals in the Spanish language. "I took myself off double quick," said Bois-le-Comte to me; "but I had recognised the voice."

From Amsterdam we went to the Hague, and as soon as I got there I asked to see the King. "Let him come at once" was the reply.

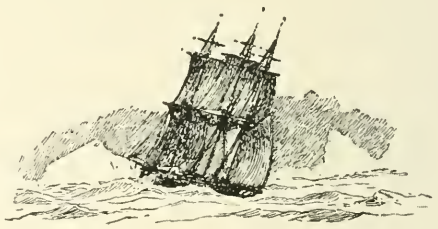
King William, young-looking still, with a graceful figure and a kindly engaging face, framed with a fringe of grizzling beard, had a loud voice and a hearty laugh. He was witty in conversation. The Queen, whom I never saw laugh, nor even smile, talked cleverly too, but she picked her words too obviously. Her daughter, the young Princess Sophia, now Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, was clever too. I was watching her dance at a ball one night, wearing a pretty gown, the chief adornment of which was an eastern scarf, when her father, to whom I was talking, said, "Marmotte (her pet name in the family) looks like a Bayadère to-day." And indeed she had all the grace and charm of one.

My stay at the Hague was one succession of gatherings, dinners, balls, at which the cordiality of my reception never failed for one minute. It touched me much, and I have kept a grateful memory of it, for there was some merit, on the King's part, in its being so. Had we not largely contributed by our support of the Belgian revo-

lution to lessening his kingdom by one half? And there had been yet another wound to his vanity. In his youth King William, then Prince of Orange, full of eager bravery, had gone to serve in Spain under the Duke of Wellington. He had been wounded in the ranks of the British army at Waterloo, and on the strength of these antecedents he had offered himself in 1815 as a candidate for the hand of Princess Charlotte, heir-presumptive to the Crown of England. He had been ousted. And by whom? By Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, whom we had just made King of the Belgians. In spite of these causes for coldness, at all events, the welcome I was given by the King, his family, and by every class of that honest and well-behaved Dutch race, was marked by a constantly increasing kindliness, which filled Bois-le-Comte and his very witty secretary, La Rosière, with delight. Just at the moment of parting, the King made me a present of an admirable copy in reduced size of Rembrandt's *Anatomy Lesson*, which hung in his study, saying, "You are going to Newfoundland; you shall bring me back a dog in exchange," which commission I faithfully executed.

To finish up my visit to Holland, I paid a visit to the Naval Arsenal at Flushing, and as I passed through Zeeland I saw from afar, and not without emotion, the belfry towers of Bergen-op-Zoom, a town which witnessed the performance of two of the most brilliant exploits in our annals. The first—the taking of the stronghold by assault, by Marshal de Lowendal's army, in 1747. The second—the assault delivered on it on the 8th and 9th of March, 1814, by the whole English army, and triumphantly repulsed by a handful of soldiers and sailors commanded by General Bizannet. The assault under Marshal de Lowendal has been commemorated first of all in a celebrated song, and later by an admirable drawing in body colour by Van Blarenberg, which is to be seen in the Versailles Museum. But the exploit of 1814 has been almost lost sight of amid our disasters and the subsequent invasion. Very few people are aware that the British

army made a forcible attack on Bergen-op-Zoom, getting into the town by the port at low tide, and scaling the ramparts, led and backed up by the inhabitants, who had risen in favour of the House of Orange, and that the enemy's columns got as far as the middle of the town, whence, after twelve hours' fighting, they were driven over the ramparts by the resolute bravery of the defending force, leaving more prisoners in its hands than its own fighting men numbered. The details of this splendid page of military history should be read as told by Colonel Legrand of the Engineers, who commanded under General Bizannet. In them, among other dramatic incidents, will be found an episode about a bellringer, which is almost identical with the one Sardou has incorporated in his fine play *Patrie.*



From the Texel, or, to be more exact, from Neu-Diep to Newfoundland, by the north coast of Scotland, the passage, though we made it without disaster, was terribly trying to both our crews and our ships, which last were much damaged, and lost nearly all their sails. An incessant series of gales kept us under green seas nearly all the time. Upon these followed thick fogs, and finally we fell among numberless icebergs. So it was with a lively sense of relief that I found myself anchored at last within the haven of Le Croc, the headquarters of our squadron during the fishing season. The haven was itself so obstructed with ice that on the very night of my arrival, with the help of my cook and some tins of jam, I was able to serve up Neapolitan ices to my staff, like Tortoni himself.

There was very near being a serious breach of discipline on board the frigate during our passage. A sailor refused to obey, and threatened one of the midshipmen—a serious act of insubordination, which, according to the laws then in force, entailed corporal punishment on its perpetrator. I immediately called a court-martial, which, having heard witnesses and defendant, according to regulations, sentenced the man to a certain number of strokes with the rope's end. The hour for carrying out the sentence came, the crew was mustered, the officers in their places and under arms. I was in my cabin, just buckling on my sword, when my second in command came in like a whirlwind. "They are going to ask for mercy," he cried; "it's your own fault. The men know your hatred of corporal punishment. They are going to presume on it. I beg you'll give me leave to run the first man that opens his mouth through with my sword." Up till that time I had avoided the use of corporal punishment, a matter which had been made all the easier for me by the good feeling and quiet behaviour of the crew I had had under my command. But this time the scandal had been notorious, the punishment must be exemplary, and the law applied without mercy. What would become of the authority of an isolated handful of officers, on the high seas, among hundreds of seamen, if they had no possible recourse to force, to punishment drill, or to long terms of imprisonment? What, again, would become of that purely moral influence, which is indispensable on board a ship which is practically always at sea, if the maintenance of discipline was ever liable to the slightest failure? Filled as I was with even more than the ordinary sense of the imperious claims of duty on the officer in command, I reassured my subordinate. "Make your mind easy," I told him. "I would be brayed in a mortar sooner than tolerate one moment's hesitation in carrying out the sentence. I shall stand at the head of the crew, and have the punishment carried out in front of me. The men will read my countenance and nobody will stir, I'll answer for

it!" And so it was. I took my place, all eyes turned on me, and everything passed off according to rule. To say the scene was not a painful one to me would be to tell a lie. But duty has to come first.

As my second in command had said, I had a horror of corporal punishment as laid down by the Convention, a relic of another age, when navy crews were recruited amongst a set of vagabonds picked up in all quarters. I thought it degrading. Often, among my brother officers, I had blamed the unmeasured use I had seen made of it on board ships I did not command. And glad indeed I was when it was done away with. A commanding officer invested, and justly so, with unlimited authority on board his own ship, is sure by intelligence, firmness, and sense of duty, to find other means than the lash of making the saving law of absolute obedience to superiors respected, without going such lengths as the captain of an American warship, who, on his own responsibility, hanged one of his midshipmen, nearly related to the Minister for Naval Affairs, who had been guilty of attempted mutiny, from the yardarm.

I will not enlarge here on what has become the Newfoundland Question, which I have naturally had to study in all its aspects. Suffice it to recall the fact that when the Island of Newfoundland became British territory, the conquerors ceded the exclusive right of fishing on half the coast to France, with the reservation that we were only to remain temporarily, during the fishing season, and have no permanent establishments on the island. When these fishing rights were conceded to us (and they soon became very important, employing as they did over twenty thousand sailors, and turning the Newfoundland fisheries into one of the chief training grounds for our service sailors) the island was well-nigh uninhabited. There are no opportunities for conflict in a desert country. But little by little the island grew populous. On the part where we had the fishing rights, the "French Shore," a very limited, almost insignificant, English population gathered, and, oddly enough, we ourselves

brought it there, desirous as we were to leave caretakers to look after and keep in order, from one season to the other, the indispensable establishments for the curing, drying, and salting of the codfish, which we ourselves could not occupy permanently. Everywhere, during my cruise, I found this English population, living by us, and on excellent terms with our Newfoundlanders. To such a pitch was the excellence of these terms occasionally carried, that paying a visit one day to a worthy sea-captain from St. Malo, who had laid up his ship during the fishing season, and settled on shore, in an English house, I saw two chubby children burst in, shouting "Papa, papa!" while a young and pretty Englishwoman, sitting by, never lifted her eyes from her work. "The little geese," said the worthy Breton, "see me so often, they've got into the habit of calling me papa!"

This *entente cordiale* would no doubt have continued indefinitely, and nobody would have heard any mention of a Newfoundland Question, endangering the international relations between the two countries, if the southern portion of the island, entirely English as it was, and with a temperate climate, had not increased so rapidly in population as to have a constitution, liberal institutions, a Parliament, and the consequent elections. The electioneering agents forthwith found they needed a sensational popular platform, and this platform has ended by becoming something like the "Irredenta" movement in Italy, a claim for national rights over the national soil. "Newfoundland for the Newfoundlanders." There lies the whole of the Newfoundland Question. Locally, nobody bothers their head about it, but in the press, and on the phantom-haunted ground of electoral politics, it has kindled many passions, and may very likely engender ruin and bloodshed some of these days.

These facts taken for granted, I return to my personal recollections. Unlike most of my brother officers, I found my stay in Newfoundland (in the summer months, during which we were stationed there, be it understood) very pleasant. The island is a hilly one, covered with pine forests. Where

the woods fail, there are lakes and rivers, admirably clear, and swarming with salmon and trout. There was plenty of game, and all this in the midst of the uninhabited region where every one can enjoy the completest liberty, with no limits but those imposed by his own tastes and endurance. If there were no drawback to all these advantages, Newfoundland in the summer-time would be a paradise, and there is no such thing as that upon our globe. The drawback is the flies, little black ones, called the "black fly," the pest of all northern countries, against which one is quite defenceless. They get in everywhere ; no preservative stops them ; no ointment nor any daubing repels them. During a hunting excursion I made to the Isle of Groix, so christened by some native of L'Orient, which is about eight miles off Le Croc, I saw some of my comrades with their heads swelled up like a hydrocephalous patient's, so that their eyes had disappeared, half mad with pain from the stings of that infernal fly, and one of our sailor servants lay on the ground, refusing to move, and begging us with tears to put a rifle to his head and end his agony.

This Isle of Groix swarmed with creatures that had come over the ice from the mainland in the winter season. Its steep edges, covered with an impenetrable arborescent growth, enclosed a great treeless plateau, a "lande." We used to get on to this lande by walking up the bed of a rivulet, and once on it we had perfect massacres of winged game, especially of that sort of gray grouse called ptarmigan by the English. It was these birds' pairing season. They never flew away, and when we killed one the other would ruffle up its feathers in a fury and fly pecking at our legs. The wooded sides of the island must have been full of reindeer, to judge by the quantities of tracks to be seen on every side. If we had had one or two hounds to send into the thickets we might have made hecatombs of them.

From Le Croc I went round all our neighbouring fishing stations—Saint Julien, the Baie Rouge, &c. Cod were extraordinarily numerous that year. One haul of the seine at the Baie Rouge brought in eighty-four thousand cod-fish in one day. It was the golden age of the fishery. Now the fish have deserted the eastern coast of Newfoundland. Our fishermen have to take their boats and anchor on the big bank, and there they stay for months, tossed about by every tempest. They go out line-fishing in small boats, which are frequently lost in the fog and never heard of again. Often, too, the fishing vessel herself is cut in two, in fog or darkness, by some transatlantic liner steaming seventeen knots an hour, which is out of sight in a few seconds, while the unlucky boat founders with all hands. A hard and a risky life our bank fishermen lead. But they come back *men*, and well-seasoned men too!

From the eastern coast of the island the *Belle-Poule* took her way to the western side, passing through the Straits of Belleisle, a narrow channel which parts Newfoundland from Labrador. The amount of difficult navigation we met with going through the straits was really extraordinary. The channel was full of ice-floes, either stranded or driven about by the currents. A thick fog came down on us, with zenithal aurora borealis, the electric action of which threw out every compass, standard and otherwise, on board. No seeing, no steering! After having been in a very critical position at the entrance of Forteau Bay, a point on the Labrador coast celebrated for wrecks, I took the frigate into the haven of Ingornachoix, where we made some considerable stay, necessitated by the condition of my crew's health. For some time it had been suffering from the exceptional fatigues of the cruise. During our stay in Le Croc, in spite of its being a breathing time, and of every kind of care, many men had been ailing, and the sickness ended by taking the form of a somewhat serious epidemic of smallpox. The best thing we could do to stop the mischief and prevent it from increasing and becoming permanent (which would

have resulted in closing almost all foreign ports to us) was to isolate the sick. I therefore lost no time in having a hospital constructed on a pretty wooded isle, which lay just at the entrance to the place where we were anchored, and in it I settled all my sick men, doing everything in my power to dry and disinfect the frigate meanwhile. This double measure was successful, and when we left the bay my crew was completely restored to health and vigour.

I learnt several things during this long period in harbour, the first of which was the discovery of the immense quantity of lobsters frequenting the coast. The first day my men went to walk on shore they brought back nine hundred, which they had caught among the rocks, and that without the least difficulty. I do not know whether the Ingornachoix lobster was like Bayard, *without reproach*, but *without fear* he most certainly was. It was quite enough, when one caught sight of him in shallow water, to poke a stick at him. He instantly sprang furiously forth, laid hold of it with his claws, and absolutely refused to let go. This abundance of lobsters, turned to commercial account later, when it became known, gave rise to the Lobster Fisheries Question, one of the stalking-horses of the English Irredentists. Furthermore, I discovered that since the codfish were becoming rare on the French Shore of the Straits of Belleisle, our fishermen, to remedy the scarcity, went over and poached on the English coast of Labrador—the principal drawback to which contravention of the agreement was that it gave the English a pretext for doing the same thing. As the English cruisers not unnaturally shut their eyes to irregularities which created precedents that might be harmful to us, our ships of war had either to sanction them by their presence, or, by opposing them, to exercise in a foreign country a right of keeping order which was questionable, to say the least of it; both of them things to be avoided, if possible. And our orders, in fact, were never to be seen at Labrador. This regulation I conformed to; but behold,

one fine day, a schooner from our local station at St. Pierre Miquelon casts anchor alongside of me, and the following colloquy ensues between the lieutenant in command and myself:—

"Where are you going?"

"To Labrador."

"But you know the state of things. There are the gravest objections to taking one of our warships there."

"I know; but I have special and precise orders from the Minister for Naval Affairs."

"What orders?"

"I have been ordered to go to Labrador to buy a dog for one of the secretaries to the minister."

"That's what you have been sent from St. Pierre Miquelon for?"

"Yes."

I had to bow to this. I could not set up my authority as commander-in-chief against that of the minister, so let the schooner go on her compromising mission. Soon after, and not without regret, I set sail to continue our cruise. Time had passed swiftly by, between the attention of every kind the health of the crew had necessitated, the drill of every sort we had devoted ourselves to, and the gun practice in the virgin forest, during which the ancient trees had been mown down by our projectiles. We had lived a Robinson Crusoe sort of life on the largest scale—it is a sort of life I have always had a weakness for. After building our hospital, we had made limekilns for disinfecting the frigate, we had been wood-cutters, and charcoal burners, and carpenters. We had made ourselves spare masts and spars. We had drained ponds too; explored in all directions, hunting and fishing, and discovered lakes and rivers.

Though we made good bags during these excursions, they consisted of small game only. Once I fired at, and to my deep regret I missed, a silver fox—the animal dressed by nature in the richest and rarest of all her furs. There were abundant tracks of bear and caribou. We

caught sight once of a huge gray wolf, striped like a zebra. But none of these larger beasts fell to our guns. We could not have got at them even with hounds, so continuously far stretching and impenetrable the forest was, and the only thing we had to help us was Fox, the ship's dog, an excellent pointer by the way, the pet of everybody on board. He fell into the sea one day when there was a strong breeze, and was picked up, still swimming sturdily along to catch up the frigate, on board of which he had a regular ovation when he got back.

We wound up our Newfoundland cruise with St. George's Bay, the last on the French Shore, and the only point at which any difficulty was raised about the exercise of our rights. We there found, in fact, a large fast-growing and increasingly prosperous Anglo-Canadian village, and in the presence of its inhabitants we went through the ceremony of formally forbidding them to fish, which ceremony was greeted by protests both amicable and bantering. Amicable, because half the population were French Canadians, talking our own language with a strong St. Malo accent, and in spite of everything else, the similarity of origin, language, religion, and habits, established friendly relations between us and them. Bantering, because first of all our fishermen no longer frequented St. George, and secondly, because the prohibition, which was compulsory during the four or five days in the year during which our warships were present, became simply a dead letter during the other three hundred and six days of the year. It was easy, of course, to see that our exclusive right to fish could not be maintained when once a sufficient indigenous population had settled there, but it was no less easy to judge that some local arrangement concerning these exceptional places, conciliating every interest, might easily be made. Would that be possible nowadays, when electioneering palaver has embittered the whole business? After leaving St. George, we spent a long time hunting for our colony of St. Pierre Miquelon in continuous fogs, and only succeeded in finding it by means of a plan of my own

invention. The weather happening to be moderate, I had several triangular soundings made while we were under sail, and then endeavoured to make the mathematical triangle thus obtained tally as to depth and nature of bottom with Captain Lavaud's chart of the Newfoundland soundings. So excellent is the chart in question, that the plan was successful, and gave us bearings by which we got a direct line for the shore. St. Pierre Miquelon is a bare, wild, hideous islet, but with a first-class port. Admirable as a victualling station and mart for our fishermen, its military value as far as our trade is concerned is absolutely *nil*. Whatever may be done for it, it will always be at the mercy of whoever is master of the seas in time of war.

At Halifax, whither I went to meet the officer commanding the British naval station, we were put into quarantine on account of three convalescents, relics of the epidemic we had been suffering from. But it was taken off, thanks to the generous intervention of the Governor-General of Nova Scotia, Lord Falkland, a splendid-looking man, well known in Parisian society. Nobody could have been more obliging nor kinder than this "grand seigneur" and his wife, the daughter of William IV., were to us.

If Nova Scotia as seen from the sea, with its gloomy coast guarded by numberless black reefs, recalls that of Brittany, the same resemblance strikes the traveller who pushes towards the interior of the country, through its deep and smiling bays; and Halifax Bay in particular, when its fresh and verdant surroundings are lighted up by brilliant sunshine, leaves nothing to be desired in the way of charm. I saw it thus when I arrived, in all the excitement of a regatta, with the peculiar feature of a race for birch-bark canoes, paddled with incredible vigour by Mic Mac squaws, or Indian women, in blue blouses and floating black hair. What a splendid colony Nova Scotia is, too! the advance post of the huge Canadian territory, protected by its almost insular position from the rigours of the northern climate, with all its ports open (not only Halifax,

where the fleets of the whole world could find absolute safety, maritime and strategic, at once, but Sydney too, surrounded by immense beds of coal), while the St. Lawrence is still choked with ice.

Our short stay in port was wound up by a great dinner given by my gunroom officers to those of the English frigate *Winchester*. The meal was of the merriest, if I may judge by the toasts, the cheers, and the songs I heard ; and the merriment continued on shore, whither the young people betook themselves together. One of the English midshipmen, a good-looking lad with a thick crop of carroty hair, returned on board his own ship with beautiful jet black locks, to the great astonishment of the first lieutenant ; while I beheld two of my cadets appear at a ball given by the officers of the garrison and indulge in such a remarkable style of dancing, that I was forced to give them immediate orders to return on board the *Belle-Poule*. One of these cadets, by the way, was a Turk, called Saly. His story was rather a strange one. He was the son of Saly Pasha, the pasha of Athens, and was a child in his mother's arms when the city was carried by assault by the Greeks and their philhellenic supporters, in I know not which year of the Greek insurrection. All the defenders were put to the sword, and in the excitement of the fight Saly's mother was murdered, but she had strength, as she died, to throw her infant into the arms of a Würtembergian officer. He, much embarrassed by the gift, passed the child on, having previously christened it Gottlieb, to a French naval lieutenant of the name of Quernel, who commanded a vessel off that coast. When Quernel returned to Toulon, my Aunt Adelaide heard the incident mentioned. She interested herself in the little

Turk, and had him brought up amongst us. The boy turned out well, entered the navy, and was a post captain when he died. From Halifax we went to New York, the frantic bustle and stir in which place contrasted strangely, in my eyes, with the calm of the Newfoundland deserts and the placidity of the Blue Noses, as the inhabitants of Nova Scotia are nicknamed. We were at New York to do some indispensable revictualling, consequent on the exceptionally rough voyage we had had. Besides much other damage, we had lost all our sails; they had been carried away one after the other, and it was absolutely necessary to have at least one set in good trim, instead of the patched rags still remaining to us, before undertaking our winter voyage across the ocean.

I took advantage of the time these repairs took up to go and pay my respects to the President at Washington and thence to make a rapid dash into the West, in the footsteps of our ancient pioneers, and up to the farthest limits of civilisation (as they were then, in 1841).

The thing that strikes one most on arriving in the United States, and in New York in particular, as I have already said, is the extraordinary bustle that reigns everywhere, and which really stuns one at first. One feels so bewildered that any idea of a picturesque description disappears. The only thing one is aware of is bustle. Bustle on land, where everybody seems to rush as if they were demented—bustle on the water, where one keeps wondering why the ships of all sizes passing at full speed in every direction do not collide every other minute. In complete contrast to our boulevards, Broadway, when you walk along it, does not seem to contain a single idler. Are there any idle men in America? Yes, there are some millionaires, who pull up when they have made their fortunes. Their fellow-citizens assert that they are always ill at ease, amidst the general activity, and that they go and settle down in their idleness in Paris, among people like themselves, whose frivolity they end by copying. They are looked upon as "demoralised Americans." But they

are few in number. As each man has only himself to reckon on, as he has no hoped-for inheritance to wait for and discount in idleness, seeing the man in possession owes nothing to his children, nor to anybody else, and is free to dispose of his property as he chooses, everybody being free to make his will as he likes, so each man feels that if he wants to get on he must work. And is not this the chief cause of the vigour and energy of the great American nation? If Broadway is a tumult of business, that in the port of New York is worth seeing too. This port is at the confluence of two arms of the sea, in front of the public walk called the Battery. Here, towards five o'clock in the evening, when the steamboats start, the huge floating palaces may be seen shooting off in every direction, shrieking hoarsely. It is a maritime pandemonium. In it the American is in his element. Dressed in black, with a stove-pipe hat, the quid in his cheek causing him to look as though he grinned sardonically, with one hand on the steering wheel and the other on the engine-room bell, he drives his ship full speed through the throng with an audacity, decision, and coolness which made me shiver at first!

In this manner I left New York and passed along the coast of New Jersey on my way to Washington, but not without receiving a very friendly welcome from the naval officer commanding there, Commodore Perry, a remarkable man, who, half by persuasion and half by force, concluded the first treaty with Japan, thus opening up that interesting country—I will not say to civilisation (for I do not know that Japan has progressed on that account), but to trade, and intercourse with nations of European origin.

In the very first train I got into I found myself opposite a big man wearing a moustache and imperial, with a huge walking stick between his legs, and was told he was the King, or rather Prince, Murat. Next we passed a fine country property belonging to King Joseph Buonaparte, and involuntarily I thought of a certain passage in the works of Voltaire, where Candide meets all the dethroned kings at

Venice. There were others even then whose names I might have added to those of Murat and Joseph, and the number was to be increased before long. "Special line of Paris goods," we might almost say, in commercial phrase! Has this sort of export trade answered with us?

I saw Philadelphia once more, as charming as ever. There was a fine performance, that night, in the Chestnut Street Theatre, and I had sent to take places for it. But when I arrived I saw a huge poster over the door—"Prince de Joinville at 8.30," and beat an instant and hasty retreat. As soon as I got to Washington I repaired to the White House to pay my respects to General Tyler. He was a blunt-spoken man with a big nose, who had successively filled the posts of governor of his own State (Virginia) and of President of the United States, in each case in consequence of the death of the actual incumbents, whose deputy he was. He could not have done better in a hereditary monarchy! Our time at Washington was taken up with an interchange of compliments of all sorts. A dinner at the President's, visits to and from the diplomatic corps, a huge reception, at which I shook hands at least three thousand times, at the White House. And bouquets, too, in the "language of flowers!"

We paid a visit, too, to the Naval Arsenal. A very nice little arsenal it was, in a bad situation, but admirably arranged, and only put in that particular place to serve as a sort of school of elementary instruction to the ignorance of Congress, and interest its members in naval matters. When I say Congress, I should rather say the Chamber of Representatives. In the United States the Senate is the body which has the real power, and which actually governs. This assembly, very few in numbers, especially at the time of which I speak, chosen by the Chamber, and of which the members were almost invariably re-elected, had leisure to learn the necessities of administrative government and to become a permanent body, whose action was both lasting and intelligent, like the Council of Ten at Venice or the committee of the Comédie Française. But the Represen-

tative Chamber, full as it was of journalists, who had never studied anything beyond the art of attracting subscriptions to their papers, knew nothing whatever. Luckily it only formed a second wheel in the Constitution, but, in spite of that fact, anything likely to add to its enlightenment was useful.

I left Washington highly gratified with my reception, but glad to have got it over, and carried away a most agreeable recollection of our minister, M. de Bacourt, a most delightfully witty man—a family virtue, it would seem, to judge by his niece and grand-niece, Madame de Mirabeau and Madame de Martel (Gyp).

From Washington I went to Buffalo, the train running off the rails on the way, and that, too, on a viaduct, on which the engine, having broken through the roadway, was hung up in the framework, like a fly in a spider's web. I was anxious to go, *viâ* the great lakes, to Green Bay on Lake Michigan, and thence starting from Mackinaw, the old Indian Michillimackinac, to follow up the track of our officers and soldiers and missionaries, who pushed on till they discovered the Mississippi.

It was in 1672 that Talon, the Superintendent of "La Nouvelle France," having heard from the Indians of the existence of a great river, sent out an expedition to discover it under Father Marquette, who had great influence over the Indian tribes. Crossing the great lakes, he landed at Green Bay, and pushing westwards, he soon reached the "Father of Waters." It was for Green Bay that I too embarked, at Buffalo, on Lake Erie, on board the staunch steamer *Columbus*, the last boat to go to that place so late in the season (in mid-winter). Our boat was staunch indeed, some consolation for the slowness of her pace. Of this she soon gave us proof, for she ran with an awful shock, going eight knots an hour in the dark, on to a reef of rocks, stopped short, and heeled over. A big wave caught her and lifted her a second time; there was another bump. But with the third wave she got across the reef. I rushed towards the engine, thinking everything must be smashed

and the side of the ship gaping open. But no, not at all!

The captain, who had been taken aback for a moment, merely sent his quid from one cheek to the other, without saying a word. The whole thing was over. And, indeed,

that was not the only unforeseen incident during our voyage. We spent one whole night aground in the St. Clair Lake. Nothing I can say will give any idea of the recklessness with which the ship was navigated. To begin with, there were no charts; you went at haphazard, according to information that had come down by tradition, and yet these lakes are really small oceans, with currents, and fogs, and squalls coming off the coasts, just like the sea. The navigation must have been just the same in 1679, when Lassalle, an officer in the Canadian army, launched the first ship, which he called the *Griffon*, in honour of the griffin in the arms of his commanding officer, the Marquis de Frontenac.

To danger by sea must be added danger by fire for our staunch *Columbus*. The boilers were heated with wood—aloewood—out of which pencils and cigar-boxes are made. It made a very pleasant smell, but being piled up pell mell in the hold, against the furnaces, it caught fire several times in my presence, and the stokers would just throw a little water on it to put it out. On the deck the very high pressure engine worked exposed and unprotected, amidst sheep and oxen and packages of all kinds, which were frequently shot against it by the roll of the waves, and above the whole there rose two stories of cabins, built of light planking, as thin as paper, quite incapable of standing against the most moderate seas, but which caught the wind,

and made the ship exceedingly unsteady. During a squall, luckily for us a short one, which caught us on Lake Michigan, in the middle of the night, the whole fabric began to give way. I was woke by the water coming in and the crackling sound of the damage going on in all directions. So I got up, and found all the Americans on board wearing lifebelts, and greeting me with the remark, "Sir, you are a sailor, but there are more risks on our lakes than on the ocean!" and quite right they were.

It was a long passage, and we put in to several places on our way. First into Detroit, formerly the French Fort Pontchartrain, and now become the capital of Michigan State. Opposite Detroit runs the Canadian shore, to which we are borne by a steam ferry boat, and where the same contrast strikes me as at Niagara. On the American side I find a very pretty town, with all the comforts of civilisation, a scene of hard-working activity. On the Canadian shore I see a village of poor cottages, surrounded with apple orchards, like a village in Normandy, in front of which the red sentry marches up and down, as stiff as an automaton. The inhabitants of the said village, French both in feature and appearance, hurried up in delight when they heard us speaking the language of their forefathers. "It's the only tongue we know. We don't want our children to learn any other!" And yet they have been English for over a century! A strange contrast, indeed, this fidelity to the memory of their national origin, to their not less sincere fidelity to the conquering *régime*, which assures to them the right of willing their property as they choose, and has freed them from the administrative tyranny which seems, unfortunately, to cling to us under every *régime*.

From Detroit we went up the St. Clair River to Lake Huron. The great river was a magnificent sight, with its banks covered with mighty forests in all the splendour of their autumnal colouring. Here and there, on the American side, stood some log cabin, an emigrant's first shelter. Then we would come on a sawmill, that first of

all necessaries in such a country. On the British side, now and again, we saw Indian wigwams, Huron or Chippewa. At the entrance of Lake Huron bad weather came on; it snowed, and we took shelter in a bay, where we moored the ship to the shore close to one of those American forts that fringe the Indian frontier. They are all alike, these forts; a battlemented wall of thick planks, with banquettes for riflemen, and loopholed for heavier guns. Within each are the barracks and the officers' quarters. This particular fort was called Fort Gratiot. In 1688 its name was Fort St. Joseph, and it had a French garrison, commanded by Baron de Houtou. During this stoppage we had an amusing adventure. Our only fellow passengers on the *Columbus*, some five or six in number, were an American officer on his way to take command at Fort Winnepeg; a Methodist missionary and his wife, who spent the day singing hymns together, and retired to their cabin at night with all the eagerness of the most enthusiastic fondness; a young dressmaker going to join her family at Green Bay; and finally, Miss Mary, the chambermaid, a handsome, fair, freckled girl, liked by everybody on board. Tired of being on shipboard, the whole band of passengers, male and female, and Miss Mary into the bargain, went off to walk and amuse themselves on shore. Suddenly the people in the fort got wind of our presence. The major commanding and his officers hastened up, asking where the prince was, and invited us all into the fort, to rest and refresh ourselves with them. It was impossible to refuse such a kind and cordial invitation. It was equally impossible to break up our party—that would have been unmannerly, and contrary to American ideas of propriety and equality alike. So we entered a drawing-room, in which the wives and daughters of the officers quartered in the fort were assembled. They seemed to falter for a moment, when they beheld our lady companions. They scanned the Methodist and his wife, and took their measure at once. But the dressmaker and Miss Mary, hanging on the arms of two of my com-

panions, seemed to puzzle them. Anyhow they hastened towards them, took them by the hand, led them to the place of honour on the sofa, and began the conversation with "Do you speak English?" I don't recollect now how it all went off, but I know we were soon back on board, Miss Mary and all, under a salute of twenty-one guns.

Mackinaw, a small wooded island, with high shores, and a fort over which the stars and stripes of the Union floated, looked very picturesque as we approached it.

There was a ruin on one side of the American guard-house, to which we lost no time in climbing through the woods. It was the old French fort, and our hearts swelled at the thought that the French flag was the first to float over this little Gibraltar, when, some hundred and sixty years previously, our officers took possession of this magnificent country in the name of their king.

Once more, with the eye of fancy, we saw our white-coated soldiers mounting guard on those ramparts, whence their gaze must have wandered over the confluence of the three great lakes and the immense empire they had won

for France, while the Indian tribes hurried from all quarters to bend the knee to the Great Chief of the Pale Faces. It was a great and glorious epoch; and what traveller would not feel deeply stirred when he comes upon such bitter memories of the vanished grandeur of his country?

Our good ship *Columbus* got to Green Bay at last, and, stirring up the mud which obstructs the entrance to Fox River, bore us up that fine stream and deposited us in front of a large store, surrounded by fifty houses, there or thereabouts. This settlement was not in the United States, but on Wisconsin Territory, an embryo State, not populous enough as yet, nor sufficiently organised, to be called a State, nor have a voice in the deliberations of the American Union. The country on the left bank of the Fox River was not even a Territory; it was a No-Man's Land, where any man might settle where and how he pleased. Like all the places I had passed through, Green Bay, the "Baie Verte" of our forefathers (and it still deserves its title) was occupied in the first instance by the French. After Father Marquette's exploring journey, twenty soldiers, two sergeants, and four bandsmen, under the command of Lieutenant du Roussel, were sent thither in 1684 by M. de Beauchamptrelle, commanding the king's troops at Mackinaw. Now, as I have said, it possessed a hotel and about fifty houses, inhabited for the most part by merchants trading with the Redskins. Everybody talked French, and everybody hastened forward when the boat arrived to ask for news from the civilised world.

A few Indians, silent and motionless, wrapped in their blankets, looked on indifferently at the bustle. Squaws shod with moccasins, and the toes of their little feet turned in, passed by without raising their heads, their papooses sitting astride on their backs. The somewhat numerous Indian tribes inhabiting the country were the Menoménis, the Winnepeg Indians, and the Iroquois, which last had emigrated from Canada to escape the English yoke. I much regretted

not having time to pay a visit to their wigwams. To the very last they were our most devoted allies in our wars with the English. I had a talk with one of the chief's sons, who told me he still had Montcalm's sword in his possession, and preserved it as a sacred relic. According to his story, during the battle of Quebec, probably just at the moment when Montcalm was mortally wounded, his sword was hung up in a tree, whence it was taken by one of his faithful Indian followers, and it has always remained with his tribe.

After a great deal of difficulty we succeeded in procuring saddle horses for ourselves, and a farmer's waggon for our baggage, and we set forth for the Mississippi. The whole journey was most interesting. There were no roads—the merest track through woods interspersed with prairies—along which we went to the lake and fort of Winnepeg. Beyond that lake we knew there would be nothing but prairie, stretching far and wide, over which we must steer as though we were at sea, or else be guided by the mysterious instinct of some trapper. We met many Redskins in the woods, all busy hunting. Game was very abundant—waterfowl on the streams, flights of prairie hens (a sort of grouse), and herds of buck, which constantly crossed our line of march. Here and there was a clearing or first attempt at cultivation, round a squatter's log cabin.

We were following the first skirmishing line of that army of civilisation which is overrunning in its steady advance all that wild country which was once the Indian's sole domain. When this advance guard collects at any given point, a hotel rises, and beside it the store where a trader will deal in every kind of merchandise, and especially in brandy, that most destructive of poisons to all indigenous races.

After the hotel will come the bank, and then the church and school, and before long the whole will grow into a village or town, of which the United States will take possession by law. As for the original squatters, they will make over their log cabins and their bits of cultivation to new arrivals, of more sedentary tastes than their own, and will move on further, with their wives and children, to make a fresh settlement, often exchanging rifle shots with the Redskins the while, in some spot where they can find that absolute independence which they prize above all other goods. Thus does the tide of civilisation, which shall soon cover the whole American continent, move ceaselessly onward.

But on our own particular road we had got no further than the squatters, and of them, after the day's march was over, we asked a hospitality which was always cordially granted.

They were an energetic and a singular race. Here you might come on a pupil from West Point (the military and polytechnic school of the United States), a former captain in the army, who had married an Indian wife, and had to learn French to make himself understood by her and the other Indians in the neighbourhood, who could speak no other language. A whole family of little half-breeds, more red than white, swarmed about him. There again, both father and mother would be white-skinned, with splendid children, whom the mother rocked to sleep in the intervals of preparing an excellent dinner for us with a haunch of venison we had bought from an Indian who had just killed a buck. Their log cabin, like all the others, indeed, consisted of one large room below, with a big fireplace on which perfect tree trunks were burning, and a loft above it. In these lofts passing travellers like ourselves slept. And they were not over warm, for the doors and windows only fitted tolerably, and the weather was frosty. In the evening the sons of the house—huge fellows who crushed your hand when they shook it, and who used their axes as well as they used their guns—would come in from work

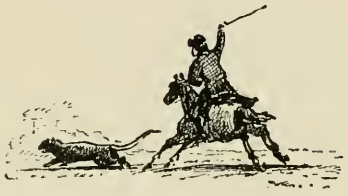
and the evenings would be spent sitting smoking and talking round the fire.

"There are a great many Indians still," I was told, "and they are rather turbulent; they killed a white man quite lately. The squatters are very far apart too. But then we haven't to bother our heads or put ourselves out because of anybody."

At one place, called Fond du Lac, the house was somewhat less primitive than at our previous halting-places. Our host was a doctor of cultivated mind, living alone with his family, of whom two, girls, were very pretty. They made us a cranberry tart, on the memory of which my grateful palate lingers yet. The worthy doctor was armed to the teeth, for he had no white neighbours, and over two hundred Indians, so he told me, prowling around him. He lent me a gun, with which I went out shooting, and as a matter of fact I did meet a considerable number of Redskins. As long as they can find game, and here it was plentiful, they are, as a rule, tolerably inoffensive. Yet these were the remnant of warlike tribes which had never been thoroughly subjugated, and there was a hill, not very far off, called "Deadman's Butts," in memory of a fight waged between them and the French army, backed by three thousand Chippewa Indians, which ended in a terrible massacre. Notwithstanding the presence of such neighbours, my host had chosen the spot where he had pitched his tent right well, for I saw on a map of Wisconsin, which I chanced to look at many years later, that Fond du Lac had become a town, with railways running to and from it.

Leaving Fond du Lac, we found ourselves on the prairie, stretching wide as far as the eye could see; dry yellowish grass (it was the end of October) covered the slightly undulating plain, with here and there a scanty clump of trees. It constitutes the plateau (not a very high one) which separates the Mississippi river system from that of the St. Lawrence. Our horses cantered gaily over the frozen ground. All at once we saw a big animal running away from us at a kind of amble. We urged forward our mounts

in pursuit, and got up just in time to see it enter a clump of brushwood, not fifty paces across. An Indian, who acted as our guide, went into the thicket after it, gun in hand. A dreadful roar, which terrified our horses, was followed by the appearance of the infuriated animal. It was a puma, or panther without spots, which galloped in a circle round M. de Montholon's horse, and then retreated into a larger clump of trees, where we thought it prudent to leave it, as our only arm was a single-barrelled small-bore rifle. Somewhat further on we saw a big cloud gather on the horizon and rapidly approach us. The prairie was on fire. We then took the well-known plan of setting it on fire ourselves just where we were. Within less than five minutes our fire had run a mile before the wind, going as fast as a horse can gallop, with a noise like a distant rattle of musketry. We and our horses entered the space we had set on fire ourselves, while the big conflagration in the distance, finding no food in front, fled away to our right and left. I afterwards saw the same sight at night. It was most beautiful.



As we neared the Mississippi we got into less wild country. I remember the first hotel where the host said to me, "You have come just in good time. You'll have something out of the common for dinner. We have been killing a sheep." Since leaving Green Bay we had been living exclusively on venison and prairie hens and wild duck. A sheep was a great rarity. We came upon the Mississippi at Galena in Illinois, so called on account of its lead mines. When I say mines, I use an expression which was quite inappropriate at the time of my visit, for the galena, or lead-ore, lay on the surface of the soil. You saw its metallic brightness shining out everywhere, and so rich was the ore, that it yielded seventy-five per cent. of lead, even under the most summary of processes. Added to this

fact, the expense of transport being infinitesimal, as the huge artery of the Mississippi River ran a few paces from the beds, the working of them was so profitable that nobody took the trouble to extract the silver from it. But the result of this mineral wealth was that everything one eat and drank at Galena was impregnated with lead, so much so, indeed, that one of my companions had a fainting fit, caused by the sediment which the eau de Botot he used for his toilet deposited in his glass. He thought he had been poisoned. I had not time, when I got to the Mississippi, to go down it to New Orleans, like our soldiers and explorers, when they made their first journey across this splendid country, and by it united a French Canada with a French Louisiana. The journey I had just taken had lasted longer than I had thought for, and as my duty as a sailor recalled me imperiously to my ship, my only thought was to rejoin her as soon as possible. But means of communication in the West were few and far between—railroads were unknown, roads hardly laid out. We were fain to go down the Mississippi to where the Ohio falls into it, go up that river to Cincinnati, and thence get by mail-coach to the railroads in the older Atlantic States. This return journey was not altogether uneventful. Our boat ran aground several times during the descent of the Upper Mississippi. On one of these occasions we were delayed for some time near the confluence of that stream with the Des Moines River, flowing through an exquisite country called Iowa, which in those days had not yet been annexed by the Union. It swarmed with game. I remember one shooting expedition I made with the ship's engineer, a young Kentuckian of colossal stature. We flushed thousands of prairie hens and other creatures, on whom we poured a hot but harmless fire. In our own justification I must add that the Kentuckian was shooting with a bullet, using a huge carbine, so heavy that it took him half a minute to aim with it, and I with a single-barrelled gun, lent me by a bar-keeper, with this information, "The barrel is all twisted. You must aim three or four yards to the right, if you want to hit anything!"

The territory of Iowa was still disputed for by squatters and Indians. These latter, who exceeded the whites in number, belonged to a great tribe, both turbulent and warlike, the Saxes and the Foxes. They were at peace with the Government at the time I speak of, but a deputation of their chiefs, numbering thirty or forty, came on board our boat, on their way to Washington, where they desired to lay their grievances before the President. They arrived on board in full war paint, their faces painted half red and half yellow, and their heads dressed, like a cuirassier's helmet, with horsehair and big feathers, their bodies naked, but hung about with baubles, their legs thrust into leather breeches, and big blankets over all. Their squaws were with them. They were ugly, but the men were splendid, with the most resolute and impassive countenances. They behaved with the greatest dignity while on board, and never showed any excitement except just as we were passing by the confluence of the Missouri with the Mississippi. Whether it was some superstitious feeling that attached itself to that spot, or the impression made on them by the grandeur of the scene, the meeting of the two great rivers forming a sort of lake, lighted up by a splendid sunset, I know not, but they all assembled in the stern of the boat, and repeated a sort of invocatory prayer. It was a perfect picture.

I did no more than pass through St. Louis, already a large town and the capital of Ohio. An accident happened to us as we were going up the Ohio ("La Belle Rivière" of our forefathers), such as does not occur nowadays, when the Federal Government has caused the engineer regiments, which add to their other functions those of our "ponts et chaussées," a simple and economical plan, worthy of general imitation, to clear the rivers of their different obstructions. We were *snagged*.

Herewith I explain the expression and the fact. As a consequence of inundations and falling in of banks and such like, many big trees had, from time immemorial, been carried down the American rivers. Many of these trees

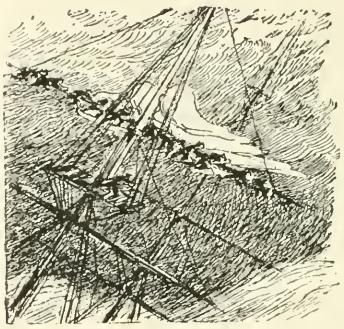
had ended by catching in the river beds by their roots. Stripped of their branches, and sharpened to a point by the action of the water, and bent sloping by the current, they formed, as it were, huge invisible subaqueous *chevaux de frise*, on which steamers going up stream frequently impaled themselves, and this often to the destruction of the ship and great loss of life. We ran against one of these trees, somewhat sideways luckily for us, but it stood up on end, and amid a frightful noise, and a little momentary consternation, carried away one paddle box and wheel. A *snag* is only one of the numerous sources of accident in American river navigation. But one soon gets accustomed to the carelessness of danger which characterises the Americans, and on the whole travelling on their river steamers is very pleasant. The sleeping cabins are invariably clean and comfortable. On certain boats some are very elegant. I have seen *wedding cabins*, that is to say cabins decorated all over with mirrors and brilliantly lighted up, intended for couples on their wedding journey. And truth compels me to state that the strict regularity of these honeymoon couples is not too severely inquired into.

At Cincinnati, the city of porkers, I took to the stage, at Pittsburg to the canal. Across the Alleghanies I travelled in a coach crammed with passengers of both sexes. It was a merry journey, during which I was ceaselessly haunted by memories of the little Danaïds, and Père Lournois and his forty sons-in-law, getting out of the Auxerre coach to the sound of the chimes of Dunkirk. "Tutu . . . tutu . . . . mon père." At New York I found the *Belle-Poule* done up as good as new, thanks to the excellent care of my second in command, M. Charner. But before setting sail I had to get through a certain number of banquets, followed by toasts, and even to go to Boston for a great ball in the old town hall, called the Faneuil Hall, the cradle of American Independence. I made my entry at that ball preceded and surrounded by an army of solemn stewards, wearing huge wigs, and with rather a good-looking woman, whom nobody

knew, on my arm. She called herself America Vespuccia, and she began to swear like any heathen when somebody spilt a glass of lemonade over her fine velvet gown.

The *Belle-Poule* weighed anchor at last, but before we got past Sandy Hook a snowstorm came on. We could not see a yard ahead, and in a few minutes we had a foot of snow on deck. The rest of our return voyage was to match, in other words, it was awful. We ran, during its course, one of those totally unforeseen risks of which a sailor's life is full, and which, once past, constitutes one of its chief charms. Let my readers try the following experiment :— Put two small bits of paper in a basin of water, and disturb the liquid. By what learned men call capillary attraction the two scraps of paper draw nearer to each other and finally join together. It was this same capillary attraction which nearly lost me my frigate and another battleship, the *Cassard*, which was our consort. A violent south-easterly squall had come down on us, and the sea was very heavy. All at once, just as night fell, over a sky as black as ink and an angry-looking sea, the wind suddenly dropped. The *Cassard*, driven by the last puff of wind, and drawn too by capillary attraction, had got very near us, and soon this nearness became alarming. We could not get about, for there was not a breath stirring. We could not launch boats in such a sea to try and tow the ships apart. Soon the frigate and her consort were tossing convulsively in the heavy sea, with only the breadth of one wave between them. In another moment they must crash into each other, and that at night, in mid-ocean, far from any succour. It was a solemn moment. Although one watch had been sent to turn in, nobody had cared to stay below. All were on deck, men and officers alike, with serious faces. The only sound to be heard was the noise of the sails flapping wildly against the masts and my voice as I gave the other ship's captain his orders in case a puff of wind should come from this quarter or that. Night had come on, and in our heart of hearts we were both of us beginning to despair, when the longed-for

breath of wind came, and the ships drew apart. Two hours later we were at the mercy of another gale, a north-westerly one this time, with a bitter frost, which would not have left a timber of the *Belle-Poule* and the *Cassard* if they had been in collision, but which gave me occasion once more to admire our brave sailors' courage and devotion. We had to set all sail so as to catch the first puffs of wind. When the gale came on it became necessary to furl them again. But having been soaked by the rain of the south-easterly storm, they had turned under the action of the frost into perfect icicles. They cracked like glass, cutting the men's fingers and tearing out their nails. It was a frightfully difficult job to take in the maintop sail—a very heavy hempen one—which I had kept out as long as possible, and which had to be furled just when the storm was at its worst. I watched my poor fellows clinging to the yard for over half an hour, shaken by the terrible gusts, and still not able to manage it.



At midnight, when the watch changed, fearing that with limbs benumbed by the cold as theirs were, they would not be able even to continue holding on, I sent them orders to come on deck and let fresh men take their places. But no! they would not! and slowly, surely, they finished their work. Only when they got down from aloft they came on to the quarterdeck cap in hand, with bleeding, swollen hands and faces, saying, "Captain, we have taken the maintop sail in," with that indefinable but touching look that a man has who has done his duty to the very end in spite of danger.

My brave sailors, I could have kissed them! But I did what they appreciated more than that! I had good hot

mulled wine ready for them, and sent them to bed on it! Some days afterwards, in another gale, between two snow-showers, I saw that rare electric phenomenon called St. Elmo's fire—jets of electric fire appearing at the points of all the ship's masts and yards. A spontaneous, unexpected, and most effective illumination.

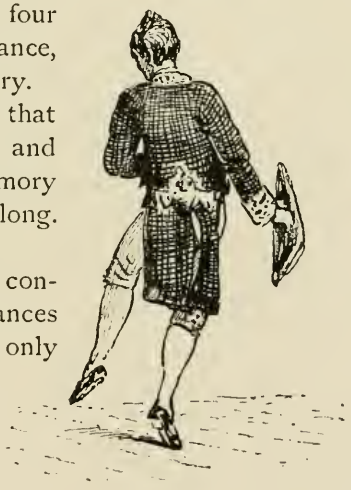
And then we entered Toulon harbour, where we saluted the flag of Admiral Hugon, commanding the squadron to which the *Belle-Poule* was about to be attached.

CHAPTER IX

1842

As the squadron was to go into winter quarters at Toulon, and as the *Belle-Poule* had to repair a great many damages, I went back to Paris towards the end of January, 1842, and plunged joyfully into that most precious of all possessions amidst the storms and vicissitudes of politics, my home life. This notwithstanding, the pleasures of the gay world, then a fairly brilliant one were by no means indifferent to me. There was a numerous succession of festivities. My brother, the Duc d'Orléans, gave a magnificent fancy ball in the Pavillon Marsan. All the elegant and artistic world of Paris was there, dressed either in historical costumes, faithfully copied from pictures in the museums, or else in fantastic garments which especially set off the beauty of their feminine wearers. Mesdames de Contades, de Murat, and Place had adopted Eastern dress. Madame Thiers wore a rich *moyen âge* costume ; Madame de Plaisance headed a whole quadrille of hunters and huntresses. The Comtesse Duhesme another, in which both gentlemen and ladies wore the charming costumes brought into fashion by Giraud's picture, *La Permission de Dix Heures.* The beautiful Madame Liadières shone in a quadrille of light cavalry men of the time of Louis XV. and shepherdesses dressed *à la* Pompadour. The foreigners and members of the diplomatic body of both sexes were for the most part in dresses taken from their own national history. Among

the artistes, Eugène Sue, Henriquel-Dupont, Tony Johannot, and Louis Boulanger had chosen the style of Louis XIII. Eugène Delacroix wore a Moorish dress, Horace Vernet an Arab costume. Winterhalter represented a Florentine of the fourteenth century, while Amaury Duval, Jadin, Eugène Lamy, Gudin, Raffet, &c., &c., were all got up with the most studied correctness. When we went into supper the band of my brother Aumale's regiment, the 17th Light Infantry, transformed into a posse of Arab musicians, stationed on the staircase, played a whole series of Algerian airs, which the good fellows had learnt at Mouzaïa and Medeah, in the olive woods, or under the blaze of the sun and the heat of the Arab fire. The guests took their seats round a table on which was the famous centrepiece, executed after Chenavard's design, by Barye, Pradier, Klagman, Moine, my sister Marie, and by Ary Scheffer and Paul Delaroche as well, who laid aside their painters' brushes for the nonce, and wielded the sculptors' point. It was an admirable piece of work, worthy of Benvenuto Cellini, broken up, alas! cast to the four winds of heaven, and lost to France, after the revolution of February.



This *fête* was *the fête* of that winter. One of those unique and original entertainments the memory of which lingers with one for long. But there were others besides.

The King gave a series of concerts and large and small dances every winter. At these last only a very restricted number of guests assembled, chosen exclusively among the diplomatic body, the foreigners chancing to pass through Paris, and young dancing people, especially those young ladies who ranked high for elegance and beauty. People

used to crowd, at these small dances, to watch the Princess de Ligne dancing the mazurka with her incomparable Polish grace ; just as at the big balls, which were rather crushes, there would be a crowd, more curious than admiring, to watch the steps and capers of the Prince de Craon, the last remaining exponent of that pretentious school of dancing of which Trénis had been the leader, under the Directoire. These large crowded balls used to be a great bore, especially to us, who had to take it in turn to do the honours to the very end of the evening. Yet I recollect laughing heartily one evening, when this duty had fallen to me, at seeing an officer of the National Guard, in his cocked hat and big feather, whose vision had somewhat suffered from the supper he had just consumed, trying to insist on persuading the Suisse standing at the door of the ball-room with his cross belts and halbert, to be his partner in the dance. He made frenzied attempts to drag him away, and only interrupted them to try the seductive power of the most eccentric of dancing steps, which he performed before him.

Nowadays the race known as the Grand Prix de Paris marks the close of what people are pleased to call the season. Under the July Monarchy it was the "Fête du Roi" with its firework display, and its official receptions, which were tiresome to the last degree. Revolutions may succeed each other, governments may change, but all the tiresome things go on for ever. Under the monarchy, the empire, or the republic alike, it is indispensable, so it would appear, that once in the year at least, the diplomatic body, clergy, Chambers, officers of the land and sea forces, and companies and corporations of every kind, should pass before the chief ruler, whoever he may be, and make a series of official speeches to him, expressing good wishes which are for the most part utterly lacking in sincerity, and which the unlucky recipient is obliged to acknowledge in every sort of commonplace formula. My father had quite a special talent for varying these answers of his, which he always extemporised. They were taken

down in shorthand, and made over to Vatout to have a final polish put on them before being sent to the *Moniteur*. The witty academician abhorred this duty, which he irreverently styled "dressing the royal macaroni." For lay figures like myself, the only interest about these receptions, which were practically got up for effect, lay in watching the personages we saw pass. Two long-haired peers of France, who always were among the last of their Chamber to pass by, used to attract our attention particularly. They were Victor Hugo and Montalembert; then among the members of the Paris Municipal Council, Victor Considérant, too, used to be pointed out to us. Then there was a member of the Institute in a green coat and black breeches, whose advent we looked forward to with delight. This worthy gentleman used to come up with three or four deputations in succession. He would arrive with the first, bow, applaud enthusiastically after the address, and then, while his deputation was leaving by the door of exit, he was stepping backwards to the entrance door to reappear with a second and third party, coming forward each time with the same low bows and the same demonstrations of enthusiasm.

Among the general officers and diplomats out of active service who took part in these ceremonies, I used to remark two British admirals, Sir Sydney Smith and Lord Cochrane, who never failed to attend. They had each had a brilliant career. The first, with Djezzar Pasha, had defended St. Jean d'Acre against General Bonaparte's forces. The second, a tall, fine, bold-looking man, had covered himself with glory by the most gallant behaviour, both in Europe and Chili, where the tradition of his valour still survives. Both had done great service to their country, yet neither, it was said, could return to it. Wherefore?

The reception of the clergy had a quaintness all its own. The archbishop's discourse was invariably and utterly inaudible. Whether by accident, or by an unlucky coincidence, it was always drowned by the noise of the tremendous morning serenade given in the courtyard by

the twelve or fifteen hundred drums of the National Guard and the Paris garrison, all beating in unison under the guidance of a single drum-major.

Finally, in the evening, we had the *clou* of the performance, the reception of the diplomatic body. There was a certain amount of pomp about it. The members of the corps assembled in a drawing-room near the Pavillon Marsan, where a collation was prepared. Thence the King's aides-de-camp went and fetched them, conducting them through all the galleries of the Tuileries to the Throne-room, near the Pavillon de Flore. When all these ambassadors and ministers, with their suites, appeared at the door of the Throne-room, in their varied uniforms, all glistening in the candle-light, and slowly moved towards the King, with three successive bows, the scenic effect was really superb. The only shadow on the picture was the Introducer of Ambassadors, who filled the part of master of the ceremonies. I never could make out why, for that very theatrical part, we had chosen a hideously ugly man with no nose! We ought to have had some fine handsome fellow to face those representatives of all the nations in the world. When once the speeches had been made, and the King and Queen had gone round the circle, the diplomatic body retired backwards with the same three bows as on entering, and passed out very slowly, for at the time of which I speak it was exceedingly numerous. Besides the ambassadors of the Great Powers there were family ambassadors. And then there were ministers from every country in the world, including those of the small German and Italian States, which have now been swallowed up in German and Italian unity. All these embassies and legations had innumerable attachés, generally young men of great families attracted by the gaieties of Paris, and glad to have a uniform and the right of admittance to all the entertainments at court, at the embassies, and in society in general. For in those days society did still exist, our divisions and revolutionary laws having not yet succeeded in destroying it.

Of all these diplomats, the most liked and the most likeable, beyond all contradiction, was the Austrian Ambassador, Count Apponyi, a magnificent Hungarian magnate. The long duration of his mission, his truly high-bred kindliness, and the *salon* which his wife, his winning daughter, his sons, and nephews had been clever enough to make the first in Paris, had combined to render Count Apponyi most congenial to us. His English, Russian, and Prussian colleagues confined themselves exclusively to their official duties and to the coolest politeness. It would have been hard for Lord Cowley (a Wellesley), even had he desired it, to wipe out the memory of his predecessors, Lords Granville and Stuart de Rothesay, and above all of the charming daughters of the last-named peer—beautiful, lovable, and artistic—who became Lady Waterford and Lady Canning respectively. Among the ministers I still seem to see the form of Coletti, resplendent in his Greek costume—a true patriot and a devoted friend to France—and then there was the Swedish Minister, Comte de Lœvenhielm, a charming old gentleman, who had been page-in-waiting on Gustavus III. the night he was murdered. The Spanish Ambassador changed with every *pronunciamiento*. I do not remember the name of any one of them.

As a novelty, we had a Turkish Ambassador. For centuries there had been none but temporary Ottoman missions. The first permanently appointed ambassador we had, before Namick and Reschid Pashas, who both spoke French very well, was Ahmed Fethi Pasha. He did not know a single word of our language. I was present at a great dinner in his honour at the Tuileries, and this is what took place. Of course he had been placed on my

mother's right hand at table, with a Foreign Office interpreter, all gold lace and decorations, on his other side. As soon as dinner began, the pasha conceived it incumbent on him to address my mother with a fine Turkish compliment, which, judging by the way he turned up his eyes, and laid his hands on his heart, and the bows he made her, must have been adorned with every flower of Oriental poetry. When his speech was finished, the pasha turned to the interpreter for him to translate it to my mother, and this he proceeded to do, the pasha accompanying and accentuating his remarks with

more bows and grimacing and pressure of his hands to his heart.

Now, behold the translation, which the dragoman, who no doubt had perused the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, delivered to the Queen. "Madam, I have a daughter whom I am very anxious to get into the Maison de St. Denis. To do that I need your Majesty's powerful support. Your Majesty will understand my seizing this unequalled chance of making my request."

And all the time the good pasha kept on making agitated bows, and my mother had to keep on smiling at him and returning them!

As regards the condition of things in general, it appeared pacific enough in that year of grace 1842. The tempest in the East was almost forgotten, a breath of peace seemed to be passing over Europe, under the influence of which calm and prosperity reigned in France. We had a magnificent army, in which my brothers took as much interest as I did in the navy. And the head of the army was an eminent Minister of War, Marshal Soult, who, although he looked on M. Thiers as a tiresome little fidget, employed the fruits of his great experience and long service in the Ministry in bringing every branch of our land forces to perfection gradually, and in the most admirably consistent spirit. This army was waging an incessant war in Africa under a commander no less eminent than the Marshal himself, General Bugeaud, thus carrying on the conquest of our splendid Algerian colony, which would have been peerless indeed if we could have filled it with that excess of population which other nations still possess, but which has been dried up, in our case, by our revolutionary laws. Our naval forces were in good condition too, so far as they could be, on the eve of that great duel between sails and steam which was to end by revolutionising everything, in spite of all the delays of the red tape faction.

Of politics, my pet aversion, I will not speak. I had sufficient curiosity, before writing these lines, to look through the back numbers of the *Moniteur* for that period, and started in horror at the terrible accumulation of useless chatter I came upon. In contrast to these torrents of fairly inoffensive eloquence, the unofficial press indulged in a large amount of intemperate writing, far more dangerous, seeing that it flattered more passions, and that the calumnies thus spread were much farther reaching. The Government, honest, useful, and enlightened as it was, consistently patriotic and far-seeing, was able as yet to thread its way amongst the obstacles cast in its path. Six more years were to elapse before it was to be completely hemmed in, and the deluded mob to dance wildly round the throne it had overturned singing the democratic

creed, the chorus of every revolution we have had the last hundred years.

Démolissons
Tant que nous pourrons !
Après, nous verrons
Ce que nous ferons.

But my winter in Paris slipped swiftly by, and towards the end of May Admiral Hugon's squadron prepared to go to sea, the repairs to the *Belle-Poule* were finished, and I started to join my ship.

At Lyons I embarked on a steamer to go to Toulon, and this vessel brought me to Arles under a lovely sunset. Nothing could be prettier than the scene on arriving at this picture of an old town, with its tall towers and the great walls of its amphitheatre, its stone houses set in the Rhone, and its port full of boats with long graceful lateen yards. It was Sunday, besides, and the promenade was crowded with pretty women. I am very fond of the little town, and am always glad to get back to it. So I lost no time about jumping on shore, and making over my baggage to the porter from the Hôtel du *Forum*, I took advantage of the long twilight to see what changes three years had wrought in my old acquaintance. The women of Arles, a Greek colony, still preserve the type of countenance so much admired by the ancients, undeteriorated by their slight admixture of Catalonian blood. The magnificent monuments of the Roman city, the theatre and the arena, show the rank it held in ancient Gaul. In the present day it is a well-to-do, gay, careless town, with a lively and frivolous population, fond of pleasure, and indulging freely in it. Night overtook me during my walk, and under the

splendid moonlight I could have fancied myself in some Arab town; I was in a labyrinth of lanes, where the heat of day still hung. The women sat before the doors in their pretty Sunday dresses, chattering with the young men, and no carriage nor any sound disturbed their low talk in that harmonious tongue on which the poems of the trouvères have shed such glory. It was exquisite. What a beautiful, nay, what an adorable country is France in all her varied aspects, east and west, north and south! What endless enchantments they afford, if only one can get rid of the sickening politics that break up and destroy everything they touch!

On the morrow I travelled down the Rhone, through the Camargue, with its droves of oxen and its flights of flamingos, lost in dreamy reverie as though foreseeing even then that beautiful poem of "Mireille," which Mistral and Gounod have since rendered immortal.

We sailed from Toulon, a splendid squadron, twenty strong, to manœuvre at sea. We were under the orders of Admiral Hugon, "Le Père la Chique," as the men called him. The *soubriquet* bears its own explanation with it. Born at Granville and thoroughly Norman in character, the admiral concealed the most unshakable determination under an appearance of the greatest good-nature. I never met a more thorough-born sailor. He divined what weather was coming, foretold it long before the barometer did, and took all the necessary precautions in advance. He was the very personification of the seafaring instinct. Besides this, he had a long record of bravery behind him. At Navarino, where he commanded the *Armide*, he came up and lay with true fraternal chivalry between the Turkish ships and a British frigate that was suffering very much from their fire, which same service the British corvette *Rose* rendered him in return, and with equal gallantry, towards the close of the engagement.

The consequence of all this was that we all felt ourselves well led, and had the most absolute confidence in our chief, and I myself was particularly fond of him. It really

was a fine sight both from the picturesque point of view and from that of a justifiable national pride, when our twenty white-sailed ships manœuvred all together, under the admiral's signal, on the blue Mediterranean waters, with no sound to break the silence except the shrill voices of the officers of the watch.

We went on in this fashion, sailing and manœuvring and firing our guns, and gauging day by day the respective values alike of officers and men, till we got to the Gulf of Naples, where we cast anchor, so as to give everybody a spell of rest and recreation. Very complete the recreation was, every class of the population joining to give us the kindliest of welcomes. We sent our crews ashore, and there the Frenchman's gaiety soon went into partnership with the Neapolitan's. Everywhere *corricoli* were to be seen galloping along carrying clusters of merry sailors. Our ambassador, the Duc de Montebello, who kept great state and the most open house at the Rothschild palace, introduced our officers into the most delightful society of Naples, and there was a succession of parties and merry-makings. By way of response, the admiral gave a very pretty afternoon party on board his three-decker, the *Océan*, and I a ball on board the *Belle-Poule*. I had found a goodly number of old acquaintances, besides my cousins of both sexes, and especially I frequented the society of a certain charming Tertullia, who held her daily court at the Palazzo Fernandina, a place of meeting which all of my generation at Naples must recollect. It was a Spanish house, belonging to the Toledo family, numerous branches of which were represented in it, such as the Villafranca, the Alcanicez, the Bivona, the Sclafani, &c. What charming women of every nationality one met there! What pleasant parties we organised thence, with Isabella Colonna, Teresa Sclafani, and that exquisite creature Lauretta Acton, who afterwards became Madame Minghetti, and many another! Now it would be a night ascent of Vesuvius, in eruption, and then again a moonlight excavation at Pompeii. Show me the man who would not

have fallen in love in such company, beneath that exquisite sky, environed and intoxicated by the indefinable enchantments in which the landscape and the very air you breathed were steeped! But the signal to get under way is hoisted at the mainmast of the *Océan*, and we must tear ourselves away from these delights, and start forth with hearts that are heavy, but full of sweetest memories. And whither? That is the Admiral's secret!

A few days after our departure we were in the open sea, absorbed in professional duties and daily drills, when afar off we saw the smoke of a steamer. Soon the vessel came in sight and hoisted signals for our admiral, who ordered the fleet to bring to. The sea being calm, an officer from the steamer boarded the *Océan*, and immediately afterwards we saw the admiral's barge lowered, and he got into it and steered for the *Belle-Poule*. Amid the general astonishment and numerous conjectures caused by this unusual incident, I received my chief at the companion-ladder. He grasped my hand, squeezed it tight, drew me into the cabin, and said, "Your brother, the Duc d'Orléans, is dead, killed in a carriage accident. My orders are to send you to Paris at once." The rough old sailor's face betrayed his deep emotion. But how shall I describe my own, under such a terrible and unexpected blow? This world's sorest sorrows are those that tear the human heart-strings, and mine was even more bitter than an ordinary grief, for I do not believe there ever was a more attached family than ours, and not only had I lost the most beloved of brothers, but the confidant, the guide, and the companion of my whole life. I seemed to see and feel the despair of my father, above all of my mother, and of my brothers and sisters, too, under this awful blow, and their sorrow added to my own. For a moment I stood thunderstruck. Then the admiral left me alone . . . . I gave over my ship to my second in command, and within an hour I was on my way to Toulon, the gloomy faces round me betraying the general feeling that this was a public misfortune, and that the loss to France was very great.

It was indeed immense, irreparable. For the past ten years we all, and with us the whole of France, had looked to my brother as our leader, the "*chef de demain*," our chief in the great days that were to come. We had of course the tenderest affection, the most entire devotion, the deepest respect for the King, *Le Père*, as we always called him amongst ourselves, but it was to Chartres we turned for guidance always. There was not one of us who would not from childhood upwards have unhesitatingly accepted his advice and his authority. How often had we discussed with him all the chances the future might bring! How often, too, had he pointed out the various parts he destined each of us to play, every one of them, we felt, stamped with the good sense and profound understanding of a born leader of men! And what we, his brothers, his lieutenants, so to speak, felt about him, the country felt as well. The King was in the breach, valiantly carrying on the battle of life, to preserve the peace, calm, and prosperity she was enjoying to France, and all those who were not blinded by democratic envy were grateful to him for so doing. But he was growing old, great complications might arise, and, like us, all had looked confidently to the young leader who, without ever mixing himself up in the barren struggles of everyday politics, was ceaselessly preparing himself for great and important contingencies. For every one else, as well as for us, I repeat, the Duc d'Orléans was the *chef de demain*. His incessant care for the good organisation and perfecting of our military forces, and the pains he took to select the most deserving men from their ranks without a shadow of favouritism or regard for birth—such men as Lamoricière, Cavaignac, Canrobert, and MacMahon—and to advance them to the highest positions, had been appreciated by the public. All this was *pour demain*, for the morrow. So too in matters civilian. If he did stretch out his hand, not indeed to incorrigible revolutionaries, but to men of advanced opinions, who were in opposition to the King's Government, that too was "for the morrow." It was so as

to be able, in the hour of his country's peril, to serve as the patriotic link between all the living forces in the nation. The general feeling, alas! both our own and that of the great majority of thinking men, was that the bond that might have held these forces together against revolution, overflowing from within, as well as enemies attacking from without, had just been snapped. Death had destroyed the anticipated and universally accepted successor, and with him the chief prop of the July Monarchy. Thenceforward the ship was to toss uncommanded, objectless and compassless, at the mercy of every tempest. Men and principles alike had failed us, and we were to relapse once more into a state of unstable government. This sad presentiment was only too well justified by ultimate events.

Physically, my eldest brother was tall, with a slight and exceptionally elegant figure. In uniform and on horseback he looked magnificent, and his soldierly presence pleased the troops as much as it did the populace. As for bravery, he was downright reckless, another cause for popularity with the masses. Everybody knew he had received a wound in Africa, before Mascara, by throwing himself boldly among the skirmishers at a critical moment. It was known, too, that at the Mouzaïa Pass, when the whole army was wearing a cap covered with black oilcloth, he alone insisted on wearing a bright red one, which marked him out to all the men as their commanding officer, but which also exposed himself, and those near him as well, to the enemy's bullets. To the charm of valour my brother added that of speech, that music of the tongue to which all men, but especially Frenchmen, are so sensitive. And to this he added another quality not less seductive, especially in a prince—he was a good listener; listening, in fact, was one of his foremost qualities. Surrounded, as he always was, by eminent men of every nationality, he would assimilate with extraordinary facility and wonderful retentiveness not only the fruitful ideas, which he gleaned from their conversation, but the very words which struck his fancy. And these words, as well as those

with which his cultivated and thoroughly French mind and his heart inspired him, he knew how to use with marvellous effect. What more eloquent than the toast he proposed at a farewell banquet in the open air, at which his whole division, officers and men alike, were gathered round him, after their return from the expedition to the Iron Gates?

"In the name of the King, who four times over has sent his son to serve in its ranks, I drink to the army of Africa and its general-in-chief, Marshal Vallée, under whose orders it has accomplished such great deeds.

"To the army which has conquered a vast and splendid empire for France, opening a boundless field to that civilisation of which it is the vanguard, and that colonisation of which it is the first pledge.

"To the army that has handled rifle and pick in turn, fighting Arabs or fever as they came, facing an inglorious death in hospital with stoic resignation, and which by its brilliant valour has preserved the most famous traditions of our arms among our youthful soldiers.

"To the army, the flower of that greater French army—the nursery, on the one battlefield reserved to us alone, of our future military chiefs—whose heart swells with a just and noble pride in those who have already risen from its ranks.

"To the army, which, distant as it is from the fatherland, knows happily nothing of the intestine conflicts waged there, except to curse them, and which, being as it is the refuge of those who flee them, asks nothing but to fight nature, Arabs, and the climate, in the general interest of France.

"And to the illustrious leader, the captor of Constantine, who has stamped French Africa with the indelible seal of permanent possession, and planted our flag where the Romans dared not carry their eagles."

The reception given by the soldiers, whose toils and dangers he had just been sharing, to this vigorous language may be imagined. He had the supreme charm, both for soldiers and for artists, who always found a friend and pro-

tector in him, and for women as well. But here I touch a delicate subject, and the most inviolable secrecy checks my pen. Old Baron James de Rothschild was heard to say in his old age that he yet had to meet the lady who could resist him. I fancy he boasted somewhat. I fancy, too, that if he had not met her then, he ended by knowing such a lady. But I am certain, without going so far as the baron did, that my brother met few women, in the course of his radiant youth, who did not respond to his homage, at all events with a secret but tender emotion. Into what adventures that personal charm of his carried him! He was saved on one such occasion, from a very risky situation, by his own *sangfroid* and boldness. It was at a period when attempted risings were continually occurring in Paris. Either *he* or *she* had had the somewhat original idea of meeting at a house in a far from poetic street which still exists—the Rue Tiquetonne. Presently alarming sounds were heard, and then died away, only to begin again, louder than ever. Soon the distant rolling of drums sounded, followed by rifle shots. It was the situation in the fourth act of *The Huguenots*. They rushed to the window. The street was full of armed rioters, busily engaged in building up barricades. How was he, the Prince Royal, known as he was by everybody, to get away? "I turned up the collar of my overcoat," he told me, "and I was lucky enough to get into the street just as they were dragging up a carriage to upset it and make it the nucleus of the barricade. I caught hold of it at once, helped to turn it over, and to pile paving-stones and stuff of all sorts over and round it, with an amount of zeal that disarmed all suspicion. And then I watched my opportunity and slipped away." In an hour he was in uniform and on horseback, and the Municipal Guard was carrying *his* barricade at the bayonet's point.[1]

Such, under his various aspects, was the brother I had lost.

I reached Neuilly in time to be present at his solemn

[1] *Translator's note.*—What became of the poor lady?

funeral, which took place at Notre-Dame amid the most touching proofs of the general sorrow. We took him to the mausoleum at Dreux, and then we shut ourselves up at Neuilly to cling to each other and mourn him in silence and retirement.

But though my brother Nemours, upon whom the eventual duties of Regent fell by the Duc d'Orléans' death, was by that fact prevented from going away, neither I nor my other brothers, who wore the King's uniform, were able to remain long in idleness.

Aumale was appointed to the command of the Province of Tittery, in Algiers. The *Belle-Poule* was ordered on a cruise along the Guinea Coast and to South America, touching first of all at Lisbon, and it was settled that Aumale should take passage on board her as far as that port. So after a sad farewell we started together to join her at Brest. As our mourning exempted us from all official receptions, we took the longest way round, by the Loire Valley, with its ancient castles, the wild country of Morbihan, and the picturesque scenery of Finistère. Our first stage was to Blois, where we went to see the castle, an historic gem, then on to Amboise, Saumur, Angers, Pont-de-Cé, and Nantes. Everything about that journey —scenery, monuments, memories, legends—is delightful. It is a touching unfolding of the history of old France—that France of bygone days, which, with her faded glories and her chivalrous adventures, consoles those who love her for the calamities born of revolution. We made a short stay at Nantes, whence Aumale went to Chateaubriand to look at his property with M. de la Haye-Jousselin, while I went to Karheil to see the château of the Coislin family. This was for sale, and my father was anxious to buy it as a centre to the sandy tracts of Saint Gildas and Lanvaux, which he owned already, and which previous to the year 1830, he had planted with trees, which had done well.

On my way to Karheil I passed through Blain, where I saw the ruins of the famous castle of the Rohans, the

cradle of that mighty race. Only two out of the nine towers adorning it are still standing. The rest were pulled down during the Revolution. The heart tightens at the sight of these ruins scattered in all directions and the inevitable repetition of the phrase, "Destroyed during the Revolution." The Saracens and Huns did no worse things.

In the company of an aged man with powdered wig and side curls, the picture of an old-fashioned henchman, and armed with full powers from the Coislin as well as from the Rohan family, I went to see Karheil, a castle perched on a rock, encircled by a pretty stream. The glades of the fine park were obstructed by fences, hedges, and ditches, and other artificial obstacles, which turned them into a steeplechase course—an arrangement, so M. Bizeul told me, of M. le Marquis "for the amusement of the people coming to the château." Then he looked at me. I know not what he read in my eyes, but a paroxysm of grief seized him, and he was almost in tears as he confided to me the sorrow he felt at seeing one of the oldest and most venerated families in Brittany go down the hill. And the old friend of the family had good reason to be grieved. There was good stuff in the Marquis de Coislin of that date. As a young man he had put himself at the head of his devoted partisans, like a gallant knight, in the Duchesse de Berry's insurrection. Later on, I had met him in Paris, a splendid gentleman, whose deep glance breathed passion, and no doubt inspired it too. Many years later yet, in 1871, those who saw Charette's Zouaves fighting with the army of the Loire noticed in their ranks a tall old white-bearded man, a simple Zouave indeed, but an exemplar of courage and devotion. That was the Marquis de Coislin. Sad it is that it is through our revolutions and divisions the services of such men should be lost to France.

From Nantes too I went to see the naval workshops at Indret, where I was received by exceedingly capable and intelligent chiefs of departments, and where I saw a body

of artificers quite out of the common, but all of them misplaced in a badly situated establishment, the original plan of which was utterly defective, and in which they were forced to vegetate uselessly in spite of their own impotent efforts and endeavours. Thence we took our way across the Morbihan to Vannes, which during the whole of my father's reign was administered by the same prefect, and that with the esteem of every party. An exceptional case this (especially when the state of latent civil war in which the department was, is considered), and one much to the credit of the gentleman in question, M. Lorois. Our journey was so hurried that we had barely time to kneel at the shrine of St. Anne d'Auray, so highly venerated by Breton pilgrims, and to give some hasty alms to the crowd of beggars clustered on the steps of the sanctuary. They all limped off at once, with a great clatter of crutches and wooden shoes, to fetch us water from the *Bonne-Mère* to wash our faces and eyes with. The journey across Brittany from Nantes to Brest, by Auray, Rosporden, and Quimper, is a delightful one. Smiling and picturesque scenery everywhere, old churches too, surrounded by fine trees, and at the period of which I speak, 1842, the quaintest of costumes as well. Here withy-cutters, or salt-marsh workers from Guérande, in blouses, breeches, and long white gaiters, with broad-brimmed hats laden with charms on their flowing hair. There people from St. Pol-de-Léon, all in black. Further on, a group of women, in embroidered bodices and quaint headdresses, kneeling on the open heath, at the foot of a stone cross. How pretty those little Breton women are with their well-shaped waists and their short petticoats, showing glimpses of neat blue stockinged legs, and fresh rosy faces under their white caps! Those eyes of theirs are cast down devoutly at their prayers, but on feast days they are raised and shine with passionate fire. On such occasions, if we may believe report, the pretty little devotees follow

the guidance of that eleventh commandment, which, according to the late Lord Clarendon, sums up all the rest:

D'être pincé te garderas,
Afin de fauter librement—

or, in the English version, "Thou shalt not be found out."

We reached Lisbon after a swift passage. The Tagus is a fine river, certainly, but, to my mind, the much vaunted panorama of Lisbon does not merit its reputation. The Tower of Belem alone, with its curious architecture, enchants the eye, and the enchantment is prolonged, on landing, by the sight of the exquisite church standing behind it. But there it ends. All the rest is ugliness. We went ashore in the royal launch (*Falua*), a vessel adorned with gilt carvings, and with a silken awning over her stern. The crew were men from Algarve, with tanned skins, dressed in short drawers and jackets of amaranth-coloured velvet, with Venetian caps on their heads. They stood upright to row, keeping their strokes in time to a sort of litany in the Queen's honour, which they sang in chorus.

This was not my first visit to Lisbon. I was rejoiced to see the Queen Doña Maria again. She was one of my childhood's friends, and I was eventually to become her brother-in-law I know not how many times over. I also renewed my acquaintance with King Ferdinand, of whom I had not seen so much. The King, who was an artist to his finger tips, a distinguished musician, water-colour artist, etcher, and ceramist, hated politics. This and some other little failings common to us both, drew us together, and our friendship endured up to his premature death. I have often been in Portugal since those days, and have always received a welcome for which I feel the liveliest gratitude. I have met distinguished men there, and charming, well-informed, and kind-hearted ladies. I have vowed the sincerest affection alike to both Portugal and the Portuguese, and my best wishes follow both country and people all over the world, but I will not commit myself to any opinion as to their political life.

At the time I speak of, the country possessed two illustrious soldiers, Marshal Saldanha and Marshal Terceira. On these two, in turn, hinged the alternate changes made in its constitution, whether by military insurrection, or other and less unparliamentary means. Such was the national habit, and the country did not seem the worse for it. As in our own case, there were two dynastic parties, but what was strange was that the Miguelists, who opposed Queen Doña Maria, and who, by the way, were few in numbers, set up for being Legitimists, although they claimed the right of government for Don Miguel, the representative of the younger branch of the reigning family. Let wise politicians explain that as best they may.

I do not recollect whether it was on the occasion of this particular visit to Lisbon, that at a reception of mine for the diplomatic body at Belem, the Duke de Palmela, who presented its members (as Minister for Foreign Affairs), asked me to excuse his hurrying through the ceremony, as his Duchess was in the act of bringing her fifteenth child into the world. A palpable proof this, given by the head of its Foreign Office, of the vitality of the Portuguese nation! Some days later the Duke, a diplomatist of the old school, who added to his own considerable wit and cleverness the advantage of having rubbed shoulders with the greatest diplomatists of the century, such as Talleyrand and Metternich, asked me to dine with him. It was a splendid banquet. On our arrival we found the royal archers (so called because they carried halberts!) lining the staircase. Thence we passed into a splendid suite of rooms, at the end of which, after we left table, a great door was thrown open, revealing a magnificent state bed on an *estrade* with several steps up to it. And in this bed the newly confined Duchess, to whom all the guests hastened to pay their duty!

I noticed some fine rifle battalions at a review of the Portuguese troops, and I had a very amusing talk with the celebrated admiral, Sir Charles Napier, who was present on horseback, in a British post-captain's uniform, but with

a little hat, *à la Napoléon*, with a Portuguese cockade, his trousers all worked up, huge spurs on his feet, and an enormous cudgel in his grasp.

Finally, the King took us on a sporting expedition to Mafra, among the mountains which stretch towards Torres Vedras. They are not high, but steep, and covered with stunted vegetation. It was a picturesque sight this shooting party, in that mountain country, some of it very beautiful, where the eye constantly lighted on scenes that were like pictures of guerilla or partisan warfare. Hundreds of beaters, in their brilliant costumes, wearing breeches, and with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, and cloaks flung over their shoulders, climbed up through the gorges, slipped swiftly along the mountain ledges, and drove a host of small deer, stags, wild boar, and foxes down to the sportsmen. Even after the sun had set the firing was still going on.

But both Aumale and I were very eager to see something more of Portugal than the pleasures and official and political life of Lisbon. So as soon as we were back from the shooting excursion we started on a whimsical expedition of our own, which we hoped to carry as far as the ancient and celebrated university town of Coimbra. All means of communication being most primitive at that time, we travelled on horseback, escorted by a former captain on the French staff, who had been aide-de-camp to the Duke of Ragusa in 1830, who had succeeded his uncle, Hyde de Neuville, as Marquis of Bemposta in Portugal, and who had ended by becoming aide-de-camp to King Ferdinand. We formed a regular caravan, the transport service of which had been undertaken by a native "Almocrève."

The first day we crossed a sort of desert country, of evil repute, covered with heather as far as the eye could

see—the lowest spurs of the Sierra d'Estrella, a long mountain chain which rises in Spain, near Segovia and Avila. Passing through a wild gorge, at a place called Mecheira, we came upon a band of evil-looking men, gun on shoulder, who seemed to be out shooting in an easy-

going fashion. Our party was both well-armed and numerous, and I fancy they looked on it as too heavy game for their rifles. I am all the more inclined to this opinion, because we met some cavalry patrols a little further on, who had been sent out in a great hurry, some travellers having been stopped and stripped at Mecheira that very morning. Two days' travelling brought us to Alcobaca and Aljubarota. My reader will notice these names beginning with Al. The Moors have passed this way! Aljubarota is famous for the battle there, which established the autonomy of the kingdom of Portugal in 1385. The army commanded by the Grand Master of Avis, Don Jaô, had to do with a Spanish force using fire-arms (the "needle-gun" of that date!), which were quite unknown to the Portuguese troops. These last had both wind and sun and dust against them. But buoyed up by their

native bravery, and by the example of Don Jaô, and of the Bishop of Braga, who rode down the ranks with helmet on head and lance in hand, they put the Spanish army to flight, and the Spanish King never stopped till he got to Seville. As for the Grand Master of Avis, who became King of Portugal, he founded the church and convent of Batalha, which we had come to see, in memory of his victory.

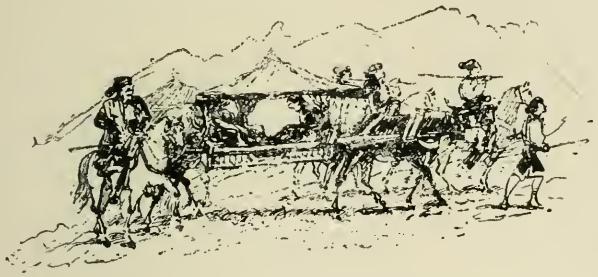
I know not how to describe ancient buildings. I am no architect; but things which are stately always strike me deeply; and there is no doubt about it, Batalha is stately, simple, severe, with that religious stamp about it which I look for vainly in the churches of our own day. The doorway, delicately carved, and in beautiful preservation, represents terrestrial paradise, and every one of the statues of the saints is a little masterpiece. Behind the church there is a chapel begun by Don Emmanuel, and which he was never able to finish. This is much to be regretted, to judge by what already exists. There is some sculpture of the most extraordinary delicacy—almost like a spider's web. But, alas! vandals have come upon the scene. The stained glass has gone, and ever so many statuettes are missing from their niches, sold to collectors or to passing tourists. Close to the church stands the convent, similar in style to the convent at Belem. There is one huge Gothic hall, which I thought superb. The story goes that the vaulted ceiling gave way three times, and that when it had been built up again the fourth time the architect stood himself underneath it just as the last scaffolding was knocked away. The vault stood, and he had his own face carved on one of the pendentives, thus forming a statuette which is by no means one of the least beautiful in that splendid building, all the more to be admired, to my thinking, on account of its being absolutely untouched by the barbarous hand of the restorer.

We went on to Leiria, where a great market gave us an opportunity of admiring the beauty of the country women and their charming costumes. We put up in a *posada*,

in which the stable was on the first floor and the kitchen on the second, and where we shared rooms with geese and pigs and a party of travelling gelders from France. After Leiria came Pombal. These little Portuguese towns are all charming. They seem as if they belonged to another period altogether. The pillory is still to be seen in them, and the gaol too ; this last a sort of wild beast cage, with a huge grated window level with the public square, through which every one can talk, without any surveillance, with the prisoners, condemned or otherwise, who are all huddled together pell mell. There were only two young women in the gaol at Pombal. We entered into conversation with them. By dint of questioning them, and the passers-by as well, we learnt that they were sisters—and then came the eternal old tale. The eldest had a lover, and all the rest of it! She had not courage to put the child out of the way, and her young sister buried it alive. The unhappy girls had been five months in that cage waiting their sentence, exposed to all the insults, jests, and coarse remarks of the populace. What torture to those poor women, who, to judge by their features and appearance, were evidently of a superior class to the mere peasants! The elder one, the mother, was very beautiful, though pale and seemingly weakened by suffering. Her expression was so gentle it pained me to look at her. "Ah, let no man insult a woman who has fallen," says the poet.

After the pillory and the gaol we had another memory of the Middle Ages. Shortly before we got to Coimbra we met one of the great local families, the Pinto-Bastos, travelling along the road, the ladies in litters, each borne by two gaily-caparisoned mules, the gentlemen on horseback, in the costume of the country, and escorted by

numerous serving-men, also mounted, and wearing big caps, breeches, and handsome velvet jackets with silver buttons. Each man carried his striped wrapper over his shoulder, and was armed with the huge stick the Portuguese know how to wield so well. The whole caravan made a



fine effect. Looking at it pass by, you might fancy yourself in the sixteenth century. All at once, from the crest of some rising ground, we caught sight of the beautiful and smiling Mondego Valley, with Coimbra rising in terraces along the river against a fine mountain background. It was most picturesque. We descended towards a long stone bridge leading to the town, and each member of our caravan made himself ready as best he could to give the least handle possible to the jests with which the students habitually salute all newly-arrived strangers. The whole corporation was under arms,

indeed, in the sable costume, doublet, breeches and cloak, with which the "Estudiantinas Espagnoles" have familiarised us, only in this case the Spanish cocked hat and spoon was replaced by a sort of black Phrygian cap. To our astonishment, these young gentlemen, instead of poking

fun at us, got off the parapet on which they had been sitting, pulled off their caps to us, and welcomed us with the most kindly politeness. They knew, perhaps, that we too had worn our breeches out upon school benches, and thus saluted us as comrades!

Beyond this friendly row of men in black, we saw the river dotted with white sails, and on its banks, among the willows, we beheld not a few of those well-shaped washer-women with turned-up skirts, whom Camoëns christened the nymphs of the Mondego. At the far end of the bridge, between tall irregular walls, stood a gateway as dark as the entrance to a Turkish town; and just as we would have passed through it, mournful objurgations and sorrowful appeals from some invisible mortals rose around us, while baskets hanging on pulleys came down upon our heads, and porringers fastened to long reeds started out of holes in the walls and terrified our horses. The prisoners shut up within those walls were thus beseeching us to deposit our alms, pecuniary or other, in their baskets or their porringers! Having dismounted at a good inn, we discovered that the "Mesonero" (in other words, our host) was the possessor of two pretty daughters, whom he kept in a tower under lock and key, so dangerous a town is Coimbra! But we set our wits to work to catch a sight of the beautiful recluses. By means of a nosegay tied to the end of a long stick we drew two sprightly faces, well worthy their reputation, to the window, and so we made acquaintance. Then we were fetched to go over the university, the honours of which were done us by the "grand master" in a blue and gold gown, assisted by two professors who spoke French admirably well. Aumale, being much more lettered and academic than myself, kept the conversational ball rolling brilliantly. The huge institution, in which professors and students alike seemed to me to know their work thoroughly, is admirably organised, and is venerated throughout the whole country on account of its great antiquity. To the Portuguese mind it is the fountain-head of all knowledge; and we were told,

in the most artless manner, that if our universities in France were good it was because they were managed by professors from Coimbra! From the university we went on to see an ancient mosque which had been turned into a cathedral, but which still preserved its thoroughly Moorish character. In Spain and Portugal alike the Moors have left indelible traces of their passage, both in the buildings, in the language, and in the types of the two races. Our stay at Coimbra ended with an expedition to the "Quinta das Lagrimas" (the Villa of Tears). In the shadow of the gigantic cedars which shelter this villa, standing in a lovely spot on the banks of the Mondego, the romantic story of the loves of the Infant of Portugal, Don Pedro, and of Inez de Castro, as sung by Camoëns, and ending in that murder of Inez, to the punishment of which the whole life of Don Pedro "the Avenger" was devoted, unfolded itself. The proprietors for the time being of the villa gave me some of Inez de Castro's hair, which they had collected when her tomb was violated during the Napoleonic wars. It is fair hair.

We returned to Lisbon by a different route, over terrible roads, scarcely more than tracks, across a land of moors and pine-woods, picturesque enough, but wild and lonely, where we came in broad daylight on huge wolves, prowling round the flocks of goats, which the goatherds still call, as in the most primitive times, by blowing on conch shells. Two days' march brought us within sight of the little town of Thomar, and at nightfall we reached our halting place, —a horrible "hospedaria," in the kitchen of which we took refuge, chilled, and aching with fatigue. Aumale dandled the children in the chimney-corner, thereby winning their fond affections, while I set to work to make love to the mistress of the establishment, a stout and not altogether illiterate lady—for she could swear in any language.

Thomar! Were you ever at Thomar? Did you ever even hear of it? Yet how many a journey has been made, how much trouble has been taken, to see what is much less

worth seeing! The object of my admiration there is a convent, sacked, alas! and plundered—well-nigh utterly destroyed, but still the most singularly remarkable building conceivable. The nucleus of the convent is formed by a round mosque, with coloured pillars, and a "mirhab," which I still see in my mind's eye, full of long-robed and turbaned Mussulmans, plunged in solemn meditation. With the Christian conquest, the mosque became a Christian church, and the mirhab in its centre the high altar. After the Moors came the Templars, and then the Knights of Christ, who bravely defended the convent against an attempted Moorish recapture. A gate is still shown, called the "Gate of blood" on account of the carnage of which it was the scene. The Templars and the Knights of Christ have both left their mark upon the edifice. Later in the day came Don Emmanuel, and with him the rich and quaint style of his period. A choir and a wonderful doorway were added to the old mosque, the cloisters were lengthened, and beautiful halls were erected. Then the Spanish Philips, during their suzerainty over Portugal, made Thomar their residence, and in the new cloisters they added to the edifice, the severe and heavy style of architecture which the gloomy character of Philip II. brought into fashion is exemplified. The convent is at once an architectural and historical museum, and the most striking of religious monuments. The silence of the immense cloisters—there are six or seven of them—is deeply impressive. I could not tear myself away, every moment seemed to reveal some new and striking detail. I was roused from my admiration and my reverie by a volunteer guide who had attached himself to me, and who, seeing me pause before an exquisite statuette, said, "I'll take it down for you to carry away with you," adding, when I exclaimed in horror at the idea, "But everybody takes what they like here!" I am happy to be able to add that we denounced this vandalism as soon as we got back to Lisbon, at the same time so exciting King Ferdinand's truly artistic feelings by our description of Thomar that he went there

in his turn, and, thanks to him, the preservation of that unique edifice was thenceforth assured.

We made a delightful journey from Thomar to Lisbon, by Abrantès, at which place I saw an old gentleman in an antediluvian uniform, wearing his sword transversely like a powdered marquis in a play, advance towards me, and throw himself on his knees, embracing mine, and exclaiming, "Let me embrace the man who brought back Napoleon!" (*Le conducteur de Napoléon*), an allusion to my St. Helena expedition, which somewhat amazed me. When we got back to Lisbon I bade a sorrowful farewell to Aumale, who departed on board a steamship for Algiers, there to commence the brilliant campaign which ended in the capture of Abd-el-Kader's smalah. Horace Vernet's fine picture in the Versailles Museum perpetuates the memory of this splendid exploit.

My readers are aware that having started to capture the smalah, my brother got up to it with nothing but his cavalry and far from his supports, after several night marches, which he contrived to steal on the enemy. "The enemy is very strong," said Colonel Yusuf, a gallant officer, who was with the advance guard, hurrying back. "No prince of my race has ever turned back," was the answer. "Forward!" and the little force, with the general at its head, threw itself unhesitatingly on the mass of warriors in front. Its audacity was justified by its success.

As for me, while Aumale was steaming towards Algeria I was bidding farewell to my excellent friends and relatives, Queen Doña Maria and King Ferdinand, and setting sail for Senegal and the Guinea Coast, where I was to make the round of our colonial settlements.

CHAPTER X

1843

THE canoe manned by four paddlers in which I had crossed the bar at Guet-n-dar was carried high up on the sand on the crest of a huge wave. A crowd of blacks rushed forward before the wave could come back, lifted me out, and put me down, with loud shouts of "Petit roi pas goutte d'eau" (Not a drop of water on our little king), at

the feet of Bobokar, King of Guet-n-dar, a tall negro, dressed in a striped cotton gown, and with a laced cocked hat on his head, which had seen better days on a general officer's or a coachman's.

As soon as I was landed, the King of Guet-n-dar (I only call him king in obedience to the African custom

which bestows the title on every chief who has a right to beat other people)—the King, I say, set himself to work to make way for me through his subjects crowding round, with heavy blows from his cudgel, and crossing the tongue of sand between the Senegal river and the sea, which forms his kingdom, I entered St. Louis, the capital of our possessions on the West African coast. While nobody talks anything but sugar at Martinique, nor cod in Newfoundland, at St. Louis the only subject of conversation is *gum*. It is its staple product, and indeed is found nowhere else, except in Arabia.

The gum forests are in country belonging to the Arabs, on the right bank of the Senegal river, and are consequently in the hands of the Moors, who carry the produce to the river. The various stations we have established along its course are intended for the protection of the traders or coloured agents, acting as intermediaries between the natives and the white merchants, unable themselves to face the deadly climate, and also to close the road to the British markets on the Gambia river to the Moors. To the garrisons of these stations, regular charnel-houses, our officers and men come out to die, or else to catch the germ of some incurable illness. I learn that nowadays, by dint of using quinine as a preventive, and of improvements in some other respects, the effects of the unhealthy climate have been somewhat reduced, but when I was there the condition of things was really terrible. So my first care, when I reached St. Louis, was to go and see the victims of duty in the hospital into which they were crowded, and my heart swelled at the sight of all the poor yellow wasted faces many of them already bearing the signs of approaching dissolution. Poor brave fellows! How I wished I had crosses to pin on all their breasts, to soften the last moments of the life they had given for their country, by a sign of its remembrance of them! But I had not one, and I could not help feeling furious at the thought that we were close on New Year's day, and that a perfect rain of

honours was about to fall on a heap of theatrical directors who had done special service to the government, and private secretaries, and political writers, who had never been off the Boulevards, the favoured elect of the world of politics—those odious politics! The dismal, ill-built, rickety hospital was perfectly well managed at all events, thanks to our naval surgeons, and also to our admirable sisters of charity, whose names I cannot pronounce without indulging in another and an indignant digression.

Can we really have fallen so low as to tolerate that these holy and noble women, who have lightened so much suffering, and so worthily sustained the good name of France all over the world, should be sacrificed in these latter days to a pack of public-house reformers and would-be strong-minded freethinkers?

From the hospital, that ante-chamber of death, I went to the barracks for the living, mere dens, built by St. Routine to sealed pattern, at so much a foot, identically the same in every climate, and absolutely unsuitable for any. How different from the spacious, airy, comfortable edifices raised by the English for the comfort and well-being of their colonial garrisons!

St. Louis is built beside a river, the flat banks of which are seen stretching away hedged in by masses of green vegetation. In the mornings the town is usually wrapped in an unhealthy fog. Yet this is the moment at which the inhabitants are to be seen languidly dragging themselves along the straight sandy streets, between the negro huts and a few white houses with terraces before them. When the fog lifts the place is nothing but a scorching desert. I was to have gone up the river to inspect our military stations and their garrisons, but the only available boat was detained outside the bar across the mouth of the river, which was absolutely impassable. After waiting for it in vain for several days, I left St. Louis for Goree and Dakar.

At Goree I once more saw the pretty *signares*, a regularly enlisted company of mulatto women, which

furnishes our officers, civil and military, with wives and housekeepers during their turn of colonial service. Then I came again upon my friend the King of Dakar, an old acquaintance of mine, who sent me his compliments by his "general of cavalry," a perfect giant in stature, excessively thin, who wore a stock and a cocked hat, and no breeches.

At Goree I embarked on board the colonial despatch boat *Galibi* to inspect our stations on the Gambia and the Cazamanze. This vessel was herself a curiosity, not indeed as a ship of war, for she was a fine little steam despatch boat, armed with four guns, but on account of the organisation and composition of her crew. There were only four whites on board—the lieutenant in command, a poor fellow who was soon to fall a victim to the climate and die at his post, a clerk, an engineer, and a master-gunner. All the rest of the crew were negroes, hypocritically denominated Government prisoners, whose whole costume, as a rule, consisted of a monkey-skin cap and a string of *grigris*, or charms, round their waists. "Haven't you ever tried to dress them?" said I to the lieutenant.

"Oh yes, but as soon as they get on shore they instantly sell their things, or give them away to their women, and come back naked. So I have given it up."

When it was time for us to start, the captain owned to me that none of the crew had ever known how to steer, except one negro, who acted as his butler, and he could only steer in a river, by keeping the ship at an equal distance from the two banks. He had never been able to understand anything about steering by the compass at sea.

As we had to go a certain distance at sea before reaching the mouth of the rivers, I took on board a whaler and crew from my frigate, and my men went to the wheel. But now a fresh difficulty arose. The single engineer could not stop by his engine for ever, without taking any rest. Now and then the care of the machinery had to be confided to a negro, whom he had trained after a certain fashion, and I confess I felt far from easy when I saw him handling the levers and taps with all the self-confidence of a monkey showing off a magic lantern. Besides our negro crew, there was a perfect menagerie of creatures loose on board. Gazelles, which were inoffensive enough, I must grant, a legion of ill-behaved monkeys, and a tame civet. The monkeys never stopped playing spiteful tricks on everybody all day long, and at night they all huddled together, clasping each other, with their tails sticking out like the rays of a star or the spokes of a wheel. If by anybody's fault or misfortune one of those tails got trodden on, the whole cluster of monkeys yelled for an hour, just as journalists do if a finger is laid on one of their fraternity. As for the civet, she used to offer her company as bedfellow to each of us in turn, and it was of the most stinking and disagreeable kind.

We soon reached the mouth of the Gambia River, and, entering it through a labyrinth of sandbanks, we saw a wide stream with flat shores covered with mangrove swamps, behind which aquatic form of vegetation huge trees rose, fantastically tall, and in all the splendour of their tropical growth. All the rivers of the West African coast present this identically same appearance. We had hardly entered this one before we were confronted by one of those international questions which swarm on the coast in this part of the globe. The Gambia is a British river, but on its banks is a territory belonging to us, called Albreda, which I was about to visit. Had we a right to go there direct, up the English waters of the Gambia, or ought we to stop first of all at St. Mary Bathurst, the capital of the British possessions on the river, to ask permission to do so? If a merchant

vessel, French or otherwise, tried to get up to Albreda, the British stopped her by fair words or force, to maintain their right. But this we were contesting, and as the business was still in suspense, I passed St. Mary Bathurst without stopping, and anchored at Albreda. It is not a very important factory. I was received by four white men and a crowd of negroes. The white inhabitant stretched on a couch under the veranda of the one-storied house in which he dwells, has no society beyond that of the *signare*, who acts provisionally as his wife, and the crowd of slaves of both sexes who go and come around him. Fever lurks on every side, and carries him off on the slightest imprudence. But it is a rich country, for it is inhabited by a race of negroes, fervent Mussulmans, who are industrious workers, and the produce of their industry is a lucrative article of barter. In the evening, after a long walk through the woods, balmy with a thousand sweet scents, where flights of lovely birds, long-tailed parrokeets, and black-plumaged widow birds, perched in the trees, I saw a small British vessel approach, and an officer put off from her He had been sent by the governor, who was on board, and had been going up the river to call on the captain of the French ship, and express his regret at not having seen him at Bathurst in the morning—a covert complaint, in fact. On hearing who I was, and that I expected to go to Bathurst the following day, he sent me word that he would return and receive me there.

The flagstaff on which our colours had been hoisted having fallen down, I had it set up again. It was necessary in a disputed country, such as this was, and pending the Government's decision, that our flag should wave over our colonists, and protect them from all insult.

Then I landed at Bathurst. Our captives, anxiously directed by the master-gunner, contrived somehow or other to fire a salute of twenty-one guns, which was instantly returned from the British forts, and I went ashore in the whale-boat I had brought from the *Belle-Poule*. The commander of the *Galibi*, who wanted to escort me, had manned a boat

and rigged out his men for the nonce in smart striped shirts and red caps. Wonderful to relate, they were so electrified by the reception I was given, and the example of my white crew, that they brought both shirts and caps faithfully back! I was received on the beach by a company of what in those days was called the Royal African Corps—splendid black troops, officered by white men. I had a great deal of conversation with the governor, a very sensible man, who expressed the hope that my visit would result in a prompt settlement of a state of local affairs which might give rise to the most serious difficulties. He was exceedingly civil to me, and gave me a very fine dinner-party, before which I was somewhat astonished to see "the ladies" appear in the drawing-room, in the shape of three very dark mulattoes, in full evening dress—low bodices, lace pocket-handkerchiefs, and fans. The doors of the dining-room having just been thrown open, the governor indicated to me by a gesture that I was to take one of these ladies into dinner. Not knowing which of them should take precedence, I held my arm out in the middle of the drawing-room, and one of the dark-skinned ladies blushingly put hers within it. Many years afterwards, dining at Washington with that agreeable man, Charles Sumner, the great abolitionist, and some very charming ladies, I amused myself by telling him about my Bathurst dinner, and asked him whether *he* had ever given his arm to a negress. I awaited his answer with some curiosity, to see whether he would dare answer in the affirmative before the American ladies, who are so sensitive on the colour question, but he got out of it very adroitly. "My dear Prince," said he, "in every religion each man has his own share of work. I preach

and you practise. Don't let us mix the two things up together."

As we were steaming out of the Gambia I saw the commander of the *Galibi* on his bridge, in a state of violent excitement, with all his crew mustered before him, and appealing in the most vehement manner to his *capitaine de rivière* (river captain), the title borne by the chief of the negro crew. I joined him, and he said, "I've just been mustering the men. I can't recollect all the fellows' names, so I count heads. I've done it over again four or five times, and there is always one man too many." And then he began to yell again, "*Capitaine de rivière!* What's the meaning of this? There's a man too many!" The *capitaine de rivière*, who had stationed himself well forward, pretended not to hear, but, driven at last from his refuge, he came aft, pulling off his bell-crowned hat, the distinctive sign of his authority, and, uncovering his shock of gray hair, like a woollen travelling cap, murmured in his gentlest tones, "Please, sir, he's a *little present* I was given at Bathurst!"

We were soon in the Cazamanze, after having very nearly been lost on the sandbanks obstructing the entrance to the river, on which the sea breaks furiously. The river is a fine one, wide and deep. I steamed up it for about a hundred miles. After the few villages near the mouth we came to a desert country, covered with impenetrable forest and jungle. We steamed along between two walls of green, and our only excitement as we went was to watch the numerous hippopotami, who seemed very much put out by the passing of the *Galibi*. As we neared our station at Sedhiou, which I was going to inspect, we noticed several villages, the inhabitants of which greeted us with yells. The jungle had been cleared around the houses, over which the great trees stood like huge parasols. So gigantic was the growth, that sometimes a whole village was sheltered by one and the same tree. The post of Sedhiou—a brick-built fort, with a little bastion armed with a gun at each corner—is placed at a point of great

importance on the caravan line from the interior. I was received by an infantry captain, M. Dallin, who had done the most excellent service there, but ruined his health, and by two white soldiers, both wasted by fever. The rest of the garrison consisted of black soldiers, splendid fellows, brave and faithful, and excellent workmen, who had done, and were still doing, all the work on the station.

Thinking of those fine soldiers, and then casting back my memory to the services recently rendered by their successors, the Senegalese Riflemen —first-class troops, useful anywhere, like our Algerian Turcos, who have already proved what they are worth—I ask myself why we should not utilise the considerable recruiting opportunities Western Africa offers us to raise a number of negro battalions. They might if properly enlisted be most usefully employed, especially in those unhealthy countries where we now squander so many invaluable lives. I will even go further, for it is my conviction that in thus acting we should be preparing for the future, and outstripping the march of events. The state of armed preparation which now exists in Europe—with every man a soldier, and forced to be a soldier, with every man's career interrupted, and each man's existence hanging on the chance of an electoral surprise or a parliamentary incident—cannot possibly last. It is unhappily to be feared that to escape from this insane condition of things some violent shock will be necessary, which will make a clean sweep of

the false notions dressed up in fine names which we have been accumulating for the past century. When that crisis is over, people will want to be free, as Americans are free —free to do and to be *what they choose*, and, especially, free not to be soldiers *unless they choose*. There can be no doubt at all that those inventions of revolutionary tyranny, conscription and compulsory service, will become the object of universal horror, and that the first person who dares to take the initiative in abolishing them will be saluted by the blessings of the entire human race. Wherefore every government will perforce have to come to what is right and just—to armies consisting of volunteers and auxiliaries. And who knows whether we shall not then find the real strength of our army in our black regiments, just as Russia would in her yellow-skinned ones and Great Britain in her Indian troops? But I must bring this digression to a close.

As we steamed down the Cazamanze we ran aground, and while the ship was being got off I went ashore, in a creek, where at the very outset I disturbed the slumbers of a couple of crocodiles sleeping on a stone. A moment later I was nearly knocked over by a big boar with reddish bristles and up-curved fangs, a "wart hog." Then I got into the brush, tall grass much higher than myself, above which hung the green roof of the giant trees. Pushing my way along I came to a place where the ground was trodden and the branches broken, and on which I saw the traces and fresh tracks of a herd of elephants. Close to me, too, I heard the crackling caused by the passage of some big animal which I could not see. We followed the elephants' path, but hindered by the grasses they had trodden down, and our feet catching in the holes made in the damp soil by their huge feet, we were soon forced to beat a retreat. Another wild beast's track led us to an immense glade, like a small plain, hemmed in by the woods, where we saw herds of antelope quietly feeding. We started in pursuit of them, but like the ducks on the ponds, the creatures seemed to have a very correct appreciation of the distance

our guns would carry, and the impotent fire we poured on them disturbed them not. Not a single beast even left the plain to take shelter in the woods, where we could hear the greater wild ones howling. Ah! if we had possessed long-range weapons, what a shoot we should have had, and what a paradise of sport that virgin country was! But one victim only fell to our rifles, a big monkey, which one of our sailors killed, and which he and his comrades eat. It was, so it would appear, a dish to lick your lips over!

For want of game we brought something else back with us from this expedition up the Gambia and Cazamanze rivers—fever. Not a soul escaped it, and in spite of the care of the surgeon-major of the *Belle-Poule*, who was particularly skilful in treating the malady, we took a long time to get over it. I went back to Goree, where I was to see another sad sight. One of our gunboats had come in from a river-station with only four healthy men out of seventy-five. Typhus fever was decimating the crew. I had to present the Cross of the Legion of Honour to the lieutenant in command, M. de Langle, who had behaved like a hero. I went alongside his ship to see him in the lonely creek to which the infected vessel had been relegated. A crowd of spectral figures crept to the ports to look at me. It was a pitiful scene.

I had by this time gone the round of nearly all our possessions along the West Coast of Africa, and the impression I was carrying away was far from being a good one. On this coast, as elsewhere, France originally outstripped all other nations, and the first European expeditions to the Black Continent were sent out from Dieppe during the fourteenth century. The principal merchandise they brought back consisted of ivory, and the branch of industry occupied by working this substance still exists in that town at the present day. Up to the eighteenth century all the important factories on the coast were in our hands. After that date, just as in India and America, where also we had been the earliest colonists, everything

began to go to ruin, and our possessions dwindled to the unimportant posts I had just been to see. Since my visit an effort has been made to recommence some extension of our factories and trade in the locality. The question is whether it will be successful, and, above all, whether, amidst the vicissitudes of our politics and the constant state of provisional arrangement in which we live, we possess the coherence and connectedness of design and system necessary to that success. I pray it may be so! But there are two insurmountable obstacles which will

always prove stumbling-blocks to us—the unhealthy climate, deathly indeed to white men, and the black population, a childish race, who may be disciplined into being good soldiers, but who will never work except when made to by force, and that brute force.

Before continuing our cruise along the African coast, the squadron (the *Belle Poule* and *Africaine*, frigates, and *Coquette*, corvette) went to the Cape Verd Islands, both to give the crews change of air, to test the speed of the various vessels, and to take in fresh provisions. This last object was defeated, in consequence of a curious circumstance. A Portuguese station in the Bissago Archi-

pelago had been attacked by the negroes, and when reinforcements had been asked for, the government at Lisbon had answered by sending two transports to fetch troops from the Cape Verd Islands,—from Porto-Praya, where we had anchored, in particular,—and to convey them to the threatened spot. But before embarking troops they had to be found, and there were none, or rather they existed on paper only. To supply the want and respond to the pressing appeal made to him the governor could devise no better plan than to set an ambush at the gates of the different towns, seize the country people as they came in, and send them away as soldiers. Of course, when once wind of this got about, nobody came in, the markets were deserted, and the towns were famine-stricken. Although the Cape Verd Islands appear from sea to be nothing but arid mountains, with bare rocks and rugged slopes, they really are furrowed with delightful valleys, covered with leafy woods, where innumerable monkeys peacefully dwell, and in which the flocks of guinea-fowl inhabiting the open spaces on the islands take refuge from pursuit. There is no more curious sight to be seen than these mobs of birds, two or three hundred of them together, tearing along like a contingent of Arab horsemen, at such a rapid pace that it is impossible to come up with them, on that rocky soil, even with the best of horses. A native of the island gave us a luncheon in one of the valleys of which I speak. His house, which was reached through an avenue of cocoa-palms, stood in the middle of a grove of enormous orange-trees, over sixty feet in height. We were waited on at table by handsome negresses, slaves; and these, according to our host, were the conditions of their life. Their time, except on Sundays, belonged to their master, who, in return, gave them their food, and, when necessary, an occasional beating. They dressed themselves out of the money they earned—Heaven knows how!—lodged where they best could, and were given a bonus whenever they had a child—a young slave to add to

their owner's stock. It was a simple arrangement enough. On my return to the African coast, I was to tumble headlong into all the questions contingent on the slave system, the suppression of the slave trade, which still existed, and the whole future of the negro race.

Sierra Leone, our first port, differs from the rest of the invariably flat African coasts by reason of its background of high mountains, and the green hills which run down right to the seashore. Between these hills lies the mouth of a great river, forming an excellent haven, and a first-rate military and commercial station. But the place is terribly unhealthy. To give us a taste of local colour, we were surrounded, before we got into the river, by hosts of sharks, and in a few minutes we had hoisted five of the huge fishes on board. Then no sooner had we cast anchor before Freetown, than a gentleman of a certain age, in a blue coat and white nankeen trousers and a top hat, appeared, asking speech of the captain. He was sent to me. "Captain," said he, "I've come to know how many ladies will be wanted for the frigate?"

"Why, sir," I replied in some astonishment, "I don't know; I've not thought about it yet."

"You see I make it my business, sir, when a man-o'-war comes into port, to come and offer my services."

"Well, sir, I'm much obliged to you, I won't give you any special order; I'll leave the business completely to itself."

I never heard why he was so anxious to make sure of a monopoly in his line of business. Apart from this little incident, our stay in this port, during which we were treated in the most friendly manner by the kindliest of governors and his lady, was in no way different from any other.

Yet Sierra Leone was interesting as being the headquarters of the British naval station, established to suppress the slave trade, and as being the place where the slave cargoes found on board the captured slavers were landed. Freetown and its neighbourhood was full of these poor

wretches, who were denominated, somewhat hypocritically, *liberated Africans;* but the government took good care not to liberate them, and there indeed it was right. To have turned out these human cattle, swept up in distant raids, now far from home and country, would have been to cast them infallibly into the clutches of cruel and pitiless native masters, who would keep back what they could not sell for human sacrifices or cannibal banquets. It was mere common humanity therefore, to keep them safe, once they had been caught. But to avoid feeding useless mouths, the finest men were enrolled as soldiers—the British government, ever in advance of others, applying a law of compulsory service, unlimited in period, to their case. The recruiting service once satisfied, the rest of the poor devils were turned, willy-nilly, into "free labourers," and the greater part of them were sent as such to the British Antilles. The ship that bore them thither was no longer called a slaver, and her cargo were not slaves. But if the names were changed, the things themselves were terribly alike. Yet philanthropy and sentimentality were satisfied. And so were the captains and crews of the British cruisers, for hunting slavers is a lucrative business, and the prize money earned made them forget the unhealthiness of the climate and the monotony of the blockade.

The passion for lucre excited on both sides gave rise to actions which bordered on sheer piracy, concerning which many a tale fell on my ear all along the Guinea coast. Thus one Frenchman I met had been in command of a Spanish slaver, which was lying becalmed. He victoriously repulsed the attacking boats of a British cruiser, and killed the lieutenant in command of her, who was the first to board the slave-ship, with his own hand. A slight breeze and the fall of night enabled him to make good his escape. But no more of this. The negro trade and the suppression of it, the abuses on both sides, are all of them bygone things, bereft of interest. Slavery is the one thing that remains. It always has existed in Africa, and the steady progress made in that part of the globe by the

Mohammedan religion, which admits slavery, as the basis of the social system, will no doubt still further help to perpetuate it. Should all the black tribes merge into one huge Mussulman body, stirred at once by religious fanaticism and by a passion for slavery, a formidable difficulty will be added to those which already confront European action in the continent inhabited by the sons of Ham.

From the liberated Africans of Sierra Leone we came to another category. A negro republic, with all the necessary impedimenta—elections, assemblies, newspapers, and the most exaggerated form of Protestant Puritanism to boot. This Liberian Republic, founded by an American religious body, is a sort of El Dorado for the exclusive benefit of freed negroes from the United States, and is absolutely forbidden ground to the white race. After great difficulties to begin with, after being abandoned and repopulated more than once, after times of scarcity during which the miserable freed men bitterly regretted their lost servitude, the republic has ended by taking root. There were about ten thousand inhabitants, doing nothing at all, for the free negro thinks and says, like his slave brother, "Work no good!" What did they live on then? First of all, on the sunshine, and then by doing a kind of broker's work between passing ships and the natives. They vegetated in fact, and if they did not actually rot in idleness, they owed it to a tall Virginian mulatto, a very intelligent fellow, extraordinarily like Alphonse Karr in appearance, "Governor Roberts," with whom I had several long and interesting talks. He had been sharp enough to get hold of the key of the cashbox, and by that act had become the sole representative of the sovereign people. In spite of the constitution, in spite of laws and regulations, all power was concentrated in his hands, and, save for the name, his republic was transformed into a tidy little dictatorship.

Leaving Liberia, we slipped away down the Ivory Coast and the Gold Coast, driven gently along by a scorching wind called the Harmattan. Our charts were primitive

and incomplete, the information they gave quite inadequate. We had to steer by soundings, very cautiously. The coast was uniformly low and green, with no distinctive signs upon it. If we wanted to know where we were, we had to go after some canoe full of fishermen, and ask our way, hat in hand, as one does in the street. It was a funny sight to see the great black hull of the *Belle-Poule*, with her white sails scarcely filled by the light breeze, hugging the land, amongst a crowd of canoes full of noisy stark naked savages, hung with necklaces, and with arrows stuck in their heads of fuzzy hair, looking like handfuls of horse-hair pulled out of a mattress and clipped into any number of different shapes. A regular market went on alongside. Our sailors would pass down a biscuit or some other thing in their caps, and haul them up again with pineapples, or bananas, or fish, or perhaps a gray parrot. Thus we sailed along till we came to some great forts, whose white walls bristled with cannon—Axim, Elmina, Cape Coast Castle—the two first flying the Dutch, the last one, the British flag. All along the Gold Coast and the Slave Coast we were to come upon these forts, originally constructed to ensure the humane management of the slave trade, nowadays become very burdensome stations, of no value but as marts for the barter of palm oil, oleaginous nuts, and ivory on the one part, against gunpowder, brandy, glass beads, matches, and the blue cotton cloth known as "guinea cloth" on the other. I went from Elmina, where the Dutch officers were most friendly, to Cape Coast, by land, in a palanquin. My companions travelled in baskets shaped like Egyptian mummies, which tall negroes carried on their heads, without putting their hands to them. It was not safe to stir! At Cape Coast, I found yet another mode of locomotion. Governor Maclean took me for a long expedition along the road towards Coomassie, the Ashanti King's capital. We travelled in a small victoria, to which was harnessed a four-in-hand of splendid negroes, whose backs bore the marks of terrible floggings. In spite of the sandy road, the team went gaily along full trot, urged forward by the

Governor's incessant cry of "Get on faster, boys!" Then I went back on board and steered for Accra, another group of forts. Thence to Crèvecœur, a Dutch fort, and Christianborg, a Danish one, the governor of which, a charming young fellow, came off to see me. Living as he did alone amongst the blacks, he was delighted to find himself amongst people of his own kind again, for a few minutes.

The following day we landed in canoes, for the bar was rough, and I had been charitably warned not to put my arm or hand into the water. Only a few days previously an unlucky French sailor, who had wanted to get back his hat, which had fallen into the water, had had

an arm seized and taken off by a shark. I did as I was bid; we plunged into the surf, and got through without any drawbacks. Just as I reached the shore a tremendous fusillade began. It was a reception after the local fashion, which had been prepared for me: over three thousand dancing natives doing a sort of Arab fantasia on foot. They wore shell necklaces and bracelets on their arms and legs. Some had caps made of wild beasts' skins, or circlets of turkey's feathers on their heads; others again had gold horns on their foreheads. Everybody was shouting and writhing about and firing off guns; the elders of the tribe pressed round me with dancing attendants behind them, who held huge coloured parasols over their heads. The women exerted themselves as much as the men, performing the most extravagant and peculiar

dances to the sound of twenty or thirty tomtoms, or great drums, six feet long. The whole thing made the most extraordinary clatter and uproar. When we got near the fort, the crowd executed a sham assault on it, the big gun in the citadel was fired, and I made my triumphal entry between two rows of soldiers in red Danish uniforms. Nothing could have been more picturesque.

The governor gave us a splendid lunch, in the European style, in a big room in the fort. The only thing that was African about it was the waiting, which certainly did not lack local colour; for it was done by a score of young negresses, selected for the irreproachable beauty of their forms, which no veil, not even the very tiniest, concealed. There they stood, plate in hand, and napkin under arm, without the smallest shyness, seeing indeed they wore the dress (!) of the country. Imagine the bronze caryatidæ round the new Paris Opera House come down off their pedestals, and handing round the dishes at a big Parisian dinner-party! All these young ladies' coquetry had gone to the dressing of their woolly hair, which was clipped, like garden shrubs, into the most fanciful shapes, and to the fineness of their skins, which were as soft and shiny as satin. This resulted from the daily baths they were in the habit of taking, rubbing themselves also with fine sand. But, unluckily, the rubbing could not get rid of the negro scent. I have never been able myself to endure the odour of negroes of either sex; but I have known people whom it quite intoxicated, and who were always trying to get re-appointed to Senegal, so as to get back to it, in spite of having had their health shattered by African fevers. It is said, too, to attract sharks, and that if a white man bathes with a negro where they swarm, the negro is always seized first. I have no personal experience of this fact.

A hundred miles west of the forts of Accra we found ourselves opposite Widah, the chief mart of the kingdom of Dahomey. From the sea we looked on a sort of sandy dyke, on which the waves broke furiously. Behind the dyke lay a wide lagoon, some of it a mere marsh, and

beyond the lagoon the flags of France, Spain, and Brazil floated over some forts and large white European houses. It was the first time we had seen our flag waving on any spot on the coast since leaving Senegal, and we were very eager to go and see the station it sheltered. Landing was no easy matter, and I waited a long time in a big canoe, manned by twenty paddlers kneeling forward, before the old negro in the stern decided the attempt to be possible. He never stopped invoking every fetish under the sun, and sprinkling the sea out of a brandy bottle, keeping his eye the while on the waves as they came rolling in. Then all at once he gave a great shout, loudly responded to by the twenty paddlers, who yelled in cadence, while the canoe flew before the united and frenzied strokes of their paddles. Two enormous waves passed, leaving us undamaged; but a third approached, huge and threatening. Should we get to the shore before it? Would it rise upright and capsize us, or would it break on us and swamp us? Neither. It did reach us, indeed, but the old steersman had calculated well; it lifted us up unharmed and carried us on to the beach, where a hundred negroes laid hold of the canoe and dragged it high and dry. I was seized myself before I had time to collect my ideas, and put into a hammock hung upon a long pole, which five or six tall negroes held horizontally, with arms outstretched above their heads, during the time it took to cross the lagoon, where the water was waist high. They set me down at last, at the gate of the French fort, in the middle of an immense crowd, much excited at the arrival of a French squadron—there were three ships.

Widah had been, and still was, a very important slave station. France, England, and Portugal had in former days possessed forts there, and had successively abandoned them. The Portuguese, Spanish, and Brazilian factories alone remained in possession of the trade in that country. They sold European goods to the King of Dahomey, taking slaves, of whom they had formerly exported large numbers, in exchange, and this was a source

of great riches. But at the time I speak of, with the British cruisers about, hardly one slaver got through out of every ten. The King of Dahomey had a glut of slaves on his hands, and cleared them off by massacring them as human sacrifices at idol feasts. One Frenchman, M. Provençal, of the firm of Régis, at Marseilles, had lately rehoisted the national colours at the French fort, rebuilt the dwellings, and set to work to do legitimate trade, offering his goods to the King of Dahomey, and taking nothing in exchange but palm-oil and similar produce. If the slave trade is put down—and when I was on that coast its days seemed already numbered—that enterprising and plucky Frenchman will have done more to civilise those countries than all the more violent measures have accomplished. I was very glad to notice his action, and gave him the heartiest encouragement to persevere in it. The courtyard of the station was already full of casks of palm-oil, which augured well.

Immediately on my arrival I received a visit from the Avogal, the King of Dahomey's governor at Widah, a big healthy-looking negro, with whom the only conversation I had was of the most commonplace description. He was accompanied by two other blacks, with intelligent faces and sharp eyes, who sat on each side of him without speaking a word, and departed equally silently. "Those are the censors," said M. Provençal. "Each of the King's officials is always attended in that fashion to report all he says and does. If the King should be dissatisfied with him he has his head cut off." If this habit was universal there would be fewer office seekers. This king ruled after the antique pattern. He had kept all his seignorial rights. If any of his subjects married a wife the lady had first to be presented to him, and if he liked her he kept her. His authority was unlimited in fact; nevertheless, powerful though he might be, he was likely to find it hard to change his subjects from slave-hunters into oil growers.

After the Avogal's visit I went to pay one in my turn to a strange individual, more of a king in Widah than the

King of Dahomey himself, who could not do without him,—for he supplied him with guns and gunpowder for his wars, and brandy wherewith to intoxicate his Amazons. This personage, a Brazilian of the name of Don Francisco de Souza, but known invariably as Cha-Cha, had been settled at Widah for forty-three years. He was a veteran slaver, from whom the British had captured thirty-four ships, two of them quite recently. A little old man, with quick eyes and an expressive countenance, he was credited with having two thousand slaves in his barracoons, and with being the father of eighty male children—the girls had never been thought worth reckoning up. All his sons had been properly brought up. I saw them walking about in all directions, uniformly dressed in white suits, and wearing Panama hats. Most of them were very handsome mulattoes.

The state of the surf, which was impassable, prevented me from getting back on board, so it was settled that I should dine with Cha-Cha, and sleep at the French fort, where I installed myself in the former quarters of the governor, which I shared with M. Provençal. Rather a comical adventure befell me there. A very aged negro, formerly gatekeeper of the fort, when M. Dagneau commanded it for the King of France, had been to pay his respects to me in the morning, and I had caused him to be given a present for himself and his family in the shape of a demijohn of brandy, which they first danced round and then carried off, with great rejoicings. Well, the enthusiasm increased in measure as the contents of the demijohn disappeared, and towards evening the courtyard within the fort was invaded, to a great beating of tomtoms and clucking of women's tongues, by a huge crowd of Dahomeyan negroes, preceded by a sort of *corps de ballet* of young negresses, wriggling themselves about in every conceivable manner. At their head marched the *ci-devant* porter in a great state of excitement. He began a fresh harangue in negro French.

"Croire Anglais tués tous Français. Voir Français.

Trouver père. Contents, tous contents. Envoie commandant à nous. Pitit-Roi. Contents, tous contents. Tous femmes, tous filles à toi, tous contents!" "Think English killed all French. See Frenchman. Find father. Glad, all glad. Sent captain to us. Little king. Glad, all glad. All women, all girls for you. All glad!" And the young ladies smiled still broader, and contorted their bodies still more violently, while the tomtoms crashed louder than ever. It was clear the crowd expected something, and as it did not see any sign of what it desired, the old negro became yet more explicit both in speech and gesture. The populace actually expected me to provide them with a scion of the royal race! And the commander of the *Favorite*, Larrieu, flew at me instantly. "Come, Monseigneur," he cried, "here's a chance of distinguishing yourself. *Noblesse oblige!*"

"My dear fellow," I replied, "I leave you to represent me," and I beat an ignominious retreat, which the crowd did not misunderstand, to judge by the grunts of disappointment I overheard.

That night I dined with Cha-Cha off silver plate, under the light shed by church candelabra and candlesticks; and the toasts of the King and Queen, and Prosperity to France, were each saluted by twenty-one guns, for Cha-Cha's factory and harem, in which he was said to keep a thousand women, formed a real fortress, bristling with cannon, and with the additional natural defence of the lagoon before it. Most of Cha-Cha's children were present at the dinner, and several captains of slave ships, brimful of stories of their adventures. Cha-Cha made me a present of a box of Havanas, the like of which the King of all the Spains had never smoked. I handed it over to Larrieu, and the next day I returned on board my ship, not without having one or two encounters.

The first of these was with the freshly-landed crews of the slavers which had been captured the week before, about fifty determined-looking men of all nationalities, who stopped me and requested in the most arrogant

manner to be taken to some port where they might re-engage—an impossible thing for me to do.

The second encounter was more painful. A crowd of lame or sickly slaves escaped from the barracoons and threw themselves at my feet, clinging to my clothes, wailing and beseeching me to buy them. The poor wretches, who had no market value, and whom therefore the King did not care to feed, expected to be sent shortly to Abomey for human sacrifices. There were hundreds of them—a most distressing sight.

After Widah our cruise took on a different aspect. We had come to that part of the coast called the Bights, consisting of the Gulfs of Biafra and Benin, between which lies the huge Niger Delta. The weather, which continued as scorching as ever, became excessively oppressive. The sky was always dark and the rain never ceased. Sometimes a rift was seen in the clouds in the distance, it would rapidly increase in size, taking a funnel shape, and then a tornado would burst, like a tempest in miniature, lasting only three or four hours, but of extraordinary violence. During one of these the *Belle-Poule* had to scud along under bare poles at the rate of twelve knots an hour. The weather was excessively unhealthy, but in the whole course of this long cruise I never lost but one man, who was carried off by a violent inflammation of the liver. I attribute this good fortune in the first place to the undoubted cleverness of our surgeon-major, Dr. Loze, whose whole career had been spent in tropical waters. His theory was that quinine was only absolutely efficacious if administered at a very fleeting moment in the course of the fever, between the hot and cold fits, and he always sat up with his patients himself, so as to catch the favourable opportunity. In the second place we took quite exceptional hygienic precautions, especially against the night damp. The crew wore their winter kit from sunset to sunrise. No man was allowed to lie down on deck during the night watches, especially while the dew was falling. They had to walk up and down the whole time, under an

awning, which was always kept up over the deck. In order to carry this out, we never had more than half watches on duty at night. We had to navigate carefully and slowly, being short of hands, but the result was well worth the temporary departure from the usual regulations for life on board a ship of war.

I went up one of the arms by which the Niger pours it waters into the Gulf of Guinea on board the *Fine*, a schooner belonging to the station, commanded by Captain Lahalle. This arm known as the Bonny River, is the trading branch, the one down which passes all the produce which the mighty Niger—a completely navigable river, with neither cataracts nor rapids, the great future artery of Equatorial Africa—brings from the interior of the continent. A negro king of the name of Pepel, more intelligent than his fellows, had constituted himself broker to this important trade. The European merchantmen coming up the river anchored before his town, made over their cargoes to him, and shipped palm-oil, the chief riches of the country, in their stead. The drawback was that anything you do with negroes is slow work. Whether it was that the palm-oil, which came in canoes, and very irregularly, from high up the river, did not arrive in sufficient quantities, or whether it was deliberate delay on Pepel's part, a year would sometimes elapse before the return cargo was completed, and sickness was meanwhile decimating the crews. Some cases there had been in which everybody had died, in others, ships had set sail in despair, without completing their full cargo, and Pepel had triumphed in his bad faith, until a man-of-war came and made him disgorge. Several times already the authorities of the French station had had to chastise him, and it was a service to the trade of every nation to go and show him one's teeth now and again. This object it was, together with a certain amount of curiosity, which had brought us to the Niger River.

When we got to Pepel's town we found eight large Liverpool merchantmen, partly dismantled, and covered

with roofs made of plantain leaves, surrounded by canoes going incessantly to and from the shore, where hundreds of negroes loaded them with casks of palm-oil. There was a stir and commercial activity such as I had not yet seen anywhere on that coast. The whole trade was exclusively English. To avoid the mortality to their crews, the English captains had their ships dismantled as soon as they got into the river, roofed the decks over, and sent their sailors back to England. The unloading and loading of the ships were then done by negro labour, as soon as a ship's cargo was completed, she was manned and sent back to Liverpool with the crew of some new arrival, and so on *ad lib.* It was very sensible, very well suited to the circumstances of the case ; but to carry out such a plan the commercial houses must have had a great many ships, very large capital, and a spirit of consistency in business affairs no longer existing in our country. What with our unstable *régime*, and the invariably provisional conditions under which we live, we could never think of such a continuous struggle.

As soon as we had anchored and were preparing to go ashore, a great uproar attracted my attention, and caused me to hurry out of my cabin on deck. An unhappy negro who had been bathing close to us, with numerous companions of both sexes, had just been seized and carried off by a shark. We could still see the eddy above the spot where the monster was devouring him. It was the second time I had witnessed such a scene. These horrible creatures are "fetish" at the mouth of the Bonny, where its waters join those of the new Calabar River, and human sacrifices are offered to them. In other words, on certain days of the year, the people go in procession to the river bar and throw in some wretched children, who have been told they were being taken to a festival. The sharks have a fine feast, to the joy of the onlookers, and amid much beating of tom-toms. This Jew-Jew, or shark-worship, is one of the most abominable superstitions I have ever met with. At Widah the snakes were "fetish." Here at

Bonny it was the lizards, which is less cruel. Yet they are hideous enough, those Bonny lizards, huge creatures over a yard or a yard and a half long. They have temples of their own, where they are fed, and whence they sally out for walks, constantly waving their rose-coloured forked tongues, and walking all sideways, so as not to set their feet on their huge bellies, like great bags, which they drag after them like trawl nets. One has to go about with lanterns at night, for to step on these "fetish" gentry would excite the population into taking the law into its own hands.

During a visit to the English sea-captains, we heard that a French ship, the *Julie* of Bordeaux, had just sailed in despair, without having completed her cargo, paid for in advance, after waiting nine months in the river, and that Pepel, thinking that we had come on that account, was shaking in his shoes. But on making inquiries we could find no trace of any complaint, official or semi-official, having been made, and further, the *Julie* was accused of having tried to dabble in the slave trade. Here was a puzzle for us. What were we to do? Say nothing to Pepel? Then he would laugh us to scorn, for his conscience pricked him, we knew. All his canoes had taken to flight when we arrived, and not a single negro had boarded us. Threaten him? But with what? And why? To tell how we got out of this hole would be to betray . . . . a professional secret. All I can say is, that the next morning, in a huge straw hat, and with a big striped parasol in my hand, I performed the functions of dragoman to his Excellency Commander Lahalle, full lieutenant, representing France and the French navy.

We began by crossing a swamp, covered with huge mangrove trees, through which small canals had been cut to allow of the canoes getting up to the houses. Under the dark mangrove shadows the long canoes, full of fierce-looking stark-naked blacks, looked like huge crocodiles, ready to fly at us. After a time we came alongside Pepel's house, a sort of labyrinth of clay and straw-

built huts. I announced his Excellency the Commander to a negro who spoke Spanish. We were invited to sit down, a crowd of blacks assembled, and the elders of the tribe arrived. Lastly appeared a tall young man wearing a blue cotton shirt and trousers, with amulets strung round his neck, and a sceptre covered with a tigerskin in his hand. This was Pepel himself. He understood English and spoke it a little. We had what is called in those parts a palaver with him. I spoke very slowly, and the King answered me. We went over a great many subjects. We were severe—but just! Nothing concerning the result of this conference ever transpired, but the diplomatic action of France made itself felt. Something else made itself felt as well, and that was the horrible smell in Pepel's town, a filthy place, inhabited by a numerous and hideous population.

When I got outside it I stopped short before a striking sight—a semi-circular clump of trees so huge that men looked like pigmies beneath them, giving me much the same impression as the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople had formerly made on me. The trunks of these trees were like the pillars of some strange cathedral, and it was as dark beneath them as in some ancient church. The bare sandy soil swarmed with women, some naked, some clothed, and all tattooed and painted and striped in various colours, scraping up the earth to find fresh water, the rarest of all commodities on the African coast. It was a picture worth painting.

On leaving the Niger (which is British, irrevocably British), fierce tornadoes drove us swiftly to Fernando Po, a lovely island covered with forests, over which rises a huge peak, much like the Peak of Teneriffe, and like it too, almost always lost in the clouds. I anchored close in shore in an excellent haven, and seized the opportunity to send my crew to amuse themselves and do their washing on shore. A pretty stream, which tumbled in one waterfall after another through the masses of tropical growth, was soon the scene of numerous laundry operations, in which

all the negresses in the neighbourhood insisted on joining, incited thereto no doubt by the desire of seeing how my four hundred strapping fellows set about their work. From the top of the hill to its foot there rose one great Africo-European shout of laughter and shriek of delight, which it was a downright pleasure to listen to.

CITIZEN OF FERNANDO PO.

Officially speaking, Fernando Po was a Spanish possession. But not a single Spaniard lived on the island, and no Spanish flag floated over it. The English indeed had landed several cargoes of their "liberated Africans" on it, and an individual, whether official or not I cannot tell, had also come to govern them. He had built himself a comfortable house, before which he had planted a flagstaff, from which the Union Jack waved. After a time he had assumed the style and title of governor, and I was requested to call on him as such, which I absolutely refused to do. On my return to Europe, chancing to meet Comte Bresson, our ambassador in Spain, I mentioned the state of matters at Fernando Po to him, and soon after received a letter from him from Madrid, in which he told me the Spanish Government had just despatched a warship to retake possession of the island. It was well worth while, for if the British Niger, the German Cameroons, and the French Gaboon are some day to develop commercially and colonially, as they seem to give promise of doing, Fernando Po, with its insular position, its comparatively healthy climate, and its excellent anchorage, lying as it does at an equal distance from the three centres of activity, cannot fail to become

a most important place both from the commercial and the military point of view.

I speak of the *French* Gaboon. It was not French at the time of my visit, but it was soon to become so. We, had important commercial interests there, and the idea of forming a colonial station was already entertained.

Commander Bouet, who had preceded me on the coast, had taken his gunboat up the river, and had earnestly pressed me to do the same thing with the *Belle-Poule*, so as to prove its navigability for the largest ships, which, once acknowledged, would stamp it as a first-class naval station. I resolved to make the attempt, though I had no charts, no levels nor surveys, and the low shores offered no landmarks nor distinctive signs, not even a tree to guide one. Bouet had merely warned me that there were dangerous sandbanks to be avoided. "Pooh! you'll find your way amongst them all right." And so we did indeed, but it was a regular voyage of discovery.

While we were creeping along with all due caution, a fleet of canoes joined us from the right bank of the river, where Libreville now stands, with Qua-Ben, king of the right bank, and his suite, on board. The chief boarded us, came and greeted me, and then with a self-important air, established himself, accompanied by the whole of his suite, on the poop of my frigate. He was a small deformed man, with a countenance betraying all the spitefulness usual among dwarfs and humpbacked people. He was huddled into a British naval officer's uniform. Taken up as I was with the management of my ship, I paid no attention at all to him. Presently a top man just come down out of the mizzentop approached me and whispered, "Captain, that king is an awful rascal. I was here last year with a ship from Nantes, and he stripped us of everything."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Perfectly, sir, it's Qua-Ben. I know him quite well."

"Very good, call the master-at-arms . . . . . Master-at-arms, take that king over there, and put him in irons!"

Four pairs of sinewy arms lifted up his sable majesty, under the orders of the master-at-arms, the police officer of the ship, and thus carried, and followed by his dismayed attendants, the king disappeared below. He yelled like a dog who has had his paw trodden on, and I fancied I heard the words "Bouet! Bouet!" here and there. That was indeed the name he was invoking. When he had once been laid out on his plank couch, we extracted a complete confession of his misdeeds through the medium of several interpreters, and we learnt also the fact, which a summary investigation confirmed, that Commander Bouet had already chastised him and made him disgorge his plunder once. So I had him set at liberty, and advised him to meditate on his second warning, and behave accordingly for the future.

He lost no time in taking himself off, while the *Belle-Poule* cast anchor near the left bank of the river, before a town belonging to another native king known as Denis. This Denis was by no means an ordinary individual. Some of his predecessors, too, had been illustrious in their way. His father, who had been kidnapped when very young and taken to Europe, had played the Chinese bells in a military band under the first Napoleon's empire, had returned to his own country, and had finally been called to the highest place in the State. His son had inherited his father's honours. He was a fine-looking negro, with grizzled woolly pate, who spoke French fairly well, and seemed much inclined to come to an understanding with us and open up his country to trade and civilisation. He came to call on me in great state, dressed in the handsome uniform of a general of the French Republic, the cast-off garments of some performer at the Cirque Olympique. He had a tri-colour plume in his hat, a gold laced coat with lapels turned back on the chest, white breeches, and top boots. He wore the decoration of the Legion of Honour, which he had been given for some service or other he had done our fleet in those waters; and a large gold medal of Queen Victoria, given him by the English, hung down on a thick

chain between his knees. His son—who lived close to the landing-stage in a big hut with a hoarding round it, like what you see in Paris round pulled-down houses, on which was written, instead of the usual warning, "Petit Denis, Fils du Roi" (Little Denis, the King's Son) in letters a foot high—was anxious to come too. He had a Hussar uniform, but not knowing how to put it on, he sent at the last moment to ask for somebody to go and help him to get into it. I lost no time in detailing the midshipmen of the frigate for this duty, which they performed with the greatest gusto, dressing up "Petit Denis" just as the tailor's assistants dress up M. Jourdain in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. But the scamps tightened him up to such an extent in his jacket and belts that he was more dead than alive, and on the brink of an apopletic attack, by the time he got on board. We gave the royal family the best welcome at our command. My bandmaster, M. Paulus, entertained them with his noisiest tunes; but whenever the band stopped the king cried "Encore! encore!" When the bandsmen got tired out I shut his majesty up in a little cabin with the three ship's drummers, and told them to keep rolling till he had enough of it. But the drummers gave out in their turn, and I had to send the insatiable melomaniac and his family on shore at last, whether he would or no.

In return for my handsome behaviour to him he invited me to join him in an elephant hunt. These animals were very numerous in the vicinity, and were devastating the plantations. But the season was particularly unhealthy, everybody was ill; we should have had to spend the night in pestilential marshes, where we were certain to get fever, and as I had hardly got clear of that we had caught in the Cazamanze River, I had to refuse the tempting offer. We spent several days in the Gaboon, amongst a race of negroes who struck me as being more intelligent and more easy to civilise than any others on the coast. The women, too, had better features than most negresses. Aquiline noses were to be seen among them

and lips of moderate size, and some had an almost European look. Their necks and arms and waists were loaded with necklaces and bracelets of shells or metal, which rattled every time they moved, a somewhat idle precaution, inspired, so it was said, by the excessive jealousy of their lords and masters. On the whole I carried away a very good impression of the future possibilities of the Gaboon, both naval and colonial.

When the *Belle-Poule* had finished her cruise along the Guinea Coast she had orders to go to Brazil; so we set sail for Rio de Janeiro. On our way thither we touched at Ile du Prince, a Portuguese possession entirely covered with coffee plantations, the produce of which connoisseurs reckon to be the best in the world. Almost the whole of the island belonged to one lady, who did all in her power to induce our purser to give up his profession and come and manage her immense property for her. Failing in this endeavour she sent him a keepsake, in the shape of a pair of braces embroidered by her own fair hands, just as we were departing. We took in water at Ile du Prince, and as we had used up all our stores during our long cruise, I shipped a boat-load of yams to take the place of potatoes, and completed my victualling, during a stay of a few hours at Ascension, by taking a large number of turtle on board. They weighed about six hundred pounds each, and did us quite well instead of fresh meat.

A sudden change came over my life at Rio de Janeiro, one which my parents had long desired. I married. My bride was the second daughter of the Emperor Dom Pedro, Princess Françoise, whose acquaintance I had made some six years previously, during my first visit to Brazil. The official request for the princess's hand was made in the King's name by the Baron de Langsdorff, who was sent over as ambassador extraordinary for that purpose in the *Ville de Marseilles*. The wedding was celebrated at the San Cristofero Palace, and a few days afterwards we started for Brest, which place we reached after a slow passage of seventy-two days against contrary winds.

On my arrival I had to give up the command of the *Belle-Poule*, and I did not part from the old ship, which had carried me so well and safely through so many adventures, without a pang of emotion. I felt, when I clasped my officers' hands in hearty farewell, that I was sure (*then*, at least) of meeting them again in the course of my professional career. The painful leave-taking was when I had to say good-bye to my brave crew, a happy family, in which discipline had been so strictly established from the very outset of the voyage, that punishment had become unknown, and whose universal sense of duty had engendered that mutual affection between officers and men which is the foundation of true professional zeal and self-sacrifice.

The fine body of fighting men which four years of care and unvaryingly consistent management had brought to the highest pitch of perfection, all the brave fellows of whom I felt I could ask anything and be certain it would be performed, were to be scattered, every man to his own home. I was never to see them again, except a few, one here and one there. Nowadays even, after the lapse of fifty years, if chance takes me anywhere upon the seacoast, I sometimes see some old sailor's eye fixed on me, altered as I am, as though he were searching the far depths of his memory. All at once one hand goes up to his cap, and the other is stretched out to me with a friendly look, and the words "Do you remember such a one, topman of the maintop—such a storm—such an escape?"

Then my heart swells, and I say to myself, as I could go on saying for ever, "There is nothing you cannot do with Frenchmen when they are once saturated with the spirit of obedience, discipline, and duty!"

CHAPTER XI

1844

I HAD hardly got back to Paris when I was shot on to the Admiralty Board. A great honour it was, no doubt, for a junior like myself to be associated with such veterans in the profession as numbers among its members were. But this gathering of experienced men was merely a body of advisers placed at the disposal of the Minister of Marine, to assist him with its counsel on any questions he chose to submit to them. The committee possessed no initiative of its own, and I felt myself misplaced upon it. I had indeed, and always have preserved, the deepest respect for its eminent qualities. It has contributed not a little, by its consistent action and permanent character, to the preservation of our naval organisation—the worth of which has been proved everywhere, in the Crimea, on the battlefields in 1870, in Tunis, and in China—from the results of the conceited ignorance of mushroom politicians. But in the year 1843 we were on the brink of the inevitable revolution worked in naval matters by the introduction of steam. The great object for us was to create, and that rapidly, under pain of being outstripped by others, a new naval force, more appropriate, perhaps, than our former one, to our national genius and resources. Passionately interested as I was in the greatness of my country, having leisure time to dispose of, since nothing called on me to plunge into the paltry bargain-making of electoral politics in which that country was wallowing, having no love of red tape nor excess of

experience to hold me back, I was ardently anxious to be employed where I could actively assist in creating a powerful element in the national strength. I therefore merely passed through the Admiralty Board.

My only recollection of it is of having been present at some very long sittings in a room in the Ministry of Marine, the windows of which look on to the Rue Royale, which apartment one of my colleagues, Admiral de Bougainville, had turned into a sort of stovehouse by means of hot-air pipes, sandbags, screens, and foot muffs. We all nearly died of the heat, and when another colleague of mine, Baron Charles Dupin, made us long speeches, I had the greatest difficulty in keeping myself awake.

The Minister of Marine decided, at my entreaty, to appoint a special naval commission on steam, of which I was a member. The chief commission did nothing, or scarcely anything—but a sub-commission did good work. There were five of us—a captain in the navy, M. de Verninac (who was afterwards Minister of Marine under General Cavaignac); a very clever engineer, formerly Superintendent at Indret, M. Rossin; an artillery colonel, M. Durbec; M. Touchard, a naval lieutenant; and myself. I will not give the full story of our work, and of the constant battle we had to fight with obstinate habit and dread of responsibility. All those early attempts of ours at transforming our navy seem almost childish, looked at from the distance of the half-century which has since elapsed. And indeed, though my recollection of them is clear enough, I have no means of verifying it, all my notes and reports, and all my correspondence relating to the undertakings in question, having passed out of my hands, in the following manner:—

Some months after the Revolution in 1848, while I was residing in England, at Claremont, a visitor's name was brought up to me. The name, de X., was that of a good family, well known in Normandy and in the political and scientific world. But instead of one of the faces I was prepared to see, I beheld that of a most unsatisfactory member

of the family, whom I instantly remembered having seen in Algeria, wearing a Belgian uniform, and acting as reporter for the *Constitutionnel* newspaper. He entered the room and said:

"Do you remember me?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, I've just arrived from your part of the world."

"What do you mean?"

"After the Tuileries were captured, on February 24th (you were in Algiers just then), I took up my quarters in your rooms. They are very comfortable rooms. I stayed in them for two months. They were rather upside down, as you may fancy. Everything worth taking had been carried off, but the floor was littered with books and papers and a whole heap of things that everybody had trodden upon. I amused myself by settling them all up, especially your letters and papers, which I sorted. I arranged them into several classes. Everything referring to your missions and to political matters I sent to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and everything touching the navy to the Ministry of Marine. In fact, I disposed of everything. But I put aside a few documents regarding the Princesse de Joinville's business matters in Brazil and your own private journals of your sea-voyages, and brought them with me here."

He smilingly showed me a packet he held in his hand, then went on:

"But my journey has cost me a lot of money."

"Then say how much you want, in plain English."

"A hundred louis."

I went and fetched the money, and then showed him the door without another word, though I could hardly resist kicking him through it. Thus it was that I learnt what had become of my papers on naval subjects. I greatly regretted the loss of my private correspondence, and more especially that of my letters from M. Dupuy de Lôme, a most talented young engineer, much in advance of his times, with whom I had been in daily intercourse.

Our commission did its best. It made a modest beginning by altering the fighting armament of our existing ships, placing their guns fore and aft, so as to permit of their developing their artillery power to the utmost possible extent, while at the same time exposing the propelling machinery to as little danger as possible. We turned out ships of various types, such as the *Descartes*, the *Cuvier*, the *Pluton*, &c. Then came the turn of the fabric of the ships themselves, and we had a series of experiments made on the practising ground at Gavres, near Lorient, to test the penetration of projectiles on every sort of substance—wood, coal, gutta-percha, iron plates, and finally on iron plates superimposed one on the other—in other words armour-plating. It was ten years before the armour-plating was actually brought into use, so great was the delay caused by political agitation in the country.

At Lorient, too, M. Labrousse, a post-captain in the navy, made experiments to find out the best form to give to the rams of warships, while a literary man, M. Jal by name, was hunting all the old books and archives for everything touching the manœuvres and tactics of ancient rowing ships and galleys.

Then from paddle-ships we passed on to those with propellers which were submerged, and therefore much more easy to protect, and I went to watch the first trials of the newly-invented improvements at sea—that of our first screw-ship, the *Napoléon*, a name which was afterwards exchanged for that of *Corse*, under which she served as a despatch-boat for over forty years—of our first ironclad, a screw-ship, too, the *Chaptal*, built at Asnières by M. Cavé—and of the *Pomone*, the first frigate we built with auxiliary engines, which was fitted with a screw-propeller designed by a Swedish engineer, Mr. Erickson. But the most interesting of all these trials was that of the *Napoléon*, first, because, as I have already stated, she was our first screw-ship, and also because that particular mode of propulsion is of French invention.

An organ-builder at Amiens, of the name of Dallery, was

the first person to think (in 1803) of building a boat driven by a screw. He ruined himself over it, and broke up all his machinery in his despair. The idea was taken up again later by M. Sauvage, a shipbuilder, who made some progress with it. I had known Sauvage, in 1835, in connection with another invention called a physionotype, by means of which a mathematically correct impression could be taken of the features of any face. But as everybody made an appalling grimace before putting their face into the instrument, the result, though strictly exact, was monstrously ugly.

There was more future promise about Sauvage's work on the screw-propeller than about his physionotype, but he himself did not reap the benefit accruing from it. It became public property. The English built a trial ship, the *Rattler*, and the Americans another, the *Princeton*. But the *Napoléon* was earlier than these, and besides was more successful than either of them. She was originally ordered as a mail steam-packet, from a private shipyard, by the Ministry of Finance, which was much bolder as to introducing innovations than the Ministry of Marine, and her construction was confided to two eminent men—M. Normand, of Havre, for her hull, and an Englishman, Mr. Barnes, for her engines and propeller. Each of these gentlemen was equally successful in his first attempt.

During the summer of 1843 I was in command of a flotilla, formed for the purpose of making experiments to compare ships of the old-fashioned type with this little vessel, which we tested in every imaginable way. At every change in the condition of the sea, M. Normand, Mr. Barnes, and I myself, who were all three of us escorting the *Napoléon* on board the *Pluton*, used to rush on deck to watch her behaviour. M. Normand would give us a lecture on her lines and her displacement wave, or the degree of her rolling or her pitching. Mr. Barnes, a great big Englishman, said never a word, but pulled a slide-rule out of his pocket and mumbled algebraic formulæ. The ship was commanded in first-rate style by a very efficient naval

lieutenant, M. de Montaignac, who since that time has acted as Minister for Marine Affairs.

As nobody had ever seen a screw steamer before, we aroused general astonishment wherever we went. In the course of our cruise we entered the Thames, and ascended the Medway from Sheerness to Chatham. It was in the morning, there was a slight fog. The authorities were informed of our approach, and were preparing to receive us, only delaying assembling for that purpose till they had been warned the ship was close by, either by her being caught sight of, or by the sound of her paddle-wheels striking the water. But the *Napoléon*, running swiftly up through the fog, making no noise whatever with her screw, took them all by surprise. When the dockyard authorities hurried up they saw her stop, and then, thanks to her screw, she turned almost in her own length, and brought up alongside the jetty—a novel proceeding over which the commodore, an old salt, was still gasping when I went ashore.

During this visit to the Thames the little flotilla went up to Woolwich, where we were welcomed by the English authorities with that frank cordiality with which they have almost always received me. We were shown both the arsenal and the dockyard. In the dockyard basin a steam corvette with paddle-wheels was lying, which had a new arrangement of which I had heard a great deal. The sponsons formed great rafts which could be lowered into the water by an ingenious mechanical contrivance, and which, in case of its being necessary to land troops, would carry a large number at a time, and even save the crew in a case of disaster. This, indeed, did occur in the Crimea and elsewhere, after our ships had all been equipped with the invention.

Commodore Sir Frederick Collier was good enough to have these rafts experimented with at my request. I turned my opportunity of seeing them to good account. When I was back in Paris, some two or three months later, the English naval captain (his name escapes me, I fancy it

was Smith), who had invented this raft system, asked me to receive him. He came, so he told me, to offer his plan to the French navy, and on the strength of the interest with which I had followed the trial of his boat at Woolwich, he begged me to recommend it to the minister for that department of affairs. Further, he offered to bring me a model of it.

"Wait one moment," I replied.

I rang the bell, and sent for an old workman who was in my employment. He came, with a model of my visitor's boat and lowering apparatus in his hand, constructed on drawings I had made on my return from England. The inventor stood as though petrified at the sight. The only word he said was "Wonderful!" It appears I had caught the likeness at once. What it is to know how to draw!

Let me add, by the way, that the old workman to whom I have just referred had been a ship's carpenter with the fleet commanded by Villaret de Joyeuse in the naval engagement which we call the Battle of the 13th Prairial, and the English that of the 1st of June. At my house he often met an academician, as old as himself, of the name of Dupaty, who had also been a sailor, and present at the same battle. The two old warriors would interchange recollections, which amused me much, and often interested me deeply as well.

From them I learnt that before the fleet sailed from Brest to fight the British it was "purified" (*épurée*). The captain and two lieutenants of the flag-ship, the *Côte d'Or*, were guillotined, and the ship's name changed into the terrifying one of the *Montagne*. The captain of another ship, the *Jean Bart*, had also been beheaded. Thousands of sailors and seasoned marines, whose opinions were not trusted, were drafted into the land-forces, and replaced by others who were pure Republicans, but who did not know their work. *Pour encourager les autres*, Jean Bon St. André, commissary of the republic with the fleet, and afterwards prefect of Mayence under Napoleon (his very name marked him out for the post!), had caused a guillotine

to be erected on board every ship. It was set up forward, at the foot of the foremast. Yet all these terrorising measures and this revolutionary disorganisation did not bring us victory. They brought indeed nothing but defeat, attended by downright carnage. The valour of our crews often amounted to actual heroism. But they had no skill. They were killed, but they could not deal death themselves. Every English shot told. Every French one flew wide. It is most distressing, on consulting the annals of the two navies, to notice the enormous losses on board the French ships compared with the insignificant number of men killed or wounded on the English ones. True it is, that at sea, just as on dry land, extemporised arrangements are disastrous things, and that, as I have already asserted, nothing can ever replace professional skill and the long established habit of obedience to superior orders and general discipline.

That wonderfully dramatic, if sometimes contested episode, of the *Vengeur* going down into the waves with all her crew, sooner than surrender, is supposed to have taken place at the close of the battle of the 13th Prairial. I have often heard the story attributed to Barrère, who, being obliged to give an account of the lost battle to the Convention, endeavoured thus to gild the pill. I questioned my two old sailor friends eagerly concerning this incident of the struggle wherein they had both played their part.

On another occasion I made personal inquiries of one of the last survivors of the *Vengeur*, to whom I had been commissioned to convey the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Putting together what I gathered from these various individuals, and what I collected elsewhere, I believe the exact truth concerning the episode in question to be as follows:

Towards the end of the fight, after having grappled for a long time, at close quarters, with the British warship the *Brunswick*, the *Vengeur*, riddled with shot on every side, and utterly dismasted, was shipping water through her

ports with every roll of the sea. In this condition she must have sunk before long. The engagement was over—it was six o'clock at night. The English warships *Alfred* and *Culloden*, and the *Rattler*, cutter, came to the *Vengeur's* assistance, and set to work, with the few of their boats which had not been smashed during the fight, to save Renaudin, her plucky captain, and his son, first of all, and then take off the crew. The *Alfred* took off two hundred and thirteen men, the *Culloden* and *Rattler* almost as many more ; but the work of rescue was still going on when the ship foundered, carrying with her not only all the most seriously wounded men, but about forty unwounded sailors, who seeing death was inevitable, bravely greeted its approach with shouts of "Vive la Nation ! Vive la République !" The story is such a splendid one as it is, that it needs no imaginary embellishments whatever.

Let me return for a moment to my excellent academician friend, M. Dupaty, whose acquaintance I had made in the most absurd fashion. In the palmy days of the warlike enthusiasm of the Citizen Guard the worthy Dupaty was a captain in the 1st battalion of the 2nd Legion, commanded by Commandant Talabot. One evening, when he was on guard at the Palais Royal, he had been reciting some verses in my father's drawing-room, and, somewhat intoxicated perhaps by poetic enthusiasm, he begged the King to put one of his sons into his company. His Majesty burst out laughing and said :

"There's Joinville, he knows all his rifle-drill very well ; he has had one of the old Invalides to teach him. He'll do for you."

So I was put into a National Guard's uniform, with a knapsack stuffed with hay on my back (in the ardour of that moment the *chic* companies all wore knapsacks), and was sent to drill with my company on the Rue de Londres drill ground, where the Quartier de l'Europe now stands. A more ridiculous proceeding cannot be imagined, but old Dupaty was perfectly enchanted. He was still more delighted when he succeeded in getting one of his

works, a comic opera called *Picaros et Diégo* given at the theatre in the Château of Compiègne, in honour of the marriage of my sister Louise and the King of the Belgians. But lo! at the climax of the piece, the principal performer came forward, before the newly married couple, the Royalties, and all the great personages forming the audience, and burst forth with a gag couplet, which nobody expected.

Oui, c'en est fait, je me marie,
Je veux vivre comme un Caton.
Il fut en temps pour la folie
Il en est un pour la raison ![1]

As King Leopold was not reckoned to have led a life quite devoid of love affairs, the appropriateness of the remark had a wonderful effect. All the grandees hung their heads in a row, and the rest of the audience struggled with a violent desire to burst out laughing.

But this long digression has carried me far away. I must get back to England and my little flotilla's stay there. My brother Aumale, who had accompanied me on my cruise, went with me to Windsor, where we paid our respects to Queen Victoria. Although in the course of my various voyages I had touched at several English ports, this was the first time I really saw England, hospitable England, and the first impression it made on me was very deep. Though the gray and smoky tint of both sky and water and buildings, and everything I passed as I went up the Thames to London Bridge, looked singularly dreary to my eyes, the immense commercial stir and general activity I saw exceeded anything I had ever expected to behold. And the ineffaceable impression of this greatness and power was quickly succeeded by another, no less profound, and which my long life has only con-

[1] Rough translation :—

Yes! all is o'er, I'm going to wed,
Like Cato I'm resolved to live.
The time for youthful folly's sped,
My life to Reason now I'll give!

firmed, that here was a nation which had known how to pass through a revolution without permitting it to encroach on its social discipline, nor allowing democratic jealousies to destroy its traditions and sow discord between the different classes of its population.

I thought Windsor quite superb. The old castle, surrounded by its ancient trees, with its foundations lapped by the waters of the Thames, the national river, and seeming to stretch out its protecting arm over Eton and the picturesque college—whither the flower of the nation comes to receive the healthiest and soundest of educations at the hands of a purely clerical body—is a true symbol of the calm strength and steady permanence of the English Monarchy.

I had met Prince Albert several times already, in Paris; but I had never seen Queen Victoria before. Bright and witty, with an arch and pleasant smile not always quite devoid of mischief, the young sovereign was in all the freshness and brilliance of her youth and the radiance of her happiness. She and her royal husband gave us a welcome of which I preserve the most grateful recollection, and from that day forward I conceived a profoundly respectful affection for her Majesty, which has increased with my advancing years.

Our visit to Windsor was short and devoid of striking incident, beyond the acquaintance I made there with men of eminence in war or state craft, such as the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Aberdeen. It was at this time that the Queen of Great Britain's journey to the Château d'Eu was decided on. I went with my flotilla as far as Cherbourg to meet her.

When she got there, she invited me on board her own vessel, the splendid yacht *Osborne*, commanded by a son of the late King William IV., Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, a very good fellow, but a somewhat rubicund specimen of the old-fashioned British sailor, with an eye he had some difficulty in keeping open; which failing earned him the following reply to his chaffing remark, made to a little

schoolboy, already somewhat sensitive about his personal dignity. "Oh, *what* a bad hat you have!"

"And you, what a damned bad eye!"

Lord Aberdeen, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, was also on board the yacht, besides Lord Liverpool, Lord Charles Wellesley, Colonel Wylde, and the ladies-in-waiting—that charming Lady Canning whom we had known in Paris as a child, and who died in India, after having shown great courage during the terrible Sepoy mutiny, and a not less charming Miss Liddell, who afterwards became Lady Bloomfield.

The Queen's entrance into Tréport was favoured by splendid weather; the little wet dock, crammed with fishing boats, and the old church, were gilded by the rays of the setting sun, while opposite us, on the rock overlooking the port, rose the great cross before which the fishermen's wives go and pray in stormy weather. We went ashore to the firing of cannon and the rattle of thousands of *sabots* on the shingle, among a good-humoured crowd of sailors, short-petticoated fishwives, and white-capped Normandy peasant women, all making their comments aloud, while here and there appeared a gendarme's cocked hat, or the broad-brimmed headgear of some country curé. It was a picturesque sight, so gay and noisy, and so thoroughly French, and the young sovereign seemed delighted with its novelty. There was no cavalry escort nor lining of the road from Tréport with troops; but the splendid squadrons of the 1st Cuirassiers, in their copper breastplates, were drawn up in echelon at regular distances apart in the open fields, and saluted with their trumpets as we went by; while at the château itself the Guard of Honour was furnished by a battalion of riflemen drawn up in close order, their dark uniform and military air causing Lord Charles Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington's son, and a thoroughbred soldier himself, to exclaim, "Oh, what splendid little fellows!"

My father had put the Queen into a huge open vehicle, with room for twelve people in it, like a boat in shape

drawn by a team of eight horses, harnessed in the French style, with an outrider, coachman, footmen, and grooms all dressed in red. The postilion, who wore great boots as in a Van der Meulen picture, was the only servant in a blue livery. This contrast in colour arose out of a tradition which had been kept up in the royal stables, that the postilion, being supposed to have taken off his jacket for the sake of being cool, must always be dressed in the same colours as the other servants' waistcoats. The Orleans livery being scarlet with a blue waistcoat, the postilions wore blue. The Condé livery being chamois-colour, with amaranth waistcoats, the postilions must wear amaranth, and so on.

The royal *waggon* with its eight horses was anything but

easy to manage on the narrow Norman roads. And one slight accident occurred of which I was the unlucky cause. I was riding beside the carriage door, and I got in the way when it was turning a corner, so that it got locked, and remained so for some minutes. My father stormed, and the Queen went into a fit of laughter; but the poor old coachman, a veteran belonging to the old state stables, cast a look at me that must have been like Vatel's glance before he ran himself through with his sword. I had brought disgrace on him at the most solemn moment in his life!

The next day a fresh bit of local colour was provided for the royal guests. The Queen was taken out driving with posters in the forest. The postilions, with their clubbed and powdered hair and gaily beribboned hats,

started at a fairly steady pace, but once they were clear of the crowd they went off at full tear, with loose reins and a great cracking of whips. The pace was so severe that it was as much as I could do, with my horse at full gallop, to keep my place beside the carriage door. The fun was flavoured with a touch of uneasiness, which increased its charm. The whole period of the Queen's visit was thus spent in drives and excursions, from which we did our best to banish any touch of official formality and constraint.

In the evenings there would be a concert, with the artists from the Conservatoire to sing the chorus from *Armide*, "Jamais en ces beaux lieux," the orchestra performing the symphony in A, and a solo on the horn by Vivier; or else Auber would bring the Opéra Comique troupe, Roger, Chollet, and Anna Thillon; or else Arnot played *L'Humoriste* with Mdme. Doche. There were Cabinet Ministers there as well. Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot held conversations, during which they may or may not have confided political secrets to each other. Marshal Soult, the President of the Council, spoke but little, and when he did, the words that fell from his lips were not always of the most good-tempered sort, as one unlucky general found out to his cost. This worthy man, no longer young, who was in command in a neighbouring department, held the grade of brigadier-general, and, feeling the moment of his retirement was approaching, he was passionately anxious, before it struck, to make sure of the three stars that mark the rank of lieutenant-general. He had been watching his opportunity to try and get the marshal to look favourably on his request, and he fancied he had found it one morning when he met him after luncheon, at the entrance of the Galerie des Guise. The marshal was walking along, limping from an old wound, with one hand behind his back, and plunged in a meditation which was the reverse of rose-colour, to judge by the pouting under-lip, which he always wore when this was the case.

The general approached him, and he stopped short, knitting his brows.

"I am very lucky, Monsieur le Maréchal, to have this opportunity of paying you my respects."

"Pooh!" said the marshal, but the poor wretch went on:

"And as I have this lucky chance, Monsieur le Maréchal, I take advantage of it to inform you of the satisfactory state of the public mind in my department, and the good results of my work there. Do you know that only the day before yesterday I had sitting at my own dinner table, with several people who are devoted to the present order of things, a Legitimist and . . . . . a Republican!"

"Oh, had you indeed? Then let me tell you you asked them to dine to meet an idiot!"

And off the marshal went, leaving his unlucky interlocutor aghast at the sudden collapse of his hopes. I have even heard it said he died of it!

On her return from Eu, the Queen landed at Brighton, whither I had the honour of accompanying her, and where she was received with that general enthusiasm which has never failed to greet her. I remained for a day as her Majesty's guest in that hideous Pavilion at Brighton, in those days a royal residence, where nobody could move about or open a window without being exposed to the fire of all the opera glasses in the houses opposite. This masterpiece of bad taste has been turned into a casino. It is the one thing it was fitted to be. Then I took those of our ships which had escorted the Queen to Brighton back to Tréport to act as guardships while the King remained at Eu.

Some years previously a comical scene took place on board one of these guardships. The King had gone, according to his usual custom, to inspect the ship in question and her crew, accompanied by the then Minister for Marine Affairs, a gallant officer who shall be nameless, but who was better fitted for giving words of command than for extemporising speeches. Once on board the . . . . *Pélican* (I will use that name, though it is not the real

one), and the inspection of the crew being over, the King told the minister he desired to commemorate his visit by the bestowal of at least one Cross of Honour. The idea was quite unexpected, but after some consideration it was decided to give the decoration to the surgeon-major, who had behaved with great devotion during a recent cholera epidemic. The crew was still assembled, the King took up his position aft, but the minister, being perfectly ignorant as to the course the ceremony should take, did not open his lips. So the scene opened thus :

"Come, Admiral!" said the King. "Tell the drummer to *ouvrir le ban*."

The admiral in stentorian tones: "Drummer! *Ouvrez le ban!*"

A silence. Then the King in a whisper: "Say something, Admiral! Tell them I am going to decorate an officer."

The admiral made a sign of acquiescence, stepped forward, and began again, in the same stentorian tones :

"Officers and men of the *Pélican!*"—another pause. "His Majesty"—another pause—"The cholera!"—yet another pause. "Your gallant surgeon," pointing to him, "your gallant surgeon, I say. The King desires to reward the officers and men of the *Pélican* for the cholera!" (He fired off the word cholera like a cannon shot.) "Appoints you Legionary" ("Knight," whispers the King very low). "Yes, Knight Legionary" (the King bent his head in despair). "Knight Legionary of his Majesty's r-r-royal order of the Legion of Honour! Drummer! *Fermez le ban!*"

This was done by the only drummer on board ; the gallant surgeon-major came up to receive his cross, which the King, whose gravity never forsook him, presented to him with a few kindly words, while all the spectators made superhuman efforts to control their inclination to laugh. What dozens of scenes of that kind I have witnessed!

I wound up my term of service at Eu. All there were

still full of the Queen of England's visit, the episodes of which Isabey, Eugène Lamy, Alaux, and Siméon Fort were very busy transferring to canvas. At last my little naval division was paid off. I went back to Paris and re-entered the world, not of politics, but of social intercourse. I even went to Chantilly Races, a meeting which my brothers had just established, and which has now become a standing institution. These races were very different when they first began to what they are in the present day. There was the same beautiful turfy racecourse, opposite the ancient castle of the Condés; the horses, too, and the trainers and jockeys were much the same; but the general public was very different. There were no railways then to bring huge crowds in numberless specials and return them to Paris the same evening. The company was less numerous, but it was more select. People migrated to Chantilly for the race-week, content with what lodging they could find, and ready to put up with all the inconveniences of a sort of huge picnic, and spend every hour both of the day and night amusing themselves as best they could. It was a kind of summer carnival, with country excursions, dinners, balls, and merry-makings of every description, at which the great world and the *demi-monde*, both of them in considerable force, sometimes mingled in somewhat noisy fun.

I recollect one extra riotous ball, at which the worthy mayor of Chantilly, M. Jaquin, thought it his duty to interfere, with the gendarmerie, to restore order. The worthy magistrate entered, and commanded the noise to be stopped in the name of the law, at the same time inquiring who was the proprietor of the house. "Brochet is!" chorused a hundred voices.

Now Brochet was the surname of a certain fascinating *cocotte*. "Well," said the good mayor paternally, "I should like to speak to M. Brochet."

"That's me!" shouted the same hundred individuals at once. Then there was a shout of "Long live Jaquin!" and the worthy man was carried round in triumph, while

the fair ladies hastened to exert their blandishments upon the gendarmes. How could anybody be angry? The representatives of law and order fraternised with those of —the other thing! and it all ended in smoke!

So much for our evenings. In the daytime there was hunting. Everybody followed in merry parties, on horseback, in carriages, or on foot, to the sound of the horns of the red-coated *piqueurs* of the Orleans family hunt. The whole thing was full of "go," and I remember seeing one very pretty woman, out of patience with the slowness of her carriage, entreat a friend to lend her his horse, and start off on it astride, not in her riding habit, but in ordinary outdoor costume. The fair lady's name was Lola Montès, and she later on attained some considerable celebrity in the kingdom of Bavaria.

After this fashion the lovely month of May was spent. But June brought me more serious occupation. I was appointed to the command of a squadron ordered to the coasts of the Empire of Morocco, where we were on the brink of important events, affecting alike the consolidation of our Algerian conquests and our relations with other Great Powers. Driven to extremity by the blow given to his prestige by the capture of his smalah, Abd-el-Kadir was playing a last and desperate card. He had once more kindled all the Mussulman fanaticism and hatred of the foreign invader against us. We had to fight in every direction. While my brother Aumale had several sharp engagements, in one of which my younger brother, Montpensier, was wounded, on the Constantine side of the country, General Bugeaud was carrying on a daily struggle with the warlike tribes of the Province of Oran. These tribes, whenever they were repulsed, crossed the River Moulouia, which was the frontier line of Morocco, at which our troops had to stop short, on account of European susceptibilities, and thus escaped all chastisement.

The enemy concluded, from the cessation of our pursuit, either that we did not dare to brave the displeasure of the Emperor of Morocco, or else that the European

Powers, and especially the Power whose flag floated over Gibraltar, protected the soil of that empire from any violation. It thus became a sort of citadel, whence any attempt on us might safely be made without fear of reprisals. There were consequently perpetual irruptions into our territory, not only of the fanatic Moorish element, but, covertly, of the Emperor of Morocco's own troops, whom he had massed, on pretence of keeping watch, close to our frontier; and in the long run these attacks, which had to be ceaselessly repulsed at the cost of precious lives, had grown intolerable. This state of things could not go on. The French Government resolved to put an end to it, and its first step was to despatch the squadron I had the honour to command. I was to call on the Emperor of Morocco to withdraw the protection he had given Abd-el-Kadir up to that period; not to allow our enemies to organise expeditions against us on his territory; and, finally, to reduce the considerable collection of troops he had amassed on the frontier—the number and attitude of which both amounted to a threat—to a mere police force. Failing his prompt acquiescence with my demands, I was to use force at sea, in concert with General Bugeaud on land, to force Muley Abderrahman to submit.

But I had been expressly desired to carry forbearance to its furthest possible limit, and in case of our being obliged to take action to let it be known in the most public manner that we had no idea of conquest. Above all, I was carefully to avoid anything that might possibly wound international feelings. And herein lay the difficulty of my task, for these same feelings were excessively tender. I need hardly say that this was especially so in the case of England. We had driven away her trade when we conquered Algeria, and she did not want her commercial relations with Morocco to meet the same fate. Gibraltar, being in a state of perpetual semi-blockade on the Spanish side, is obliged to draw all the necessary supplies for its huge garrison and its smuggling population from Morocco; and this has gone on for such a length of time that

Englishmen have got into the habit of looking on Tangier as being an indispensable dependency belonging to that proud citadel on the Rock, which keeps watch and ward over the gates of the Mediterranean. Add to this a certain national feeling among the English that the sea

POINT EUROPA, GIBRALTAR.

is their special domain, and their consequent jealousy whenever naval action is taken by any other fleet than theirs, and some idea of the inflammable elements with which I was about to be surrounded will be gained. The very announcement of the despatch of my squadron to Morocco brought forth a demonstration of the national sensitiveness in the British Parliament. A former minister, Lord Minto, was the first to echo it in the House of Lords, where he went so far as to do me the honour of complaining that *I* should have been entrusted with the command of the squadron. It was decided that ships should be sent to watch us. Admiral Owen, Commander-in-Chief of the British Mediterranean Squadron, was ordered to hasten to Gibraltar without delay, and the Press, as may well be imagined, was not slow to take its share in all this agitation.

Meanwhile I was busily organising my little squadron at Toulon. Twelve hundred troops, or thereabouts, for disembarkation if necessary, had been sent me, and as fast as

I got my ships ready I sent them on to Oran, where we were to muster. Just as we were starting a slight accident occurred, which if I had been superstitiously inclined might have cast a gloom over the first days of my command. We had towed the ship *Triton*, with a body of marines on board, outside the port, one lovely evening. There we met a steamboat coming from Montpellier with a company of engineers, under Captain Coffinières, who were also to be attached to the expedition. By some mistake in steering the ships collided. The *Triton* was slightly damaged; but the steamboat lost her funnel and spars, and had her bulwarks stove in. There was no damage to life and limb, beyond an unintentional dip I took, by falling into the sea while getting alongside the two vessels to judge for myself whether the collision was a serious one or not. I recollect, as a small matter of detail, that while we were coming back into Toulon at night, on board the tug from which I had seen the accident, we made experiments with the electric light, and that when we turned it on an American corvette lying in the port, her watch bolted in every direction, blinded by the dazzling light darted on them suddenly, they knew not whence. More than forty years elapsed before these experiments received any practical application. Such is the power of routine!

But I must get back to my ships. Having mustered them all at Oran, and opened communications with General Bugeaud, I went straight to Gibraltar, to confer with the English authorities before I did anything else; and resolved to be the first to offer in the clearest and frankest way any explanation they might desire of my intentions as to peace or war, and the part we expected neutral powers to play. Let me say at once, that from the very first day till the end of the campaign, I never had occasion to speak otherwise than in terms of the highest satisfaction of all my relations with the officers holding command in the British naval force, and more especially with Admiral Owen, Captain Lockyer, and Captain Provo

Wallis. Our intercourse was always frank, cordial, "straightforward," as English people call it, and very pleasant in consequence. This was not the case when I had to do with General Sir Robert Wilson, Governor of Gibraltar, a bitter enemy to France. In the earliest beginning of his career he had been attached to the staff of the Russian army, had been through the campaign of 1812, and borne his part in inflicting the disasters which befell us during the terrible retreat from Moscow. He played a very active part as British commissioner with the Allied Armies in 1813, behaving with great personal valour both at Dresden and Leipsic, and doing us frequent mischief by the advice he gave to the Allies. Often, in his very interesting *Memoirs*, he will be found complacently reckoning up the losses that we should have suffered if his counsels had been acted upon. Sir Robert afterwards acquired a certain notoriety in Paris by acting as the principal agent in the escape of M. de Lavalette in 1815. A man of occasional chivalrous impulses, but passionate and restless, to the extent of being incapable of keeping quiet, he looked on his position as Governor of Gibraltar not as a great military command alone, but as an active political post, and he had directed all this activity, through Morocco, against our conquered Province of Algeria, and so against France herself. His goings to and fro betwixt Gibraltar and the opposite coast were a matter of common knowledge, and his newspaper, the *Gibraltar Chronicle*, edited by his Colonial Secretary, repeated every statement likely to lower French influence, make little of our arms, or stir up public feeling against us. Arms and war material were openly exported to Tetuan and other towns in Morocco under his very eyes. And, in short, it was easy to trace a great part of the confidence in their impunity which made Muley Abderrahman and his government so hostile on our frontier-line, and so insolent in its replies to our diplomatic agents, to his behaviour.

Such then was the principal personage with whom I had to deal from the very outset of my mission. He was

the object of my first overture. As soon as I arrived, I proceeded to the Convent, as his official residence is called, in full uniform, with all the captains belonging to my squadron. He received me with a politeness that bordered on the obsequious, and at once began to talk of the danger he apprehended from the presence of my squadron on that coast and before the Moorish towns; the danger to peace in general, on account of the conflicts likely to be provoked; the danger of still further exciting the warlike passions of the Mussulman population; the danger to the safety of the Christian natives, the European residents, and the consuls in Morocco; and, finally, the danger to Mr. Hay, the British Consul-General, who had just started to give personal counsels of moderation to the Emperor Muley Abderrahman.

"But indeed, General," I replied, "I shall be too glad not to take my ships to Tangier, nor to any other point on the Morocco coast, during the negotiations. We are tired of the state of things caused by the insolence and hostility of the Moors along our frontier. We are going to present an ultimatum to put an end to it. We will allow them a certain interval to reply in, and when that is up, we shall go to Tangier, either to punish or to forgive them. *Until then* we shall be very glad of any efforts that may be made to calm public feeling and facilitate the acceptance of our just demands. *Until then* I am quite prepared not to take my squadron to the coast of Morocco; but on one condition only—that the British ships do not go there either. We cannot allow our dispute to be discussed under the guns of a foreign fleet, nor that there should be any question of protection or intimidation in the matter. If you, and the naval authorities with you, will promise that your ships shall not go to Tangier, I will take mine to Cadiz, without touching there either, and await the reply to our ultimatum. Of course I have nothing to say about your small vessels going to Tangier to protect your fellow-countrymen, and mine will do the same thing."

That ended my lecture, and I was about to take my-

leave, but Sir Robert kept up a conversation on various subjects, till all at once he started and said:

"Why, I was forgetting the time! The gates will be shut. If you want to get back to the port, gentlemen, you must start at once. Hurry up! you haven't a moment to lose."

I always thought that little scene was a got up thing: not indeed for the sake of the absurd sight of the French admiral and his captains tearing breathlessly along in full uniform like people who are afraid of missing a train, but to give us an idea of the strictness of the regulations under that particular governorship. Of which strictness we had another proof on the following evening.

A boat coming ashore from the "Jemappes" to take off the officers, who had been dining on shore, at the postern gate known as the Ragged Staff, which had been left open for their convenience, made a mistake in the darkness, and came alongside of another landing stage, the guard of which turned out and fired a volley, which luckily did not hit anybody.

The proposal I made during my first visit to Sir Robert was carried out. I was given a promise that no English ship should appear at Tangier; and I, on my side, took my squadron to Cadiz, while M. de Nion, our consul-general, presented our ultimatum to Muley Abderrahman. Then came a long period of uncertainty. Warships arrived at Tangier direct from England. As soon as I heard of it I set sail to follow them; but on my arrival, finding the authorities at Gibraltar had already recalled them, I returned to Cadiz.

When the answer to our ultimatum did come, it was most unsatisfactory. The Moorish Government refused to disperse the assemblage of troops massed on General Bugeaud's front; and even went so far as to demand that he should be punished for having violated their frontier more than once, in his pursuit of the bands that had attacked him. And there was not one word concerning the chief subject of our complaints, Abd-el-Kadir.

We might have taken immediate steps, on the reception of this news, but it was indispensable that the safety of our consuls, and our fellow-countrymen resident in Tangier, whom the first cannon-shot would expose to all the violence of Mussulman fanaticism, should be ensured first of all. Then there was the presence of the British Consul-General at the Emperor's court to be considered. If his mission was not actually official, it was semi-official at all events; and we were obliged to await his return. To give some colour to our delay, M. de Nion sent a fresh summons to Sidi Bousselam, pasha of Larrache, a clear-sighted and intelligent man, whom the Sultan had deputed to negotiate with us. A fresh extension of time was granted. I took advantage of it to get our consuls withdrawn, and went myself to Tangier to see to the sudden removal of our consul-general and his family. If this had been attempted a few minutes later, the Moors would have tried to prevent it. All the other French subjects and people under our protection, who had put off going on board our ships, were stopped, except one Jew, who rushed up at full speed, threw himself into the sea, and managed to come up with my boat. I should add, that owing to the energetic remonstrances of all the other foreign representatives, and in particular the Neapolitan Consul, M. de Martino—a clever and courageous young man who has since risen to the highest positions in Italy, and who had undertaken to look after our interests after our consuls had been withdrawn—the embargo thus laid on our fellow-countrymen's movements was of very short duration.

The departure of the French consuls made a considerable impression both on the Moorish leaders and on the foreign representatives, who took alarm at once. The roadstead at Tangier was soon covered, in answer to their appeals, with foreign warships, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, &c. The English men-of-war returned, and I brought back my own squadron.

But still the time went by, and Mr. Hay did not appear. General Bugeaud, away on the frontier, was losing patience,

and wrote me letter after letter, complaining of my "tergiversation!" To which I replied, "Well, General, fire off your guns! If you will begin the fighting I'll follow your example at once." But the general turned a deaf ear to that. He answered that pacific overtures which he could not well ignore were being made him on the frontier side, but that things could not go on as they were, that his troops were suffering from the heat, that they were fretting under their enforced inaction. The long and the short of it was that he would not take the responsibility of the international complications that might arise out of overt hostilities in Morocco, and yet he was burning with the desire to throw himself upon the army lying in front of him and inflict a signal defeat on it. While he neither urged me on nor tried to check me, diplomacy did its utmost to restrain my ardour. The French *chargé d'affaires* in London wrote to point out "the capital importance attached in this country (England) to the business you have in hand. If it were to come to a blockade, an occupation of ports and of the coast, &c., I feel quite convinced that the relations between your Royal Highness and the British cruisers would keep the peace of the world in general in constant peril." And the tide kept rising and rising, higher and higher! In other words, time was going by—in inaction. And some people were inclined to take inaction for impotence.

At last, on the 4th of August, M. de Nion received an answer, and not an acceptable one, to his last note, still harping on "the punishment of the general." We had had enough of that sort of thing. On the 5th a despatch-boat brought me news of the safety of Mr. Hay, the British Plenipotentiary, on board an English ship, and of the failure of his mission. On the 6th I attacked the fortifications of Tangier in the presence of ships of war of every nation, British battleships, and Spanish frigates. The object of our demonstration was eminently clear. We were proving to the Moors, whom we chastised, as to the foreigners who were looking on, that France intended to

ensure her Algerian frontier being respected, and that no foreign protection would save those who violated it from punishment.

The shelling of Tangier was much more of a political act than of an act of warfare. Though eighty pieces of artillery replied to our first shots, their fire was swiftly silenced by the admirable practice made by our capital gunners. Not a shot went wide of the enemy's embrasures, nor did a single one fall on the dwelling-houses, nor on the consular quarter of the town. Our loss was insignificant. I have not the figures by me, but I do not think we had more than fifteen or twenty men disabled. No damage was done to the fleet. My ship, the *Suffren*, had not more than fifty shots in her hull and spars.

General Bugeaud, with whom I at once communicated, wrote to me soon afterwards as follows:

> I told you on the 11th, that the army would lose no time about honouring the draft the navy had drawn on it. By the enclosed copy of a telegram to his Excellency the Minister of War you will see it has kept its word.

The despatch in question contained the report of the battle of Isly, which had just been fought; and the letter was dated from the battlefield itself, on August 14th. On that same 14th of August I was before Mogador with the squadron. Having sent out three very intelligent officers, Colonel Chauchard, and Captain Coffinières of the Engineers, and a post-captain, the heir to a glorious name, Vicomte Duquesne, to reconnoitre, I had resolved, on their information, to choose this particular town and its port, as offering the best chance of a successful attack. Another consideration too had weighed with me—the customs duties at Mogador supplied the greater part of Muley Abderrahman's revenue. We had dissipated his illusions at Tangier, and while the general was lowering his pride on the battlefield of Isly, I was going to make a hole in his purse.

Bad weather, rough seas, serious damage to chains,

and anchors broken on the inhospitable rocks, gave us a world of trouble. At last, on the 15th of August, the sea was calmer, and with a favourable breeze we were able to take up our attacking position opposite Mogador. The town, being strongly fortified, heavily armed, and having besides had time to prepare for us, made a much tougher defence than Tangier. But we mastered it at last, and the fire from the citadel having been silenced by the guns of the *Suffren*, *Jemmapes*, *Triton*, and the *Belle-Poule* frigate, I took the flotilla into the channel, and landed five hundred men on the island which forms the port. This was done under a very hot musketry fire, but it was performed in the boldest and smartest manner, the men who were wounded in the boats being among the first to spring on shore. The batteries were carried at the double, and the whole garrison of the island, about four hundred men, were either killed, drowned, or driven at nightfall into a large mosque, which they surrendered the next morning.

There never was a more picturesque sight than the close of that fight, under a sunset like the one I saw Horace Vernet paint in his fine picture of the battle of Montmirail. The Moors in their brilliant dresses were retiring, firing as they went, towards the mosque, whose great towers rose tall against the sky; while our small craft, running along the shore on a golden summer sea, supported our soldiers on land by their fire. I recollect finding myself just at that moment beside a young sub-lieutenant, fresh from St. Cyr, M. Martin des Pallières, whom I had permitted, at his own urgent request, to land as a volunteer, although his company was not detailed for service. He proudly showed me his arm, smashed by a ball, saying:

"You see, sir, you did well to let me come!"

The whole of the assault of this island was very well led by Colonel Chauchard and Captain Duquesne, who was wounded in the engagement.

My first care, the next day, was to send some of my prisoners back to the pasha of Mogador, with an intimation that if he touched a hair on the heads of the British Consul

and his family, and a few other Europeans whom he had refused to allow to depart before the attack, I would take reprisals by putting all the rest of my prisoners to death. I had the satisfaction of receiving the consul and his belongings on board my ship, and of transferring them to the English frigate *Warspite*, which had been present as a spectator during all our operations. It was none too soon, for the Arabs and Kabyles from the neighbouring country were already pouring into the town to sack and plunder it. The pasha, overwhelmed by their numbers and no longer able to maintain order, was obliged to take to flight himself, and no Christian could have remained in the town without running the gravest risk.

We soon landed in the town of Mogador to complete the work of destruction begun the day before, spike the guns, smash up the gun-carriages, and destroy all the munitions of war in the shore batteries—all of which was performed without a shadow of opposition being offered. Then I put a garrison on the island, providing it with heavy guns, to awe the town, which we did not care to occupy, and I declared the port to be in a state of blockade.

When all this was settled, I sent back the bulk of the squadron to Cadiz to revictual, and get ready to recommence operations, if necessary. During the whole of this campaign the only staff I had to help me to direct sailing and fighting operations, and above all to supply a naval force numbering seventeen sail, not reckoning my disembarkation craft, with food, coal, and munitions of war, was one first lieutenant, who acted as chief of the staff, aide-de-camp, &c., one second class cadet to go messages and keep the look out, and the purser of my own ship, the *Suffren*.

It is true all these were first-rate men. The two officers have both become admirals—one is Admiral Touchard and the other Admiral Pierre. The purser's name was Rouffio. I merely mention this detail because, with the present mania for large staffs, things would be less simply

managed nowadays. I should like to add that I found my best assistance in the goodwill, pluck, intelligence, and devotion to their country's interests invariably shown by everybody, without distinction of rank. In short, the behaviour of the naval force I had the honour of commanding was even better than I could have expected of it. The service still bears the same good character, and will continue to bear it so long as no one lays a sacrilegious hand on an organisation the value of which has been thoroughly tested, and which now rests on long and splendid traditions.

But one misfortune befell us. The *Groenland*, a large transport, was wrecked some way south of Larrache. By some miscalculation or other she ran aground, going nine knots an hour, at high water, on a spring tide, at the foot of a cliff as high as those of the English Channel. When the fog cleared, some Arabs, very few fortunately, on the top of the rocks, saw her, and poured their fire into her with perfect impunity.

One of our despatch-boats, the *Vedette*, becoming aware of the catastrophe, hurried to the trooper's assistance; but she was almost powerless, her engines not being strong enough to tow off a big ship stranded in such a deplorable position. The shots fired from below at the Arabs on the summit of the cliff only attracted more of them to the spot. But at all events they were useful in so far as they made me aware of the disaster.

I was passing by, out at sea, on board the *Pluton*, on my way to Cadiz, when the sound of the guns, which was very unexpected thereabouts, attracted my attention, and steering towards the noise I soon caught sight of the unlucky *Groenland* lying close ashore, while the rifle-shots flashed from the top of the cliff. It was just getting dark when I reached the spot. I boarded the ship at once, no easy matter, for a heavy surf was breaking on her stern, the only part of her which was at all accessible. But they threw me a rope and hoisted me on board.

The unlucky officer in command, Captain Besson, had

done everything in his power after the vessel had gone ashore. He had laid out anchors, lightened the ship, and cut down her masts and spars. Then, in the pluckiest way, he had tried to go about, under the full fire of the Arabs. Fourteen of his men had been killed or wounded at the capstan bars. But the cables gave way, and the only result of lightening the ship was that the swell carried her closer in shore. I went down to the engine-room, which was full of water. It was clear to my mind that her side was stove in. It was out of the question to make any attempt to float such a large vessel—a difficult enough job on a friendly coast—under the rifle fire of the thousands of Arabs who were sure to gather on the cliff at daybreak.

If the sea rose, the ship would not only go to pieces, but it would be impossible to rescue her passengers and crew I therefore settled to proceed at once to the removal of the wounded, in the first place, and then of the rest of the soldiers and sailors on board. This was carried out without any accident. Captain Besson was the last man to leave his ship, having first, at my request, set her on fire, so as to leave nothing in the way of a trophy in the enemy's hands.

On my arrival at Cadiz, besides letters from the Minister for Naval Affairs, Admiral de Mackau, signifying the approval of his Majesty's Government of what I had done, I found one from General Bugeaud (who had been created a marshal), in which he said:

> I have just received your despatch of 17th August, which has caused me the greatest joy. In spite of the great distance between them, the harmony between our military and naval operations has been complete. The Moorish army was defeated on the 14th, and Mogador was shelled and captured on the 15th.
>
> Between the two victories, the Princesse de Joinville has made you a happy father. It seems to me that the young Princess ought certainly to receive the name of Victoria.
>
> I am very happy to assure you that you cannot be more pleased with your fleet than the army is with both it and you.

I was busy revictualling and refitting, and reorganising my squadron, when M. de Martino sent word that Muley

Abdurrahman was sueing for peace, and had given Sidi Bousselam full powers for the purpose.

There was a regular congress of diplomats at Cadiz. M. Guizot had associated young Decazes—known to all the world in later days as Marshal MacMahon's Foreign Minister—with M. de Nion, our *déchargé d'affaires* at Tangier. And then, behind the diplomatic curtain, there was the British Minister in Spain, Mr. Bulwer, who took the deepest interest in our proceedings, and like his chief, Lord Aberdeen, sincerely desired to see the Morocco question dead and buried. Everybody was eager to draw up protocols. But I thought it much better to let ourselves be pressed a little, and make the Moors feel a little keener anxiety to get rid of the blockade on Mogador, which practically cut off all their supplies. I therefore suggested sending the interpreter of the fleet, Dr. Warnier —a brave and clever man, one of the Frenchmen who, with General Daumas, Léon Roche, and others, had, formerly followed the fortunes of Abd-el-Kadir, and quite capable of detecting all the tricks of Arab diplomacy—to meet Bousselam, with orders to ask whether he really was invested with full powers from the Emperor, and to request him, in that case, to produce an official document in proof of his assertion. In the event of the reply being in the affirmative, the squadron to return to Tangier, bringing the French plenipotentiaries, and with them a treaty ready drawn up, containing the conditions imposed by France, to be signed within twenty-four hours.

So matters were settled.

And what were the stipulations of the treaty?

Not very many. But it gave the deathblow to Abd-el-Kadir, whom the Emperor of Morocco undertook to proclaim an outlaw. The real treaty of peace had been signed at Tangier, at Isly, and at Mogador. We had no object, once we had gained those victories, in imposing too severe conditions, which would have weakened and even destroyed his authority, on the Moorish Sovereign. It was far better to have a ruler on our frontier who had experi-

ence both of our armed strength and of our generosity, and to whose interest it consequently was to live on friendly terms with us, than to have to keep up a struggle with Mussulman anarchy, which might end in opening the door to international intervention.

The treaty inspired by these considerations was duly signed, and the order to evacuate the Island of Mogador and raise the blockade was forthwith given. The flag was hoisted once more over the French consulate, and saluted both on shore and by our ships in port. The Morocco dispute was closed.

In the result, Abd-el-Kadir, hemmed in in Morocco as he had formerly been in Algeria, was forced in 1847, after a short period of wandering and helplessness, to make his submission to my brother Aumale. From the date of the signing of the treaty of Tangier up to the present day, no serious misunderstanding has ever arisen between ourselves and the Empire of Morocco.

The signature of peace was the signal for the dispersal of the squadron under my orders. I myself returned to Paris by Havre, where I learnt that a public reception, which I was not sorry to escape, had been prepared for me at Toulon. Feeling conscious, as I did, of having done my country good service during my four months of campaigning, praise and blame alike were equally indifferent to me.

CHAPTER XII

1844-1848

THERE were great festivities at Naples, towards the end of 1854, in honour of the marriage of my brother Aumale and his cousin, the charming daughter of the Prince of Salerno. During the civil marriage, which took place at the palace, the King never left off tormenting the syndic of Naples, who figured in a full black Spanish suit in seventeenth-century style, and a wig with long floating curls. At the religious ceremony, numbers of lovely women in court dress, and men bearing great and historic names—such as the Marquis de Pescaire del Vasto, the Princes Colonna and Campo Reale, the Dukes of Ascoli and San Cesarea, and many others—gathered round the Royal Family. France was represented by Admiral de Parseval and the officers of the squadron, and by General Durosnel, who was aide-de-camp to my father, after having served Napoleon in the same capacity. He was an old soldier, the very personification of honour, with a memory stored with most interesting recollections. The French Embassy, placed beside these gentlemen, made a fine figure with the Duc and Duchesse de Montebello at its head, accompanied by M. Lutteroth and his wife, the sister of that Count Batthyani who was executed in Hungary under such heartrending circumstances in the year 1848. The general public of France was represented among the spectators by M. Glais-Bizoin, who made a less fine effect, as those who have known the triumvir of Tours in 1870

will readily believe. He was one of the ugliest men in creation.

Then there was the whole diplomatic body, and foremost among its members the Austrian Minister, Prince Felix von Schwarzenberg, whose acquaintance I was very glad to make. He was an exceedingly pleasant man, the very type of a distinguished aristocrat, with a splendid head, clever and proud-looking at once, and a tall slight figure. He looked magnificent in his white uniform, that of an Austrian general, and turned all the ladies' heads. His love affairs were endless, and some of them have become celebrated, such as his elopement with a great lady in English society, who, when he left her, ended her days under the tent of an Arab chief, near Palmyra, described by Edmond About in *Le Roi des Montagnes*.

When once his passion was roused, he allowed no obstacle to stand in his way, and I never saw any man beset a woman with his addresses, in public, whatever her position might be, with such magnificent indifference to what people said, or to the consequences which might possibly ensue. And indeed his audacity generally paid. Later on he carried it into politics, and with equal success. My readers may know that he came into power in 1848, when the affairs of the House of Austria were at their lowest ebb, Vienna in revolution, Hungary in rebellion, and Lombardy invaded.

Full of confidence in the strength of the dynastic principle in the country, he induced two incapable emperors to abdicate, himself took young Francis Joseph to be solemnly invested with his sovereignty at Santa Lucia, among Radetsky's riflemen, just before the battle of Novara, made the alliance with Russia which forced Hungary into submission, and having thus snatched his country from the jaws of revolution and ruin, died on his feet, just after keeping an assignation. He was the man who made the well-known and characteristic remark, "You can do everything with bayonets—except sit on them!"

We had a constant succession of merry-makings. There was a state performance at the San Carlo, with a ballet danced by very pretty *figurantes*, whose tights were pink to below their knees only, the rest was apple-green. This detail was insisted on to spare the modesty of the management. I am not aware whether the genuine article profited in any way by the rule. When the San Carlo was over, we had San Carlino or Pulcinella. This character, peculiar to the local stage (who is supposed to have originated in Acerra, as Arlequino did in Bergamo), supported by his inseparable companion Pancrazio, poked fun to his heart's content, and in the raciest of burlesque, at all the latest Neapolitan occurrences and fashions, in a piece entitled *Pulcinella alla Strada Ferrata.*

There were balls to go to, when the theatres were over, at the palace, at the academy, and at our embassy. In the daytime there were shooting parties at Capo di Monte or Caserta. Those Neapolitan shooting parties are a thing of the past. I have heard my brother-in-law, King Leopold, tell how once, when he had been invited by the King to a shoot of large and small game at Mondragone, at which, in the course of a few days, three thousand woodcock had been killed, besides other game, he stayed on for a day longer than the other sportsmen, and in one morning he brought down sixty woodcock put up by his dog, on the very ground that had just been shot over.

To wind up our stay at Naples we christened one of the Duc de Montebello's sons. The ceremony was performed after the Italian fashion in a drawing-room belonging to the Prince of Salerno, himself a thorough Neapolitan, with his wit and exaggerated drolleries, and the uproar he made and caused wherever he betook himself. This same uproar had already terrified the baby, when out of a sort of cupboard chapel a worthy chaplain, an old friend of my mother's, Monsignore Corbi, was seen to advance. The monsignore, who was exceedingly ugly, and very short in stature, had a huge mitre on his head, and looked so diabolical altogether that the child writhed in terror at the

sight, and screamed in the most unearthly manner, while to quiet it the dignitary yelled in a squeaky voice, *Bello, bello!* ("Pretty, pretty!"), which only terrified it all the more.

On our way back from Naples we were caught in a violent gale outside the Straits of Bonifacio, which did some damage to the ship and demoralised the ladies. In consequence of this, instead of going straight to Marseilles, where a brilliant reception was awaiting the Duchesse d'Aumale, we put in at Toulon. There the Duchesse landed and went on to Marseilles by land, while I went round by sea.

But this did not suit the official masters of the ceremonies, and put out all their preparations for an ovation. The arrival had been planned to be by sea, and by sea it must be, or everything would be spoilt. So the poor Duchesse was taken quietly by a roundabout road to the old wet dock, where she was put on board, and after a slight *détour*, she arrived in approved nautical fashion, and disembarked at the foot of the Cannebière "amidst a scene of indescribable enthusiasm," as the official descriptions would say.

The only recollections I have of those Marseilles *fêtes* are musical ones. First of all that of King René's band, with tabour, pipes, and tambourines, escorting the "*prud'hommes*," fishermen dressed in Henri Quatre costumes. And secondly, that of a violoncello solo, admirably played by Offenbach, who was then quite young, and a musician in heart and soul, but who had not yet shown his great talent as a composer.

I tore myself, however, from all these rejoicings, which bored me very much, to go and see the haven of Bouc, the Martigues, and the pool of Berre, where but very little is required to complete a matchless piece of Nature's work, and turn it into the finest port in the whole world. I was deeply interested in all I saw, in company with Admiral Baudin and engineers, both military and naval, who had brought all the plans with them. But our trade still goes

to Marseilles and our warships to Toulon, and the two habits have taken such deep root that it is hopeless to fight against them. And the conclusion we came to was that, save as regarded deepening the entrance to the haven of Bouc (which has since been done), matters were not likely to alter to any very great extent. I seem yet to hear a young engineer *des ponts et chaussées*, who was a member of our party, grumbling between his teeth, as he rolled up his plans, that there were a good many other things in Provence that nobody could alter—notably the purity of outline of the Arlesian girls. He pronounced *pureté* badly, and it sounded like *dureté*. He may have done it out of mischief, for when he looked at me he burst out laughing.

All this coming and going between Morocco and Naples had kept me far away enough from Paris and the battle-field of politics. When I got back, in the winter of 1845, the July Monarchy had still three years of life before it, but an odour of sickliness hung about it already.

The St. Vitus's dance of parliamentary politics gave no satisfaction to anybody except the Jerome-Paturots, to whom it gave a social standing. But how many envious individuals were there to every one who was content? Parliament gave no strength then to the Government, which was the object of almost unanimous attack on the part of the Press; and, by a strange contradiction, the chief reproach cast at an order of things which every one was striving to discredit and overthrow was its want of energy. How often, since that time, have I heard that cry "Be strong," which is the invariable death-knell of governments in extremities!

While the love of destruction, which is the essence of the revolutionary spirit, aided by democratic jealousies, and political speculators—was openly pursuing its destructive work, unopposed and unfettered save by empty verbiage and futile restrictions, the healthy appearance of the daily social life of the capital seemed unchanged. The peaceful *régime* of 1830, which had been fortunate enough to endow France with her first railways, and which was

extending them with wise activity, was soon to see the dawn of one of the most fruitful discoveries in science—the electric telegraph, the first practical application of which dates from 1845. The fine arts shone brilliantly under the encouragement of an enlightened ruler. Eugène Delacroix sent splendid canvases, the *Entrée des Croisés à Constantinople*, among others, to the Versailles Museum, the generous and personal creation of King Louis Philippe. Meissonier's masterpieces were spreading his reputation far and wide, and near him clustered a swarm of great landscape painters—Corot, Jules Dupré, Rousseau, Troyon. Henriquel Dupont, that prince of engravers, was sending out wonderful proofs, such as *Gustavus Vasa* and the *Hémicycle*. And what actors there were on the boards! Not to mention the Théâtre Italien, with that incomparable trio Grisi, Lablache, and Mario—Parisians by adoption—and then in the heyday of their talent; the Français, the Porte-Saint-Martin, and the Gymnase, all offered us representations which approached very nearly to perfection.

The recollection of *Le Menteur*, as played in the Tuileries Theatre by Firmin, Samson, and Regnier, with Mdmes. Plessy, Anaïs, and Augustine Brohan, is constantly with me. At the Porte-Saint-Martin were Frédéric Lemaître and Madame Dorval, startling in their poignant truthfulness and dramatic power in that terrible drama *Trente Ans, ou la Vie d'un Joueur*. And at the Gymnase we had Rose Chéri.

If I talk so much about theatres, it must be remembered that the theatre is one of our glories. What other country has a Comédie Française—an institution two centuries old, miraculously respected, so far, amidst all our ruins, by the hammer of the revolutionary destroyer.

I talk of theatres, too, because I spent many an evening in them. The rest passed peacefully away in the "family drawing-room," which well deserved its name, for we all met there, old and young, big and little, after the evening meal, which was always partaken of in common.

In that drawing-room, on the first floor of the Tuileries, between the Pavillon de Flore and the Pavillon de l'Horloge, my mother used to sit doing her fancy work at a round table lighted by shaded candles, with my aunt Adelaide, the young princesses, and the ladies-in-waiting near her. The King sat on a window seat in the billiard-room adjoining the drawing-room, and there received the despatches brought him by his secretary, Baron Fain, and read the *Times*, the only newspaper he was in the habit of reading daily. It was there the gentlemen visitors, chiefly diplomats, who wanted to speak to him, joined him; while the lady visitors sat round the Queen's table, at which the conversation was general, if occasionally soporific. It used to brighten up again with the arrival of any ladies whose wit or beauty attracted the men who had scattered about the drawing-room. This was always the case on the appearance of Mesdames de St. Aulaire and de Castellane, of some charming members of the *corps diplomatique*, the Princess de Ligne, Mesdames Firmin Rogier and de Stockhausen, or again of three sisters, daughters of M. de Laborde, Mesdames Delessert, Bocher, and Odier. Three magnificent Englishwomen, the Sheridan sisters, had formerly caused a great sensation. Now it was the turn of Princesse Mathilde, then at the height of her beauty; and there were many others besides.

Among the gentlemen, a strong contingent of our visitors was furnished by the foreigners passing through Paris—Prince Paul of Würtemberg, Prince Max of Bavaria, Prince Paul Esterhazy. Amongst the English were Disraeli, Bear Ellis, Charles Fox, Monckton Milnes, &c., &c. There were numbers of Spaniards. Sometimes M. von Humboldt would give us a reading, not invariably amusing. However, to make up for that, I have heard Prince Belgiojoso, the husband of the beautiful deep-eyed Trivulce, sing, with a voice that was exquisite. But the catalogue of visitors would be an endless one. Yet I cannot pass on without mentioning among our most constant *habitués*

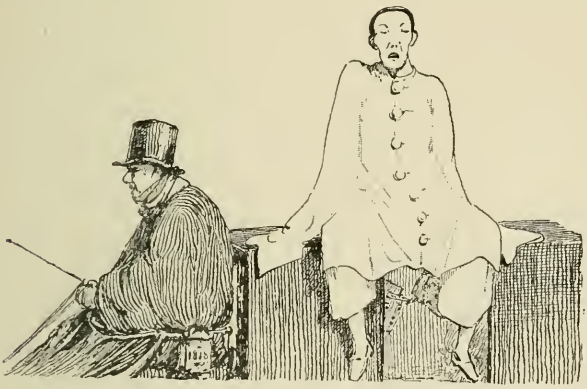
at that time Marshal Sebastiani, one of a circle of intimate friends presided over by my aunt Adelaide.

This little gathering, of which M. de Talleyrand had been an assiduous member, and where Marshal Gérard, M. Dupin, Flahaut, a certain General de Lavœstine (who downright toadied my aunt, her *valet de chambre*, and her very parrot), and a few other faithful friends were in the habit of meeting, took place in the morning, in that charming set of rooms on the ground-floor of the Pavillon de Flore, the windows of which looked on the corner of the Pont Royal and on the gate into the Tuileries gardens. From these windows the quaintest sights were to be seen, not the least entertaining of which were the Homeric struggles of the sentries of the National Guard, absolute slaves to their orders, to prevent dogs which were not led by a string from following their owners into the Tuileries gardens, in which struggles the bold city guard, in spite of prodigies of valour, not unfrequently got beaten.

My good aunt Adelaide started, towards springtime in 1845, to pay her first visit to an estate she owned at Arc-en-Barrois, in the Haute-Marne, and as she intended leaving it to me in her will she took me with her. The property in question, originally belonging to Vitry, the Captain of the Guard under Louis XIII., who killed the Maréchal d'Ancre, had afterwards passed into the hands of the Penthièvre family, and then into the possession of mine, like all the rest of the Penthièvre inheritance. My great-grandfather, the Duc de Penthièvre, had lived there a good deal in a fine house, which was of course plundered and destroyed during the Revolution, notwithstanding the fact that the good prince had done a great deal of good in that country, where his name is still venerated.

All the local authorities flocked around to pay their respects on the occasion of that first visit, and amongst others the prefect of the department, M. Romieu, who had made himself some celebrity in his youth by reason of a variety of carnival pranks performed in the company of a well-known band of boon companions. I recollect

them perfectly well. Among them was Lord Henry Seymour, who paraded the boulevards, surrounded by ladies in the most elegant costumes, in a carriage and four, with powdered and beribboned postilions, stopping at the public squares to harangue the crowd in flowery language, to delighted shouts of *Vive milord l'Arsouille !* (Long live the blackguard lord !). And then there was another Englishman, Lord Clanricarde, the most inimitable of Pierrots, in a black skull-cap, with his melancholy face



whitened, playing a series of nocturnal jokes, with the roof of a *fiacre* for his platform. Count d'Alton, too, M. de Châteauvillard, and others, were the authors of all kinds of witty fooling. Romieu's best-known exploit was his having laid a friend, who had been indulging too freely, one fine night, in the middle of the street, with a lighted lantern laid on his chest to save him from being run over.

But our prefect was not fond of that particular story, for I remember a very indirect allusion to it which I was unlucky enough to make in familiar conversation, during a shooting-party, at which he appeared in a blue blouse and leather cap, was strongly resented by him. Drawing himself up, he thus apostrophised me :

" I beg your Royal Highness will give me credit for being a very serious prefect."

I took the hint, and only talked to him about the damage done by cockchafers, and the difficulty of getting hard enough stone for the macadam roads, thenceforward. The poor gentleman, after having played a certain part in the reaction after the Revolution of 1848, by the publication of a sensational pamphlet entitled *Le Spectre Rouge*, died of grief at the death of a son who was killed at Sevastopol.

I was obliged to make a cure at Vichy during the summer, the successive fevers I had suffered from in hot climates having affected my liver. For this purpose I went to the Château de Randan, where I endured cruel anguish of mind, for my daughter fell dangerously ill. She made a happy recovery, thanks to the care of a young military doctor, at once a clever physician and one of the kindest of men, named Alphonse Pasquier. He was murdered by the Communards after the siege of Paris.

From Randan I went to Eu, for a second visit from Queen Victoria, which was favoured by splendid weather, and was as simple and affectionate in its nature as her first.

The year 1845 came to an end, and the first recollection that comes back to me in 1846 is that of a hunting-party, which was marked by a fresh attempt on my father's life. It was on the 15th of August. We were all at Fontainebleau, whither the King was fond of going, to watch the progress of the splendid restoration of the galleries of Francis the First and Henri II., which he was having carried out. I was boar-hunting that day with Henri Greffulhe's pack.

During a check we had met the King, who had got out of his carriage at the cross roads at the Monts de Fays and was amusing himself in a somewhat Yankee fashion of his by whittling small sticks with his penknife.

"The quarry is over there, away in the country," he said with the chaffing air he always took on when there was any question of hunting, which he detested. He had a way, when the sport was mentioned before him, of defining it thus:

"A nice sort of amusement, indeed! I used to hunt

once upon a time, to please my father! You get fifty horsemen together. Everybody is got up in the smartest style. First of all there is a general kicking of horses all round. All at once somebody shouts 'Found!' and in one minute every soul is covered with mud from head to foot. You tear along as hard as your horse can go for two hours without seeing a single thing. Then there is another whoop, and every soul goes home completely knocked up—a very fine amusement indeed!"

We left the King to his little sticks, we killed our boar, and we were on our way home, when, as we were going down the hill from Franchard, a Hussar officer came galloping up to us, and called out:

"The King has been fired at. He's not hit."

If Providence ever watched over a man it did so that day. The would-be assassin, Lecomte, a royal forester who had resigned his place, angry because he had not been given the capital sum producing his pension, instead of the pension itself, of which he was in receipt, and over-excited as well by the calumny, abuse, attacks, and threats of all kinds with which the daily press overwhelmed the King, had determined to kill his Majesty.

He was an excellent shot, and he went and built himself a platform behind the wall of the Parquet d'Avon, by which he knew the King's *char à bancs* must pass. When the carriage went by, at a slow trot, ten paces from his ambush, he rested his rifle on the wall, and fired. But at the very instant of the crime his hand must have trembled, for nobody was touched, neither the orderly officer on duty, Captain Brahaut, who was riding between the King and the wall, nor Montalivet, who was sitting talking to my father, on the front seat of the carriage, nor my mother, the Duchesse de Nemours, my aunt Adelaide, and the Prince and Princess of Salerno, who were on the other seats. All the bullet did was to cut the fringe of a sort of awning, which covered the carriage, just above the King's head.

At the sound of the shot, the intended effect of which nobody mistook, the two orderly officers, Brahaut and de

Labadie, followed by Colonel Berryer, and several Hussar officers who were in attendance on the royal party, dashed off at a gallop to surround the enclosure, before Lecomte could escape from it. At the same moment, one of the grooms named Millet, who had brought his horse up against the wall, and stood up on his saddle, saw the assassin making off. He sprang boldly after him, and had a fearful struggle with him till the officers came up to his assistance.

When I got back to my father and the Princesses, I found them much distressed at this fresh attempt at regicide, but calm and self-possessed to an extent which was far from being my own case. So true is it that our sharpest anxieties are caused by the suffering, and dangers of those we love!

About this period I was restored to active duty, being called to command our evolutionary squadron in the Mediterranean. During the two years' duration of this command, I only had to follow in the footsteps of my predecessors, so far as the organisation and instruction of the ships' crews were concerned, and the maintenance of that spirit of discipline, devotion, and obedience to superiors which still constitutes their chief excellence.

But a new duty was cast upon me by the addition, now made for the first time, of a certain number of steamships to the squadron. I had sailed already with several squadrons. Whatever the number of ships composing them, the manœuvring of the vessels and their tactics, both in sailing and in action, all depended on one and the same element for all alike—viz., the strength and direction of the wind. And these tactics, which were the result of centuries of experience, we all of us had put into practice, and we had them at the tips of our fingers. We knew them as well as our catechism in fact. But this new art of simultaneously navigating ships for whom the laws of wind did not exist, and which could move in any direction, and with great swiftness, according to the will and fancy of their captains, without allowing them to collide, was in its earliest infancy.

My duty then was to make experiments, so as to begin to regulate this new form of navigation. At once I set about making numerous test manœuvres, drawing on the tactics of the ancient galleys, and also on cavalry movements, at the slow march and at the gallop, for my inspiration. Then we tried towing in every form. First of all we harnessed a steamboat to every two warships. In the second year of my command each floating citadel had her own "spare horse." From that time out calms and light breezes were vanquished, and the celerity of naval operations correspondingly increased. Yet, the more we tried it, the more obviously did the dangers and difficulties caused, especially at night, by fastening two ships together, one of whom is necessarily a passive agent, stare us in the face. The union of the tug and the "towed" was not far distant. The advent of the war steamer, the swift battleship, independent alike of wind and sea, was close at hand.

The creation of such a ship had preoccupied M. Dupuy de Lôme for a long time past. He had gone to England to see and study everything there—both in the State dockyards and the building yards at Liverpool and on the Clyde. We had often talked the whole thing over together, and our views on the subject were in perfect agreement. At last, during an interval of leave from my command, he came to me one morning with a great roll containing two complete designs under his arm. The first for an armed frigate, *built entirely of iron*, the second for a wooden line of battle ship—both to be exceedingly swift. The first design, for the iron frigate, was Dupuy de Lôme's pet scheme.

"Iron-built ships will be the ships of the future," he used to say, and he was quite right.

But the experiments we had been making at Lorient upon iron plates had been disastrous. The damage done by oblique firing on them was terrible. Experiments were indeed being made at the same time, with a view to armour-plating the hulls of ships, but all that was still in the

dimmest and mistiest future. How were we ever to induce naval committees, as timid as they were, undoubtedly, all powerful, to assent to the building of a steam frigate every single detail about which was to be new and improved?

"The very utmost we shall get," said I to Dupuy, "will be leave to build your wooden ship. The introduction of the submerged steam propeller will be their concession to the innovators, and the old-fashioned wooden hull and spars and gundecks will satisfy the supporters of the old traditions."

"Very well," he replied, "I'll go and propose my wooden ship."

He did, and he failed. They gave him plenty of smooth words and compliments, but refused to order his ship to be put on the stocks. The poor fellow came back to me in despair, and we were mingling our sorrows, and casting about as to how we had better return to the charge, when a lucky ministerial crisis threw the Ministry for Naval Affairs, *ad interim,* into the hands of M. Guizot. There we saw our chance.

I want to see him and told him all our story—explaining to him how a real and material step in naval progress was being adjourned on mere questions of form; and how the outgoing minister had not dared, in spite of his own goodwill, to shake himself free of administrative procrastination in this particular.

M. Guizot heard me out, and then asked me what had better be done.

"Why, simply take your own line, and the whole navy will applaud you. You have full right to do it, so pray sign an order to put a steamship after M. Dupuy de Lôme's designs on the stocks."

He did it, forthwith, and that step gained, our first war steamer was at once begun. Though Dupuy had a right to all the honours of paternity, I might have claimed those of the ship's godfather. But she was still unnamed when the Revolution of 1848 broke out, and christened her

le 24 *Février*, which name was swiftly exchanged for that of *Napoléon*—a notion that makes me laugh even yet.

I must now return to my personal recollections of my command, which began, as usual, with a sojourn at the Salins d'Hyères, to knock the crews into shape a bit. Thence I was expected to take the squadron to Tunis, thus following the usual custom.

These two anchorages, Hyères and Tunis, had been for a considerable period the only ports in which the squadron was allowed to lie. It oscillated between the two; a most tiresome bit of navigation it was. In the open roads at Tunis, too, we could only lie and roll, a long way from shore, with no possibility of giving our crews any relaxation whatsoever. I do not hesitate to say that I objected to being tied to this rigorously circumscribed field of operations, beyond which it looked as if we dared not go.

"Crews," said I to the minister, "are like schoolboys. If you want them to work well you must divert their minds, and give them something to think about and look at. Give me leave to fight *ennui*, and the despondency it brings with it, by taking the squadron about, showing fresh ground to my young fellows, and taking them into ports where I shall be able to send them ashore to amuse themselves, and thus break the enervating monotony of life on board ship."

I gained my point, and we went first of all to the Golfe Jouan. Will it be believed that our squadrons never went near that excellent anchorage and lovely spot? They used to be at the Islands of Hyères. They used to go out to drill in the open sea, and every Saturday they went straight back to those same islands, so as to let the married men in the squadron get back to Toulon to their family duties on the Sunday. I was the first admiral to break through this rule.

The Golfe Jouan and Cannes, and all that lovely country, were not at that time what they now are. There was only one single villa at Cannes, the Villa Eleonore,

built by Lord Brougham, the Christopher Columbus of the locality. He always came to the Tuileries on his way backwards and forwards between his villa and England; and he invariably sang the praises of that exquisite coast to us. One evening he made a sketch of his villa for my mother, which I still possess.

The only gaieties at Cannes in those days consisted in village festivals, which are known in Provence as Romerages, the equivalent of the Pardons in Brittany. People went to them on foot, there not being a carriage in the country. I remember I went to the Romerage at Valauris. The little Provençales in their short petticoats and brown

stockings, and their broad-brimmed black hats, enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content in the shade to the sound of the *galoubet*, while my eyes wandered between the umbrella pines across the wide sea horizon, of that lapis-blue peculiar to the Mediterranean. It was more primitive then than it is nowadays, but not a whit less lovely.

From Cannes we were obliged to go to Tunis, but we put in, on our way, at the Balearic Islands, and at Palma in Majorca, where the Spanish authorities gave us an excellent reception, and granted me permission, with the best of grace, to practise some very interesting disembarkation drill. The captain-general who authorised me to do this bore the name of Tacon, and had received the title

of *Duque de la Union de Cuba* in recognition of the services he had rendered as governor-general in that island.

He was a very superior man, under whose most enlightened, but at the same time most absolute, of governments, the colony rose to the highest degree of prosperity. Some difficulties with the Home Government had led to his recall, and he was at Majorca in a state of semi-disgrace. No longer a young man, he wore a wig of the deepest black, which, so local tradition affirmed, was made out of the hair of a lady friend whom he had had shaved in a fit of jealousy.

The King of Aragon, Don Jaime, is buried in the fine cathedral of Palma. His body rests in the sacristy, in the drawer of a kind of press, in which I saw it lying, while one of the canons, to impress me with a sense of its perfect preservation, drummed with his fingers on the stomach of the corpse!

On our way to the Balearic Islands we fulfilled a pious duty. After the unhappy capitulation of Baylen and its shameful violation, our unfortunate soldiers, victims of this piece of weakness and disloyalty, were cast upon an island called Cabrera, a bare and desert spot, where most of them died of hunger, abandoned and forgotten by the whole world. Having heard that their bones were lying scattered about unburied on the isle, I had them laid in consecrated soil, and over them, through the agency of our consul, M. Cabarrus, we raised a monument, subscribed for by the whole squadron, with this inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF THE FRENCH SOLDIERS WHO DIED AT CABRERA.

ERECTED BY THE EVOLUTIONARY SQUADRON, 1847.

We made a short stay at the inevitable Tunis, and left it under a shower of presents, from the Order of the Nicham in diamonds to six thousand dozens of eggs. But the shortness in duration of our visit was new, and requires some explanation.

One of our first cares, after the completion of our conquest of Algeria, had been to insure tranquillity on its Moorish frontier to the west, and its Tunisian boundary on the east. On the Morocco side we had been forced to have recourse to heavy ordnance for this purpose. On the Tunisian frontier, where the population is both less fanatical and less warlike, we had followed a different course of procedure. We had gained the Bey's friendship by promising to support his power against the Porte's claim to suzerainty over him. Still, year after year the Sultan made as though he were fitting out a naval force to send to Tripoli and exercise this same suzerainty by deposing the Bey; and every year our squadron used to proceed to Tunis, and stay there wasting its time while the Turkish ministry and those diplomats who were hostile to our influence amused themselves by waving the Capitan Pasha's attack before us like a scarecrow.

This annual repetition of a sham attack by the Turkish fleet and of the sudden despatch of our squadron, and its subsequent spell of idleness in Tunisian waters, had degenerated into a farce in which the ridiculous part fell to our share. So that when I took over the command of the squadron, with the prospect of seeing it undergo the same course of humbug again, I could not resist making some representations on the subject to M. Guizot, a resolute and large-minded man, as solicitous for his country's honour as for his own.

That very year, as it happened, the Bey of Tunis had had to complain of intrigues and disturbances stirred up on his eastern frontier by the Turkish pasha, who was governor of Tripoli.

"Instead of leaving the squadron to dance attendance at Tunis," I said to M. Guizot, "send it to Tripoli. Its appearance will cause surprise, for foreign powers never send their squadrons there. I will pay a visit to the pasha, and speak to him very plainly. The characters in the play will change hands, and I fancy we shall be rid of all this Turko-Diplomatic teasing about Tunis for the future."

M. Guizot approved my view. I was given secret orders to go to Tripoli, and we left Tunis, to the delight of the whole squadron.

Long before the coast of Tripoli is in sight, its whereabouts is denoted by the gloomy red reflection it casts upon the sky. Soon a few clumps of date-palms seem to rise out of the water, and at last a dreary strip of land appears, the uniform straightness of which is broken only by the mass of white houses and terraces, the minarets and fortifications, of the town of Tripoli. A few reefs form a far from safe anchorage, fit for small craft only, and remarkable for the extraordinary clearness of the water in it. The smallest details of submarine life are easily followed in a depth of ten to twelve fathoms.

Our ships, which all drew a great deal of water, had to anchor at sea, opposite the town, tossed about on the swell from a storm somewhere to the north, which did not actually reach them. Our sudden, unexpected, and very unusual apparition made a certain sensation both at the consulates and in the pasha's palace, and all sorts of people hastened on board, very civil all of them, but also very anxious to know the meaning of the visit of a complete naval squadron. The pasha's deputy presented himself with a flood of the honeyed expressions demanded by Oriental politeness, accompanied by the classical *diffa*. He did not bring us six thousand dozens of eggs, like the Tunis people; indeed they would have been hard to get, I think, in that little favoured spot, but he brought a very respectable contingent of cackling hens and of very sea-sick sheep. Our acceptance of these creatures, an earnest of our pacific intentions, gave him evident satisfaction, and I caused him to be told that I should ask for an interview with his master, through our consul.

I set forth as soon as the said interview had been arranged, with a large number of officers. The streets through which we had to pass were narrow, dirty, and wretched-looking, and did not give one at all the idea of belonging to a town enriched by the commerce of Fezzan

and of Central Africa, of which commerce Tripoli is the chief emporium. They were crowded, as we passed along, by curious lookers on, consisting principally of the three thousand idlers who formed the garrison, Albanian Arnauts most of them, splendid fellows, blue-eyed, with long fair moustaches, dressed in the fustanella and the rest of the picturesque palikare costume. I will not go so far as to say the glances they cast at us were absolutely friendly, but they were perfectly well behaved.

We climbed up numerous staircases to the pasha's house or *Konak*, and were shown into a huge apartment that was almost like the open air, with large windows looking on the sea, which admitted a cool refreshing breeze. The pasha made me sit down beside him on a wide divan, and after the usual interchange of compliments, pipes, coffee, and preserves were ceremoniously handed round by numerous servants.

These preliminaries over, I desired the dragoman to request the pasha's earnest attention to what I was about to say to him. Immediately there was a general silence, all our officers, who filled one half of the room, and all the Turkish officers and secretaries, who filled the other half, pricked up their ears. My speech was very short.

We had come to Tripoli, I said to salute the representative of our ancient ally, the Sultan of Turkey. But it was *essential*, if this friendship was to be undisturbed, that no act of hostility, direct or indirect, should be committed against the Bey of Tunis, who was also our ally, and that nothing should occur on either side to compromise

friendly relations. We had just been impressing this fact at Tunis, and had come to do the same thing at Tripoli. The perfectly amicable nature of our visit proved the value we set on maintaining friendly relations between the two Regencies, and therefore between France and the Sultan's Government.

I said no more. When I ceased speaking, the pasha, who, I need scarcely say, had preserved the most Oriental imperturbability of countenance during my oration, bowed to me, with his hand on his breast, looking fixedly at me the while. He had understood me; and I thought I saw a look of relief flash across his face. It may be that his conscience had made him fear worse things. He sent a vessel to Malta with despatches for Constantinople. I gave an account of my proceedings to M. Guizot, and also informed our ambassador to the Porte, M. de Bourqueney; but we never had to do sentry duty at Tunis again.

I put to sea at once with the squadron. The tiresome thing about our visit to Tripoli was the quarantine it entailed on us when we got back to civilised coasts. With the object of utilising the period of our enforced sequestration, I requested the governor of Malta to put health officers on board us, and to allow me to count the ten days I proposed spending under their surveillance, cruising about within sight of the island, as quarantine.

This arrangement was accepted by the English authorities, with their usual friendliness and practical good sense. The ten days were spent in drill and manœuvres of all sorts; and then the squadron went to seek relaxation on the coasts of Sicily and Naples.

We made most agreeable stays in the ports of Syracuse, Augusta, and Messina, before going to Naples. I took advantage of them to gratify my passion for mountaineering, and made the ascent of Etna, to the description of which by Alexandre Dumas I refer my readers.

When we reached the summit, during the night, we saw the immense crater at our feet, several thousand yards round, full of fire and smoke, out of which huge stone mono-

liths towered, of every shade of colour, black and green and red and yellow. Then the rising sun fell on us, leaving all the horizon around us in darkness, and when at last its light had spread everywhere, save on the giant shadow of the mountain itself, we saw all Sicily and Calabria lying at our feet like a great map, with the blue sea surrounding it on every side. It was a grand and striking spectacle.

We descended the mountain rapidly, ten yards at a jump, down the crumbly pumice slopes of the Val de Bove, to Giarre, where one of the steamers of the squadron was to take us on board; and while we waited for her we took a delicious sea bath. We swam out to meet the ship, and I was much tickled by the astonishment of the commander, enthroned upon his bridge, when he heard himself hailed out of the sea by a well-known voice, telling him to stop.

The squadron happened to be at Messina on the 15th of August, the day of the Barra Festival, which takes place in honour both of the Assumption of the Virgin and of the entry of Count Roger into Messina, after he had defeated the Saracens. As far as concerned beauty and local colour, the festival, which in those particulars yields to none save that of St. Rosalia at Palermo, was most interesting. But one detail there was which filled me with horror—the sight of an immense car, dragged along by a crowd of wild enthusiasts, laden from top to bottom with saints, virgins, and angels, represented, for the nonce, by young people of both sexes, the whole thing surmounted, at a great height above it, by a huge sun with gilded rays. So far there was nothing to complain of. But when the car moved along, the rays of the sun, by an ingenious mechanism, turned as well; and at the end of each of these rays a poor little brat, dressed like a cherub, and crowned with roses, had been hung, in a sort of fireman's belt, by its barbarous parents. The tortures of the poor little creatures, hanging thus by their middles, under a burning sun, and shaken up by every jolt the machine gave as it turned, may be imagined.

By the time the abominable thing came past my window, amidst singing and band-playing and cheering, most of the poor children were swinging unconscious from the rays of the great sun, which jolted heavily at every turn it made. It was a disgusting sight; but we were the only people to notice it and be shocked by it.

While at Naples, I was ordered to go to Rome to congratulate the new Pope, Pius the Ninth, whose election had just taken place, in the name of France. I started off at once, by Civita Vecchia, and reached the palace of our embassy at Rome at night. At dawn a great noise made me hastily open my window, anxious to know the reason of the uproar, and also to get a first look at the Eternal City, where I was for the first time in my life. It was raining, and the inhabitants of all the adjacent houses, as well as the soldiers in the barracks over the way, were all shouting at the top of their voices *Acqua! Acqua! Acqua!* It sounded as if every cockatoo in Australia had settled upon the papal city.

The rain had been long in its coming, it appears. But my first impression of Rome was not a very inspiring one. And, indeed, I had little opportunity of getting any others.

To mark the fact that I had come to the city solely on the Pope's account, I only stayed two days, so that I saw nothing except the Pope himself, or I rushed by everything else I was shown so hurriedly, that it came to the same thing. During those forty-eight hours I was the sole property of our embassy, and I could not have been in better hands. We had representatives who were worthy of the name, in those days,—real diplomats.

The ambassador was M. Rossi, my former teacher, a man of generous feeling and high intelligence, who was soon to be the victim of one of the most cowardly crimes ever perpetrated by the revolutionary tribe. The secretary to the embassy was the present Duc de Broglie. By these two gentlemen I was conducted into the Pope's presence. Being very ignorant of the proper ceremonial to follow, I asked M. Rossi what I was to call his Holiness.

"Très chaint Père, ou cha Chainteté," he answered, with an accent which I took good care not to imitate.

Having gone past the fine Swiss Guard, in their sixteenth-century dress, and their officer in helmet and cuirass, and then past the Guardia Nobile, and a huge staff of ecclesiastics in violet robes, I bent low before the sovereign pontiff, and kissed his ring with deep emotion. Raising my eyes, I saw a handsome old man, tall in stature, with a kind face, dressed all in white, to whom I delivered the message of which I was the bearer. At that moment I had a glimpse of a fair dream, which M. Rossi endeavoured to realise at a later date. It was to make a close alliance between France and a Confederation of all the Italian States—our allies already by relationship between the reigning families, or by community of interest of all kinds—under the protectorate of the Pope, at once our devoted friend and the head of the Catholic religion all over the whole world. But the fair dream was never to come true. Its patriotic promoter, M. Rossi, fell under the assassin's hand, and every passion—revolutionary, anti-religious, and anti-French—joined hands to make it fail. In its place we have Italian unity and a dethroned Pope.

After a pleasant evening at the embassy, with Cardinal Gizzi, Monsignore de Falloux, the Princes and Princesses of the Massimo family, and a very charming young lady, Princess Rospigliosi, sister to a naval cadet attached to my staff, named Champagny, who afterwards became the Duc de Cadore, I returned to Naples by the Pontine Marshes and Terracina, where the strains of Auber's *Fra Diavolo* kept springing to my lips.

The squadron remained in Neapolitan waters until the festival of Pie di Grotta, on which occasion the King took me with him to a great review he held—a very noisy and lively scene it was—in the Toledo, the great artery of the town, with its picturesque vistas on to Vesuvius. The National Guard was of modern growth, and lamentable at that. Then came the regular army, and especially four Swiss regiments with their artillery, a magnificent

division of troops. As long as they are here, I said to myself, there need be no fear of revolutions. But just because their valour and fidelity promised a reception little to the taste of the sedition-mongers, those prudent modern *condottieri* were waving their warlike pens, and loudly demanding the disembodiment of these very regiments. It pained me to notice the icy reception given to the brave fellows as they marched past, and I could not help feeling a gloomy foreboding.

That sheet anchor of the Neapolitan Monarchy was destroyed before long by one of those compromises with rebellion so frequent in these days—disastrous proceedings, which inevitably lead the way by their evil and demoralising example, to other compromises, infinitely more lamentable, alas!—I mean compromise with a foreign enemy.

At the time when I bore the King company at that review it was not his Swiss regiments alone who were the object of the agitators' fury, but his government and his own person as well. A sort of general conspiracy against them was brewing, fomented for the most part by foreign agents, some of them actually diplomats, who thus openly abused the immunity their functions gave them ; and it was propagated by means of the secret societies which are an endemic plague in Italian countries. King and Government alike fought as best they could against the current of revolution, and they did so rightly, in the general interest, for revolution brings nothing but ruin in its train.

But beside the adventurers who shrank from no crime, and who preached assassination and plunder, there stood many honourable and enlightened Neapolitans, who desired the reform of abuses (and God knows there were plenty of them!) and the progressive amelioration of the moral and material conditions of existence. Unhappily it was on these men, whose sole offence lay in their opinions, that the brutality, and I might add the horrors, of the repressive measures adopted seemed by preference to fall. The prisons of those days, in which they were confined, were

perfect dens, and I greatly fear they are much the same all over Italy even now. I doubt, for instance, that the convict prison at Pescara would yield in the matter of abominations to the convict prison at Nisida, some forty years ago.

When peoples who have long lived in a state of backwardness, have a sudden fit of cleanliness, in imitation of more advanced nations, they are apt to clean the outside walls only, and to leave all their accustomed filth hidden behind them. I mention these terrible prisons because, during the visit of the squadron to Naples, I was guilty of snatching two distinguished men, both much sought after by the police on account of the offensive opinions I have already spoken of, from their clutches. M. Lutteroth, the secretary to our embassy, went and fetched them at night from their hiding-place, and I put them on board one of my ships, which was sailing at once for Tunis. I have no recollection of their names. And indeed that was not the only instance in which we saved people compromised in Italian politics, out of sheer humanity. Long after the incident of which I speak, a Piedmontese officer, who performed brilliant services in our African army, side by side with my brothers, begged Aumale to put him into communication with our mother. He then conjured her, as a woman and a Neapolitan, to save a prisoner, who was seriously compromised (whether his relative or his friend I no longer recollect), from the gallows, and my mother wrote a most pressing letter to King Ferdinand at his request. The King, who had always preserved the tenderest and most respectful affection for his aunt, and glad also, I make no doubt (for he was a kind man), to have an opportunity of setting mercy above arguments of state, granted my mother the pardon she craved. The name of the man thus spared was Nicotera.

This taken for granted, as they say in mathematics, I hie me back to my squadron at Spezzia, a splendid bay, which at that time we were the only people to use as an anchorage, but in which the Italians have now established a great

naval arsenal. The bay is very safe and convenient for drill and practice. But I have one fault to find with it. I never took my ships there without an epidemic of influenza colds breaking out, and affecting three or four hundred men in each crew. These outbreaks are due, in my opinion, to the high wooded mountains which shadow the bay on the western side, and to its sudden transitions from the most scorching sunshine to very cool shade. Our ships attracted several tourists, and one morning I saw a party appear on board, consisting, amongst other people, of the Marquis de Boissy, a witty and restless French peer, married to the Comtesse Giuccioli, of Byronian memory, and of the Marquis Oldoini, accompanied by an exquisite young lady, his daughter, who afterwards became that superb beauty, the Comtesse de Castiglione.

M. de Boissy tried to talk politics to me and to reiterate the famous phrase "Be strong." But whenever anybody began to talk to me about questions of home politics, with which I had nothing to do, my partial deafness always became complete.

More cruising and manœuvring carried the squadron over to Algiers, which it reached in June, 1847, just when Marshal Bugeaud was giving up his position as governor-general of the colony. We rendered him viceregal honours at his departure, and I can still see his grand white head, as he stood uncovered on the bridge of the ship which bore him away, and passed slowly between the lines of warships, with their cannon thundering, drums rolling, bands playing the Marseillaise, and crews cheering wildly. He left that Algerian territory, which he had so largely contributed to acquire to France, with a sad heart, and for ever. But the European horizon was darkening, serious events were evidently pending, and if war was to result from them, France would have had, in the person of the soldier we were thus saluting, a general whom all, without exception, would have served with equal devotion and absolute confidence. To us Frenchmen, this confidence in our leader, which emboldens every one, and

suppresses all doubt and hesitation, is half the battle. It was possessed, and completely, not by Bugeaud himself alone—all his lieutenants had acquired it. During fifteen years of fighting and of detached expeditions, in which they had all, turn about, held independent commands, both officers and soldiers had been able to gauge their valour, their intelligence, and that capacity for bearing the weight of undivided responsibility, which is the great test of a commander-in-chief. The advantage thus gained was immense. But are we sure the country got the benefit of all the services which this band of soldiers, consecrated already by the opinion of their military compeers, might have rendered her? Was it not rather scattered to the winds by the ruinous action of political forces?

I took advantage of the squadron's visit to Algiers to make an excursion to Boghar, on the desert frontier. This expedition was both interesting and amusing. My first day's stage took me to Blidah, into which place I made the quaintest entry, surrounded by all the authorities, who had come out as far as the monument to Sergeant Blandan to meet me. I had not travelled a hundred paces among these gentlemen before the frankest cordiality began to exist between me and them. Colonel Claparède, on my right, with whom this meeting was my first, was asking me if I had ever been fool enough to fall in love; Colonel Bâville, of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, on my left, whose face was also a new one to me, was inquiring whether I did not agree with him that children were born with extraordinary rapidity in the African climate, while Bourbaki, the secretary of the Arab office, was performing the wildest fantasia in front of us at the head of the Hadjout Goum.

At Medeah, whither I went by the Mouzaïa Pass, so as to see the scene of the fights in which my brothers had played such a noble part, I had another reception, and another fantasia was performed (but this time it was on foot), by the Coulouglis and the Beni Mzab, wearing

great hats with ostrich feathers in them. Then came a grotesque imitation of the fantasia, performed by the colonial militia, all drunk, who fired their pistols off under my nose and blackened my face with powder. General Marey, commanding at Medeah, owned the Romanée vintage in Burgundy, and gave us some to drink at dinner, which did not diminish the general cordiality. Ah, well! a glass of good French wine, drunk far from home and the dissensions of the mother country, among comrades ready to give their lives for her at any moment, is a thing worth remembering!

Boghar, hideous and scorchingly hot as it is, would be downright uninhabitable if it were not washed by the waters of the Cheliff. The necessities arising from our conquest of the country had made it a revictualling post for our columns, and a trial had just been made there of a new sort of provision, described as *rations maigres*. These consisted of biscuit and dried cod, and not having been issued within the period reckoned for, they were beginning to go bad. To avoid financial loss, a pretty numerous garrison had been at once despatched to Boghar to perform the far from pleasant duty of consuming them. Thanks to the exertions of the officer in command, M. de Monet, who afterwards attained the rank of general, and lost both his arms in the Crimea, the spirit of his men was admirable, but their sanitary condition was quite deplorable. And when I received the officers, one of them, a captain of Engineers, with the tacit assent of his chief, acted as the mouthpiece of the rest in begging me to raise my voice to put an end to their cruel sufferings. He represented to me that the unhealthiness of the place was aggravated by a process of poisoning. The troops had been sent up simply to eat damaged biscuit and stinking cod. There was no other food issued for the men, and as the neighbourhood produced nothing whatever, it was impossible to vary it in any way. Everybody was more or less ill in consequence, and if this state of things went on they must all die. A distinguished officer, M. de Cissey,

who had been detailed as my aide-de-camp during my trip, took the poor fellows' case in hand, and undertook to lay their complaint before the general.

I saw something else at Boghar which was not so depressing—another fantasia, a huge one, performed by thousands of Arabs, who had hastened in from all quarters. At the very height of the show, another tribe, the most picturesque of them all, the Ouled-Naïls, arrived on the scene, having travelled thirty leagues to do homage to me as the "son of the Sultan." There were 1,500 horsemen and their wives, who were carried by something like a hundred camels in a kind of palanquin, covered with gaudy stuffs, which they call "atatich." When they arrived, the excitement of the fantasia rose to madness. The horsemen from the south, in their splendid dresses, showed off all their skill, and whenever one of them performed any specially brilliant feat, the deafening "you-you" of the women rose from the circle of palanquins as from the benches of a circus.

The background of this eminently picturesque scene, under the blazing eastern sun, was the wide horizon of the mountains of Bou Cada and Taguin, amongst which my brother Aumale captured Abd-el-Kadir's smalah.

On my way back from Boghar I paid a visit to the military works at the Chiffa Gorge, where the 33rd Regiment of the Line was building a wonderful road, under circumstances of the utmost danger and difficulty; and I returned from my tour in Africa feeling deeper admiration and respect than ever for our soldiers, who are as patient under hardship, and as plucky when they have to work in dangerous places, as they are brave in actual battle.

Leaving Algiers, the squadron continued its cruise. We were a great deal at sea, much more than is feasible nowadays, when it costs something considerable in fuel to go the smallest distance. We anchored one evening in a Sardinian bay, where nobody ever stopped by any chance, but which offered a pleasant resting-place for the night at that fine season.

After dinner, I gave the officers leave to go ashore. They found a perfect desert, and any houses they came upon barricaded ; but though human inhabitants were lacking, there was an incredible amount of game. Hares swarmed upon the ground. At last one inhabitant turned up, and then some others, and friendly relations were established.

The population, it appeared, had fled at our approach, taking us (I am not joking, truly) for Barbary Moors, coming to make a raid for slaves. Information travels slowly in those parts.

We went to Cagliari, Palermo, Leghorn, Spezzia, and Genoa in succession, and then the squadron returned to winter at Toulon. The period of my command had run out save for these winter months. Being much overworked, and far from well, I applied to be relieved of my functions, and on the 26th November I made them over to Admiral Tréhouard, who had commanded one of the divisions under my orders. Tréhouard was a brave Breton, who had performed a splendid feat during an action at Obligado in La Plata, where he commanded the French portion of an Anglo-French flotilla, sent to force its way up the river, which was blocked by a boom and defended by a number of forts. The little fleet met with an energetic and obstinate resistance. Several ships had been put *hors de combat*, including Tréhouard's own, which was disabled and had half her crew on shore. The struggle lasted on still, and threatened to end in our defeat, when Captain Hope, commanding the English contingent, ordered out his boats, and went and cut through the boom under a hail of bullets, while Tréhouard boarded the last ship he had that was able to move, and ordered her commander, M. de Miniac, who lost his leg at St. Juan d'Ulloa, to run her ashore close to the enemy's principal battery.

After a momentary struggle, and in spite of the Argentine officers' shouts of "*Fuego al pelo blanco !*" (Fire at the white head!), (Tréhouard was prematurely gray), on the quarterdeck ; the moral and physical result of the

hand-to-hand struggle ended in a complete rout of the enemy. Tréhouard was made a rear-admiral, and no man ever deserved his step better.

A young officer was killed beside him that day whose name was Hello. His father, a friend of mine, had put him under my wing when he left the Naval College, and I had watched over his career with sincere affection for several years. Every time I pass one of the commonplace statues placed in our public squares in memory of political chatterers who have died quietly in their beds, I think of all those brave fellows who have died obscurely for their country, with no funeral oration but the tears of their broken-hearted families, but who have carried away to their eternal dwelling-place the proud consolation of duty performed.

I returned to Paris. What a state of things was there! Politics had overwhelmed everything else. To the lovers of order, who had already found their condition oppressive, the state of affairs was soon to become fatal. The makers of sedition, on the other hand, found it most blessed. But to the country at large, as events have too surely proved, it was disastrous.

I will not dwell too long on this sad period, my personal recollections of which are mingled with the events of a well-known page of our national history.

Towards the beginning of the winter of 1848 the doctors ordered my wife, who was in very delicate health, to go and spend the cold months in a southern climate, and I started with her and my children for Algiers, where I joined my brother Aumale, who had become governor-general of the colony. I arrived, weighed down with gloomy forebodings, feeling convinced that by dint of trying to respect those so-called legal restraints which paralyse a government, but which do so little to hinder any revolutionary section in its action, we should end by being overwhelmed, and by hearing the fatal hour strike, the "too late" that comes with every revolution. Yet I did not believe that hour so close at hand as it was. For I had hardly settled down at

Algiers, when one fine morning the announcement of the February revolution and the proclamation of the republic came upon us like the bursting of a shell. The news arrived in the shape of vague rumours, uncertain information, reports of various kinds, brought over from Marseilles. As to the amount of authenticity they possessed —whether the movement was a general one or confined to Paris only, whether a stand was being made against it anywhere—on all these points the earliest rumours were mute, and they were just as silent as to what had befallen the King and the rest of our family, in the confusion. We were reduced to the wildest conjectures, and were wondering whether we ought not to start for France at once, when a steam corvette from Toulon brought me the following despatch :—

The Minister for Naval Affairs to Monsieur le Prince de Joinville.

28*th February*, 1848, 8.30 p.m.

Prince,

The well-being of the country demands that you should make no attempt to dissuade the crews or soldiers of the navy from their obedience to the Provisional Government. It is important that you should not attempt to set foot on French soil, nor communicate with any vessel in the French fleet, till further orders.

Prince, your patriotic instinct will enable you to resign yourself to this sacrifice, and to perform it unflinchingly. Such is the confident hope of the Provisional Government. ARAGO.

The signatory of this despatch had taught me in my youth, and I had kept up affectionate intercourse with him since. But the coolness with which the man (a great savant, no doubt, but who up to this had never done anything but make calculations and handle telescopes) invested himself with supreme authority amazed me. Exasperated as I was by his summons "to make no attempt to dissuade the sailors and soldiers of the navy from their *obedience*" to his hour-old government, in other words, from the violation of their oath which he was about to ask of all the brave fellows, I forgot both my former relations with the man and the courteous form of his despatch ; and I was

in a transport of rage as I handed the missive to Changarnier, commanding the troops, and M. Vaïsse, the civil secretary-general, who were both of them present, in my brother's study.

"That is a summons from the enemy," I said; "we must do the very contrary."

But M. Vaïsse was silent, and Changarnier shook his head. I bethought me then, alas! that in this day of progress of ours the religion of a man's oath is but an empty word—and I recovered my self-possession.

My aide-de-camp, Commander Touchard, had come from Paris by the same corvette that had brought me the despatch. He had seen the crash, had been present when the National Guard, upon whom my brother Nemours had called to resist the rioters, had overwhelmed him with abuse, had witnessed the abdication, the scenes in the Chamber, and the King's final departure. All the way across France, too, except at Toulon, where the strong hand of the navy made itself felt, Touchard had watched the eager speculations of the majority on the accomplished fact, and the struggle as to who should first offer his services to the Provisional Government, before the corpse of Constitutional Monarchy was cold—for dead it was, without having struck a blow in its own defence.

There was no doubt about the King's personal courage. He had proved it on many battle-fields—at Valmy, Jemmapes, and Nerwinde—and under the frequent attempts made on him by would-be assassins. With courage of a rarer kind, he had never hesitated to brave unpopularity, when his doing so was clearly to the country's interest. But he had striven, being honest as well as brave, to be faithful to the institutions he had sworn to maintain, although those who opposed him had long ceased to respect the fiction of the constitution, and had become a frankly revolutionist body, which no longer directed its attack against the ministry of the day, but against the King's own person, and all that edifice on the summit of which the throne was placed.

Had he chosen to take the initiative, in order to prevent what ultimately happened, he would not have failed for want of means. When the army and the administration are in a man's hands, he can do very much as he chooses. Successive revolutions have destroyed all respect among us, except respect for main force; and it is a true saying that if strength begets respect, respect in its turn begets affection. But the King, who was the most moderate of men, would not go beyond legal limits except as a last resource. And this characteristic of his was well and universally known to all, both to friends and foes. While it discouraged the former, it to some extent encouraged the latter, and so the signal for recourse to force came from below, the pretorians of the street rose in rebellion, and the defenders of the law were everywhere overcome. In a few moments the confusion became general, and the revolution was an accomplished fact.

And yet, even so late in the day, in other countries than our own indeed, generals, and others invested with the chief command of the national troops, have been known to draw their swords and save their sovereigns and their governments almost in spite of their own selves. They have been known to maintain the tutelary and inviolable principle of a traditional monarchy—a principle which is both ancient and absolute, tracing the line of duty for all men, clear and indisputable, without any possibility of hesitation or compromise—against and in the face of all comers. And this principle is one which calls forth the proudest devotion, seeing it is impersonal, for the king is not the elected leader of conquerors, oppressing the conquered, but a living flag, the national rallying-point for all the defenders of the mother country against her enemies, whether within or without her borders.

This saving process, whether the saved ones would or no, has been seen, as I say, in other countries, which thus were preserved from that discord, disorganisation, and disaster of every kind, which are the inevitable consequence of internal convulsion and revolution.

But the July Monarchy was unhappily very far from representing the traditional hereditary principle. Born of one insurrection, it was overthrown by another. Set up on the electoral principle, it fell, as though in mockery, with a full electoral majority behind it. Two-and-twenty years later the empire too fell, on the very morrow of a triumphant plébiscite. Partial and universal suffrage alike have proved their impotence to defend a government *which has ceased to give satisfaction* against the assaults of that army shouting "Get out of that and let me take your place!" the members of which always make themselves up as austere patriots. And I cannot help, in this place, looking sadly back at the fatal consequences which this impotence of the elective, as compared with the monarchical *régime*, has had for us. Why did the Emperor refuse to treat with M. de Bismarck in the name of France, when he met him, on the evening of Sedan, and asked him to do so? Why did the unfortunate prince not do the same as two sovereigns in possession of hereditary rights and duties, Victor Emmanuel after Novara, and Francis Joseph after Sadowa, who both of them safeguarded their territory and the honour of their armies? Because he was a bastard sovereign—and dared not reappear before his electors once he was beaten.

But to return to my story, to which I have but a few lines to add. The revolution might have been foreseen and the days of the government of 1830 might have been prolonged. Once it was overthrown, and the dyke which stemmed the torrent of democracy carried away, its rule, which was one of chance convenience and not of right, had no further reason for existence.

That being so, what was I to do? The re-establishment of the legitimate family on the throne was out of the question. The disasters of our first revolutionary period had not as yet been renewed in their terrible logical sequence. We had not yet had our second Waterloo at Sedan, and very few people thought at that moment of coming back to the principle the proof of whose title lies in

the centuries of unity and greatness assured by it to France —the one and only principle capable of checking her on her descent into the abyss of dismemberment, depopulation, and social destruction, down which she is gliding.

It was clear that another elective *régime* was about to succeed the one which had just collapsed—one of those modern edifices, all, whatever may be the name with which they are decorated, tainted with the same original weakness— "What the majority has made, the majority has the right to unmake." In fact—as somebody said in a speech—a perpetually provisional arrangement. Under these ephemeral forms of rule, our national inferiority in face of other stable and far-sighted governments is flagrantly evident. The sense of duty wears away, devoted service is never given without a mental reservation touching the morrow—that unknown morrow, which checkmates the boldest plans. Thus constituted, such *régimes* are all alike, and it was not for the princes of the House of France to draw their swords to impose one form of national humiliation rather than another on their country.

When once my father's rule had disappeared, and with it the unvarying line of duty traced by my absolute filial devotion to him, I watched the establishment of a republican form of government without annoyance, for I preferred its clear distinctness to the complicated combinations which pretended to reconcile two opposite principles by putting handcuffs on them both.

Like many others, too, I did not doubt that the shock of revolution would soon bring on a general war. Under such circumstances, it would have been crime to add the pangs of civil strife to the dangers threatening our country.

Thenceforward, my duty lay clear before me. My country first of all! That watchword still exists, thank God, to guide those who yet can love their country whatever may befall them. When once my first fit of indignation was over, then, I did not think of returning from Africa, sword in hand, to set up the throne again. I contented myself with sending a very commonplace despatch to

Arago, and then I utilised the last days I was to spend on French soil in studying the defensive works ordered by my brother in view of that war, imminent perhaps, during which, soldiers before all as we were, we expected, in the illusive hopes of our youth, to be allowed to keep our place as fighting men.

The moment came at last when our presence at Algiers became incompatible with the existence of a revolutionary government in Paris, and we had to rejoin our family in their foreign exile. We decided, Aumale and I, to embark for England on board the despatch-boat *Solon*, Commander Jaurès. It was with heavy hearts, though proud ones, that we went down the Rue de la Marine, under the salutes of the forts, and accompanied to the last by the whole body of officers, both naval and military, so many of them our old friends and faithful comrades.

Thirty years of my life had been spent in France. In spite of the gnawing worm of revolution, my family left her intact, prosperous, respected, with magnificent armies, both land and sea, and a no less magnificent colony. I was not to see my country again for two-and-twenty years, and then in all the horror of invasion and dismemberment and the terror of the Commune.

THE END.

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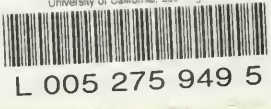
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